

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



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Geraldine
Farrar*

*Four Great
Short Stories*

*The Entire
Photoplay
World in
Review*

*May
15 cents*



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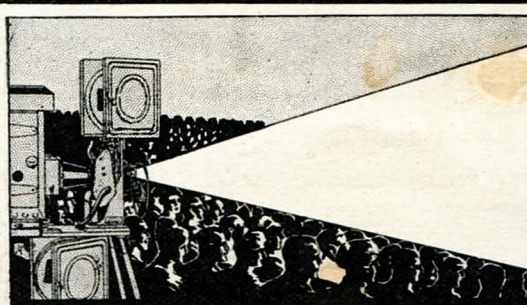
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Photoplay Magazine

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. IX

No. 6

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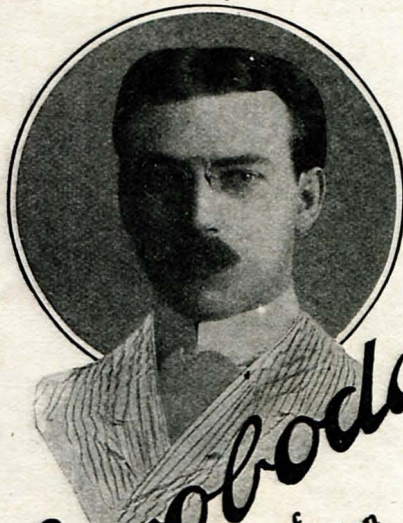
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ARTHUR MAUDE

abandoned the stage for the screen in 1914 at the insistence of Producer Ince for whom he did remarkably clever work, notably in "The Cup of Life" and "The Devil." His most recent activities have been with American, at Santa Barbara. Mr. Maude is English born, a veteran of the Boer war and a cousin of Cyril Maude.



ARLINE PRETTY

—pretty by name, as well as optically, as it is the right cognomen of her English descended parents. She was “discovered” by King Baggot and was for some time an important member of his Universal company. Now she is a featured personality of Vitagraph and is to shine in a new serial. Miss Pretty is 22 years old and a native of Washington, D. C.



FRANK CAMPEAU

never had a chance to be a good man until the screen claimed him, because of his aptitude for stage villainy. He was Trampas in the original "Virginian" cast and the heavy in a score of other notable productions. He was starred in "Jordan Is a Hard Road," a Griffith production, playing the role of a reformed convict. Detroit was his birthday location.



CLAIRE WHITNEY

had three years in stock before her introduction to the camera. She is a native daughter of Gotham and celebrates her twenty-second birthday May 6. She has been with the Fox company since it was founded and appeared in "The Nigger," "The Galley Slave," and "The Ruling Passion," among other plays of this manufacturing. She is blue-eyed, blonde-haired, and five feet tall.



JOSEPH KAUFMAN

served a long apprenticeship in stock after graduating from Georgetown University, and later supported many Frohman stars. Then he took to the screen. He is both actor and director, and specializes in problem plays, usually attending to the leads himself. He was born in Washington, D. C., in 1882, and his wife is—on the opposite page.



ETHEL CLAYTON

is Champaign, Ill., vintage—German and Irish blend, and of Chicago schooling. Her hair is gold-red and her eyes blue-gray. She was a stage success before joining Lubin in 1912, since when she has starred in many notable productions, including "The Great Divide," "The Blessed Miracle" and "The Gamblers." Her husband is—just across the way.



Hartsook Photo

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

has long been a yellow-haired milestone of musical comedy. He first appeared on the screen in the east but his most notable film engagement was with Keystone. He is now back on the stage—appearing at present in London. He was born Oct. 22, 1865, in Auburn, N. Y., and made his stage debut in 1890. His wife is Flora Zabelle.



CHARLOTTE WALKER

came to the films after a distinguished career on the dramatic stage. Her screen debut was made in "Kindling" and her most recent picture is "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," also a Lasky photoplay. Her other photoplay was "Out of Darkness." Miss Walker is a native of Texas and her husband is Eugene Walter, the playwright.



Matzene Photo

ERNEST MAUPAIN

is a painter and sculptor as well as a finished actor. He was on the legitimate stage for years before turning to the camera, and was leading man for Sarah Bernhardt. He is now with Essanay in Chicago. His best known screen characterizations occurred in "The White Sister," "The Man Trail," and "The Palace of the King." He is a native of Paris, France.



Witzel Photo

JUANITA HANSEN

has the blondest blonde hair ever caught in an invisible net and it fits her surname as well as it accentuates the incongruity of her Spanish first name. She attained stardom soon after entering the Griffith studio, her most notable work being done in "Martyrs of the Alamo." She is not yet 20 and likes an outdoor life. She has to. She is now a Keystone.



PAT O'MALLEY

is not an assumed name. The owner acquired it at Forest City, Pa., a little over 25 years ago and it was first printed on Ringling Circus programs. Later it appeared in vaudeville advertising and four years ago Kalem requisitioned the name and its owner. He is now doing juvenile leads for Edison. Blonde hair and unincumbered.



MARGARET GIBSON

became a player in stock at the age of thirteen and four years later joined Vitagraph, Western, appearing in many of that company's productions. She was born in Colorado Springs Sept. 14, 1895, is just a little over five feet in height, and her hair is a golden brown. Her name now appears in electric lights where Horsley plays are shown.



Hartsook Photo

ROBERT LEONARD

played heavy leads on the gridiron in and around Denver, his birthplace, before venturing upon a musical stage career. He made his debut as a stock actor in Los Angeles and five years ago plunged into the then strange waters of film drama. Now he is one of Universal's pioneer actor-directors, though several years under the thirty mark.



CONSTANCE COLLIER

was a notable figure on the dramatic stage of two continents before making her silent debut. She first appeared in "Tongues of Men" for Morosco and later was "loaned" to Griffith for the role of Lady Macbeth in the Shakespearian film with Sir Herbert Tree, in whose London company she was formerly leading lady. Miss Collier was born in England.



The Crystal of Reflection

Though this vision resembles the horned gentleman—without his horns—it is merely photographer Raymond Stagg snapping himself in the mystic silver ball in the garden of Mrs. Otho S. Houston, Hollywood, California. This bower of enchantment has figured in many a romance of the lighted silences. The photograph is one of the series upon "Real Locations," in this number.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

May, 1916

Vol. IX No. 6

Photodrama vs. Saloon

SOMETHING more than a month ago the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association convened at Washington, D. C., and in the course of their resolving, resolved and inscribed the following:

"Another unfair and dishonest advantage that is being perpetrated upon the liquor business is that of the moving picture industry. In the vast majority of displays of moving pictures, films portraying conditions surrounding the retail liquor trade have been preposterously and untruthfully magnified by those operators who are paid vast sums by the opposition to our business for the purpose of developing to an unreasonable degree of untruthfulness displays of scenes as actual occurrences in legitimate barrooms, and

"Whereas, such displays have had misleading effects upon the public mind—particularly upon the minds of women and children—we realize how much sentiment and damage could be developed through this system,

"We do believe that the vast majority of moving picture house proprietors are indifferent and fail to realize the injustice perpetrated upon our business by displays of a radical character, and we believe that, if rightfully informed, they would no doubt discourage the untruthful and unreal exhibition of such films."

Well said!

And Photoplay Magazine will help a good cause—any month. We hereby offer to run a set of still pictures fully descriptive of any big thoughts, high ideals, public-spirited actions or types of splendid manhood which the saloon business may have evolved or will evolve.

Farrar's Real Romance

CAVE-MAN TELLEGEN'S CON-
QUEST IN A STONE-AGE EPISODE
WITH A MOVIE BACKGROUND

By William A. Page

LONG ago, when the high winds blew from the caves of Eld and the night stars sang to the nadir, all of which sounds pretty and means nothing, a hairy man with a club found time to stalk his bride. It was his wont to clip the lady on the coco and drag her forthwith to his rocky lair by the locks of her bludg-

coned scalp, whereupon she became his to have and also to hold, which pleased her and occupied some of his attention.

Eh bien! "That was a million years ago, in a time when no man knows."

Her eyes are still "deep as the Devon springs," and it continues to delight him to tell her that her hair is "black as jet;" but for purposes of offensive, as they say in the war zone, the hairy man's club has become a volley of words and his bludg-

conings be blandishments; he's still the cave man, but varnished up. Which is why he won Geraldine Farrar to wife.

Though it is a far cry from the cheek-by-jowl gristle-tearing days of our ancients to the footlight stage where bathes in the glow of matinee worship the immaculate Lou-Tellegen, the immemorial fact has not changed that Woman admires to be mastered. But look well to the mode of the mastering.

The club that was once *au fait* is long since effete.

It was the fair Geraldine herself, none other, who dubbed the dashing Lou a cave man—after he had informed her with an air of almost insouciant calm that he intended to marry her; informed her in the presence of friends. That was half a year before it came to pass, and she merrily jeered at him. Never did a lovely woman

more completely change her mind. For it was she who said, with all the frail positiveness of her sex (if an interview in a Boston paper October 9 last, be trustworthy):

"I shall never marry, because marriage means for

Geraldine Farrar has had more suitors than Cleopatra, two of the most celebrated being baritone Antonio Scotti and the Crown Prince of Germany, who, it is said, would have offered to make her his royal Consort had not his father interfered.





Here, Mademoiselles, is the cave man's kiss. The recipient of the amorous crash—or crush—is Miss Olive Tell, leading woman in Tellegen's new play, "A King of Nowhere." Note for bridge-parties: this photograph was taken after his marriage.



life. No man could ever mean to me what my art does. Marriage may be all right for some people and probably is, but not for an artist.

You can't study an opera role with a baby squalling in the next room. No woman could be a successful singer until midnight, and then suddenly transform herself into a wife and mother. If I ever do marry—I shall wait until I am forty, and then I shall marry an American. No, you cannot make it too strong for me—I am not going to marry Lou-Tellegen."

She married him in New York, February 8, as an applauding world well knows. Whereby the same world is entitled to wonder, in all high respect and dubiety, whether a "squalling voice in the next room" shall one of these fine days drown to our ears the voice of a great artist and leave only echoes in our heart?

It was on a day last Summer in Hollywood. At her beautiful home on Hollywood Boulevard Miss Farrar was hostess to Mrs. David Belasco, her daughter Mrs. Morris Gest, Mr. Gest—the theatrical manager and impresario who persuaded the diva to go in for photodrama; her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney

Lou-Tellegen was born in Holland, of varied ancestry, and came to this country as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man. It was once reported that he was to marry her. As one of Miss Matinee's gods Farrar's husband has had a little temple all his own.

Farrar; Frank Connor the handsome leading man, Jimmie Sullivan the musician and artist, and myself. Most of the guests were a house party who had crossed

the continent with Miss Farrar in her private car.

A week or so after our arrival at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, where Miss Farrar was filling an engagement, we heard gossip that handsome Lou-Tellegen, premiere matinee idol of the hour, was coming out from the East to act before the Lasky camera in "The Explorer." At that time Miss Farrar was doing her first picture, "Maria Rosa."

"That's the play Lou-Tellegen did in New York last season," Morris Gest said to her one day. "He'll be here in a few days and maybe he can give us some good ideas about your impersonation."

"I don't think I'll care to meet him," Miss Farrar answered carelessly.

"But he's a splendid chap, very charming, and everyone likes him," protested Mr. Gest. "Let me bring him over to dinner."

And Miss Farrar replied: "Please don't bother! I have never seen him on the stage, but I am told he is something of a

dandy, an exquisite, a sort of 'Ladies' man.' I am sure I shall not like him."

But Mr. Gest, who had managed Mr. Tellegen's appearance in another play, "Taking Chances," made up his mind to adapt that title to the situation in hand; he was anxious to remove from the diva's mind what he conceived to be a false impression of the man. So one day between a week and a fortnight later he so manipulated that a meeting in the studio was unavoidable. Mr. Tellegen was in costume for his part in "The Explorer," and he looked far, far different from the dress-suited exquisite Miss Farrar had pictured him: he was the physical embodiment of a rugged and resourceful man—to the last inch a "man's man."

"I am more than pleased at this opportune meeting," he said in his deep, calm, romantic voice. "I have looked forward since I came to America to the chance of meeting the protegee and friend of my dear comrade and associate, Sarah Bernhardt."

"Why of course!" cried Miss Farrar. "How stupid of me! I forgot that you were her leading man in Paris. You must lunch with me in my dressing-room, and I will show you the wonderful new picture she has just sent me—taken when she left the hospital after her recent operation. Oh, you must tell me all about her!"

And to the amazement of her friends to whom she had declared she would not meet Tellegen, Miss Farrar and the actor went to the elaborate dressing-rooms where luncheon was always served to her at 1 o'clock, and there for nearly two hours talked together of the divine Sarah. It was not until the directors notified them precious daylight was being wasted that they resumed their pictures.

Out of this first meeting sprang many others. Lou-Tellegen became a daily visitor at the Farrar home.

"I am going to marry you," he said calmly one evening in the presence of several of the Farrar house party. All laughed and treated it as a joke—all but Tellegen. He alone was quietly serious. And he repeated:

"I am going to marry you."

"I marry?" cried Miss Farrar with a rich peal of laughter. "No. I shall never marry until I am forty, and perhaps not then. And if I ever do, He will be an American. You are a Frenchman."

"Pardon me, I was born in Holland," Tellegen corrected. "But that makes no difference. I have made up my mind to marry you."

"Then you will have to be a cave man and hit me over the head and drag me off by the hair," laughed Miss Farrar. The company joined in the laughter and the incident was passed over. But ever afterward Miss Farrar called Lou-Tellegen her "cave man."

And now the wooing was on in earnest—one might almost say with truth in desperate earnest. Daily for six weeks there were motor rides to Venice and Long Beach, dinners, suppers, a round of gaiety, and finally a gorgeous climax on the eve of Miss Farrar's departure for the East, when the Lasky company gave an all-night fete on the Farrar lawn. It began at 8 in the evening and lasted until 11 o'clock next morning—train time—and everyone who was anyone in California picturedom was there.

On the trip eastward across the continent Miss Farrar's train made forty-nine scheduled stops between Los Angeles and Chicago. Now look you: At each and every stop a telegram was thrust into the hands of the negro porter of Miss Farrar's private car. It must have taken Lou-Tellegen and a willing telegraph operator half a day to figure out the exact time of stops, so that each of the forty-nine telegrams would catch her train. Talk about "undying devotion!" He simply took wires from poles and made them into strings of a harp to wail abroad in the land his song of love. And *after c'* that, she had the immeasurable audacity to tell the world through the columns of the daily press that she would never marry Lou-Tellegen! Hard is the heart of a woman and cruel beyond understanding!

One day in Boston Syd Farrar and I went out to the world's series baseball game together, and I mentioned Tellegen.

"She just got another telegram from him. The cave man is on his way East," Syd remarked easily.

It was that same day, October 9th, Miss Farrar's interview appeared in the Boston newspaper avowing her determination not to marry, and particularly not to marry one Lou-Tellegen.

And she kept it up until three days before her domestic Appomattox.

Ince Completes A World Drama

Producer Ince, and some of the structures especially built for the Production of his spectacular peace play, "He Who Returned."



CHRIST the Prince of Peace, and crowned Kings at war, will face each other on the screen in a vivid arraignment of needless battle, when Thomas H. Ince releases the twelve-reel feature play he has just completed after a year's work. It will be called "He Who Returned." In a telegram to PHOTO-PLAY MAGAZINE announcing the title of the work, Mr. Ince says:

"Yes; my big feature will be 'He Who Returned.' I personally consider it the crowning achievement of my career as a producer of motion pictures. It has to do with the spirit of the Nazarene returning to earth in the temporal body of a great soldier, and of his efforts to restore the warring nations of the world to a peace basis. I think it is the greatest preachment in favor of peace that has ever been known.

The soldier meets with the same insults and the persecutions that were visited upon Jesus, but like the great Teacher he triumphs over everybody and everything. This is the first public announcement that I have made concerning 'He Who Returned.'"





“On Location”

VISUAL FACTS FROM
A THOUSAND DREAMS

Photography by Raymond Staggs

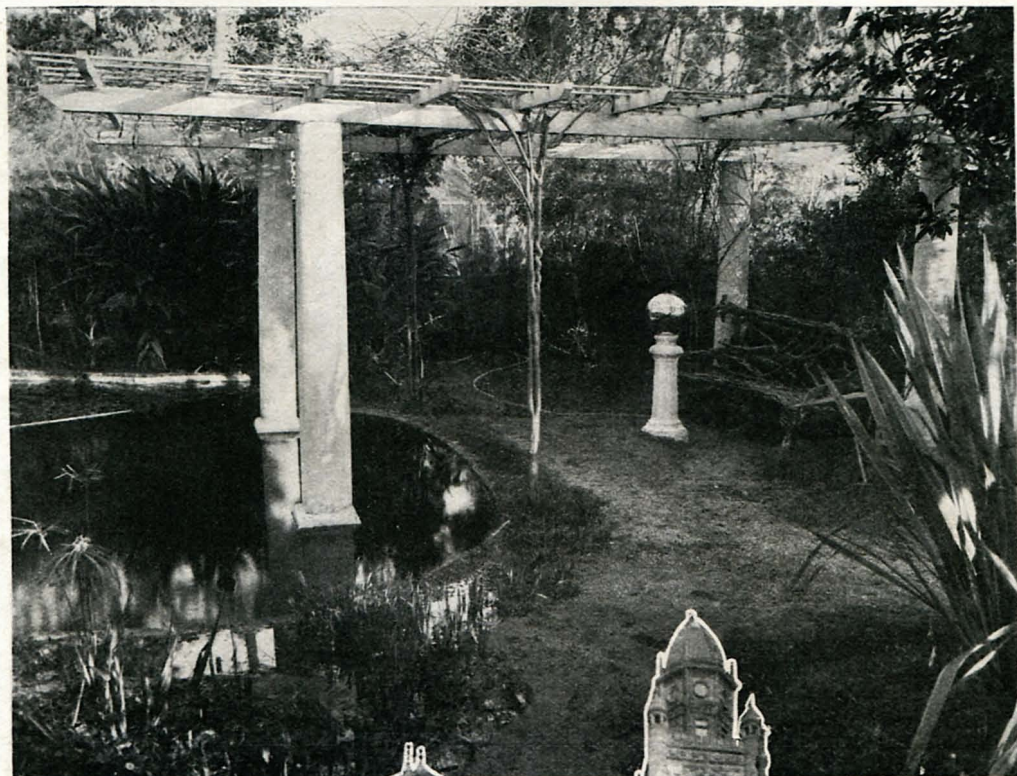
PLACES, like people, lend themselves to romance and adventure, or forbid entirely these warm accompaniments of life. Here the camera bears witness against the camera, and tells the truth about spots of mystery or beauty which have lived false but glorious lives in many a California director's shadow plays. "On Location" is the Magic Phrase of the Twentieth Century. It is realization, in terms of sea or sky, forest or hall, of the Enchanted Land of Imagination.

For instance: depicted above is a prosaic old shack on Hollywood Boulevard, midway between Los Angeles and the shore. It never had a thrill until the black art of the lens made it a resort of hermits and counterfeiters, a den of cutthroats, the hatchery of more crime than all the dives of Manhattan.

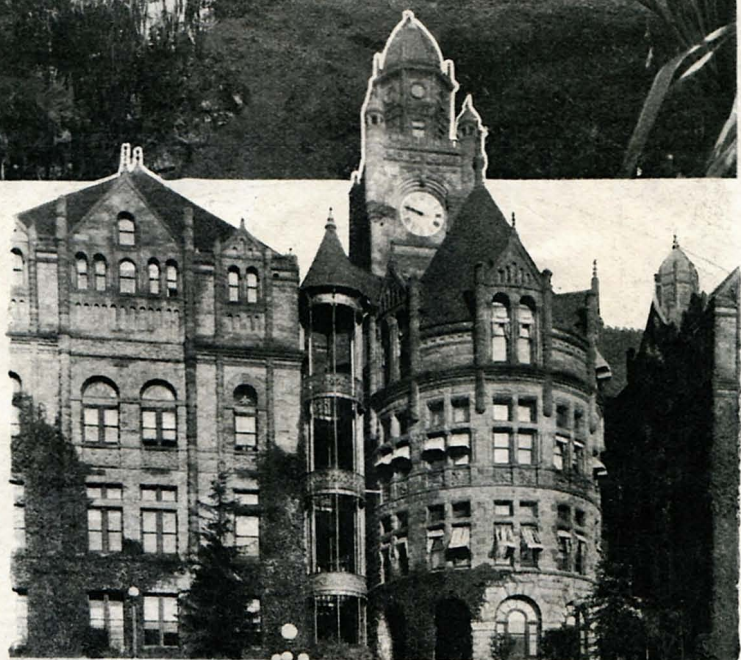




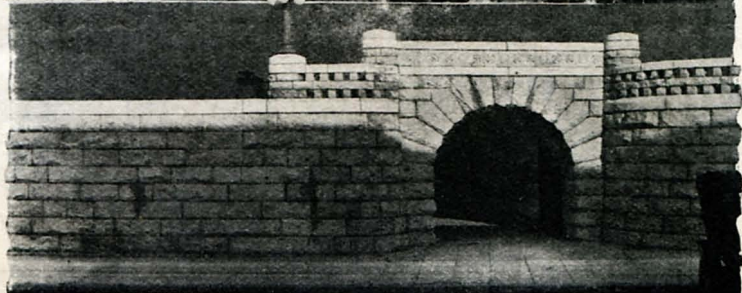
Every director's temptation: The old mill
in the Busch Gardens,
Pasadena.



Above: Garden of Mrs. Houston, Hollywood. This lovely spot has been light-painted on many a silver-screen. It appeared in "Lucille Love," and "The Spider and the Web."



At the right: The Los Angeles County Courthouse, used photographically in scores of ways. The tunnel gate in the foreground was conspicuous in "Old Heidelberg."





Above: Schlosser's castle, Hollywood, used in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Below: The Hotel Hollywood, a much-shot caravansary.





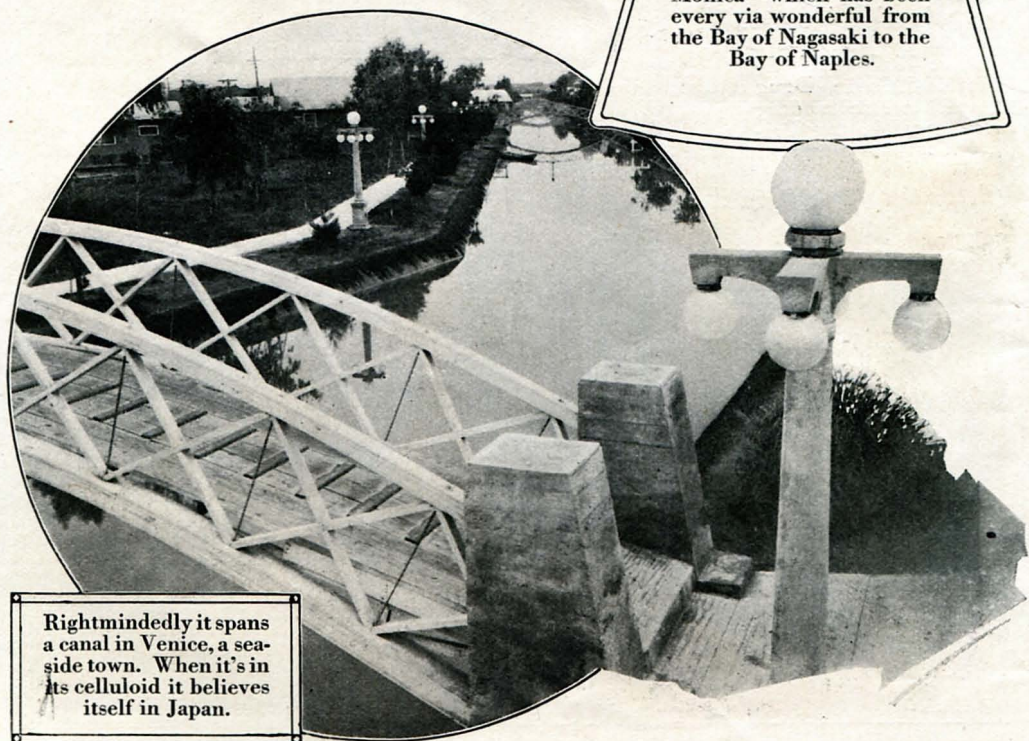
An oft-seen Japanese fishing village, twenty miles from Los Angeles.

Below: Hollywood's famous "Movie Drug Store," where a drug shop scene is staged almost every day.

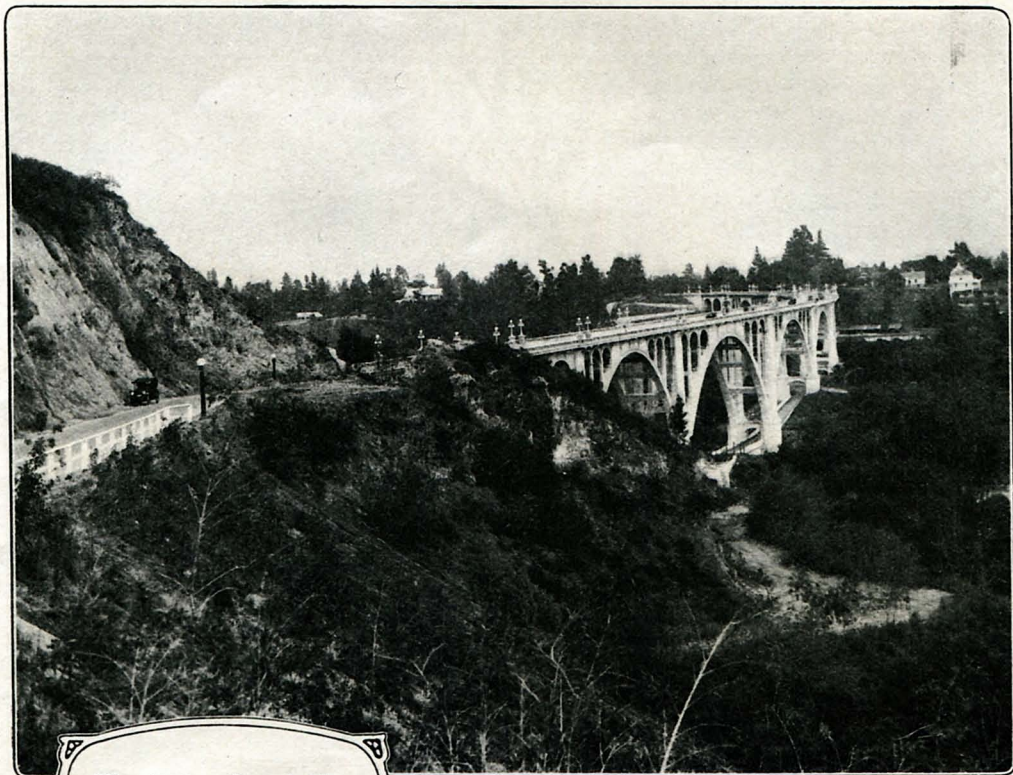




The Palisades, Santa Monica—which has been every via wonderful from the Bay of Nagasaki to the Bay of Naples.



Rightmindedly it spans a canal in Venice, a sea-side town. When it's in its celluloid it believes itself in Japan.



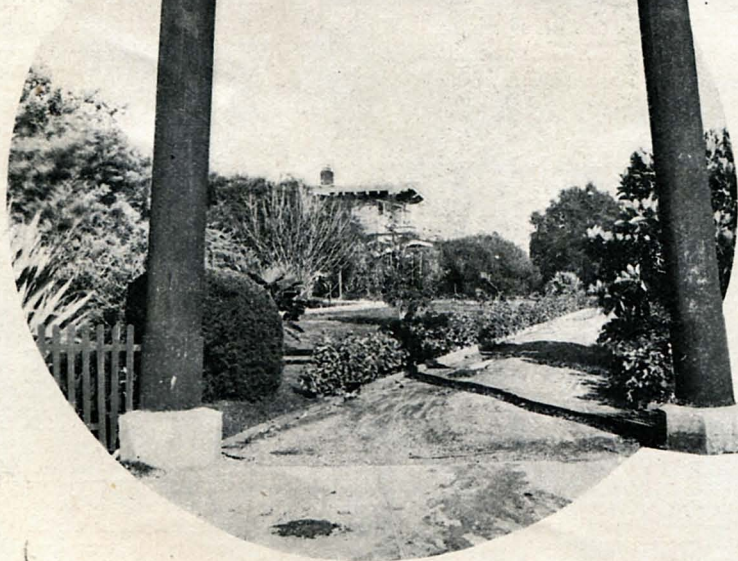
The Arroyo Seco bridge, Pasadena, seen in "The Goose Girl," and other screen-plays in which architectural grace has been necessary.



An avenue of Los Angeles palms which does much traveling between Asia and Africa.



Above: Japanese garden of Dr. Janss, Santa Monica, seen frequently in "The Cheat."



At the left: A Japanese gate in the same garden, which has been developed upon the negatives of more than two-score photoplays.

Silent Jim Campbell



COLIN, ACCORDING TO YOUR PROGRAM. HE TALKS PICTORIALY AND SPARES THE SPOKEN WORD

By John Aye

THE day I went out to the Selig Polyscope Company's plant in Los Angeles to interview Mr. Colin Campbell there was enough ringing welkin for a jungle. The lions were roaring hard by in the Selig Zoo. Two elephants grunted protestingly as they pushed a load of baled hay out of the mud. The giraffes were caracoling; the peacocks were screaming; everything and everyone was making a big noise. It was the first clear day after nearly a week's rain and there was something intoxicating about it. Penetrating this twenty-acre choral effect I found the most—yes, the

"The evolution in pictures is simply toward telling a big story well. That is something the public has never tired of and never will."



only—silent spot in it all. It was where Mr. Campbell was standing. No, the spot was not altogether silent, for a little pet fox chattered and snapped at his neatly tweeded legs.

When Mr. Campbell schemes, assembles, shapes and directs a photo play he "opens up." When he sits for an interview he closes up. You see a picture whose conception, largely, and whose direction, entirely, are his, and you come away exclaiming, "Big!" When you try to get the spoken instead of the photographed idea from him you come away exclaiming—something else. Not in anger, but in amazement.

Here is a man who has been doing epochal things in motion picture making, as witness, "The Spoilers," "The Rosary" and, last and biggest of all, "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Whether it be a mob, an ingenue in a ball room scene, knife thrust, laugh, fire, flood or what you will, Jim Campbell—they all call him "Jim" out at the plant because, spelled out from the very beginning, his name is James Colin Campbell—insists upon the eloquence of realism.

But the phenomenon which must be confided to this printed page is the eloquence of Mr. Campbell's unrealism, when it comes to conversational contribution.

He vouchsafed sentences as far apart as telegraph poles, and I was filling up the spaces between those "poles" with questions, which I imagined were so cunningly framed they would lure him to do by way of speaking what he does by way of directing.

Not so. And yet, now that I know him better, I would have felt aggrieved if he had been voluble, because then he would not have been Jim Campbell.

Mr. Campbell is making history and he keeps up to its standard the rule on that subject by not being a historian. The producing camera instructs you that he is facile, dynamic, unlimited in expression. He pours his mind forth on the screen boldly. Subtract the camera and the result is—Colin Campbell.

The managers, actors and "atmosphere" at the studio tell you that Jim Campbell, in sheer capacity to accomplish things, can handicap any other director they know by fifty per cent. "Biff! and he's right at it!" they exclaim in wonder. "He's a

splendid illustration of preparedness."

"What have you on now?" I asked the silent one.

"'The Crisis'—Winston Churchill's Civil War story. It will be the biggest thing we have ever done."

"How big?" was the natural query here, and I asked it. Of course, "How big?" might call for comparisons, but—all the better.

"As big in all the essential elements of a great dramatic story as any that has ever been produced," he said. "We know that it will be our greatest photo play. We expect to make it the equal of the most ambitious in the whole realm of pictures. The material is there and it is of



Mr. Campbell tells Bessie wonderful tales of the mysterious, hat in hand,



Eyton, who's never crossed the Rockies, weird and terious East she has to visit for "Crisis" purposes. listens admiringly during this feat of imagination.

a sort to interest. We shall do all of it in the East—St. Louis for the most of the outside stuff, just as the book was written, you understand; Vicksburg for the siege and Chicago for the inside work."

"You will, of course, have a great spectacle of the Siege of Vicksburg? That will be great material!"

"A spectacle is just what we shall not have," he replied quickly, and, I thought, a shade gruffly. "I don't believe in spectacles. As I conceive a spectacle, it is a cataclysmic jumble of men, exploding bombs, fire, death and destruction without a definite or with a very slim objective. In other words, the means are out of all proportion to the end. If you take the same elements and use them for carrying along the story; if you take a great body of men, equip them with arms and have them do something other than rush here and there; place before them a destination and a task and have them reach the destination and perform the task, then you have all that a spectacle could give with the immeasurable addition of the dramatic and the intelligible."

"Why go to St. Louis, Vicksburg and Chicago?" I asked. "Can't you do it all out here?"

"We could," he agreed, "but that wouldn't be telling the story. We could have built the settings for 'The Ne'er-Do-Well,' but we went to Panama.

"I believe in geography where you can get the geography. It's just as important as psychology. Make the two harmonize. Don't have a ship known to be in the Pacific Coast trade pictured in a New York harbor scene. That is bad geography."

"There seems to be an evolution in pictures toward a standard," I suggested; "what is it?"

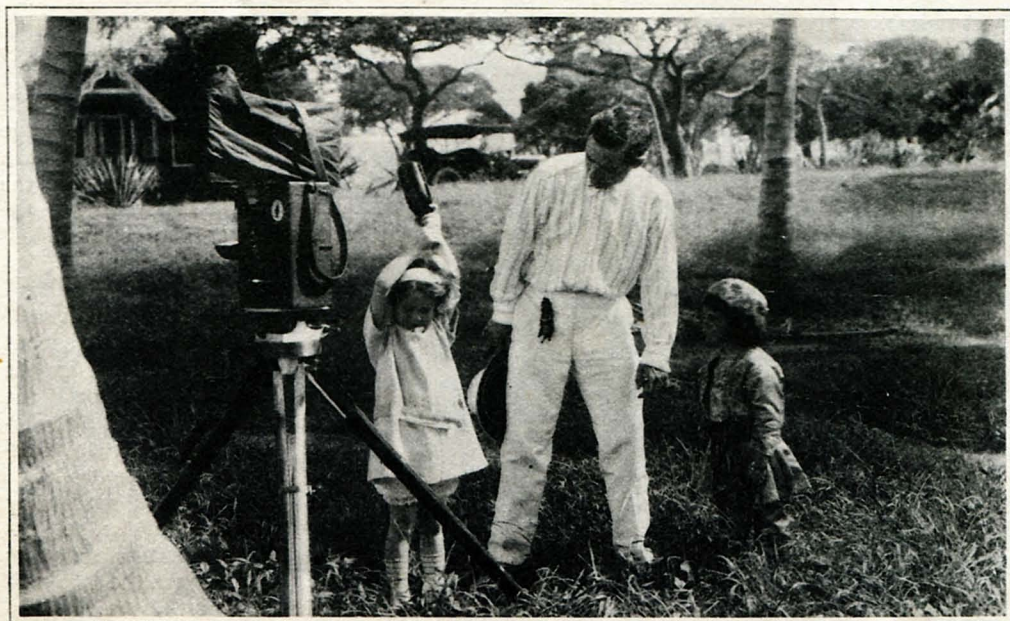
"Toward telling a big story well. That

is something the public never has tired of, and never will. It is putting life before us and we love life. Pictures tell a story more vividly, more compactly, with the characters more naturally assembled, with the situations more accurately proportioned and with the dramatic points driven home more powerfully than either a book or the stage. There is no trouble about the future of pictures and the past needn't bother us, if we are willing to forget a good deal of it."

Colin Campbell's father was a Presbyterian minister and thundered predestination from a high pulpit back in Scotland. His son also believes in predestination—the kind that follows hard work. Seeing his gray hair and the lines in his face—all meaning something—one would guess that, in looking back over the years, he would part his age in the middle somewhere near twenty-five, which was about the time he

began his career as an actor. Seventeen years ago he played at the old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles, taking five parts at a salary of ten dollars a week. That was just a few months before Oliver Morosco quit being boss-of-all-work in his father's San Francisco Grand Opera house and embarked, as lessee of the Burbank, upon his inverted toboggan career toward national bigness as a theatrical figure. Later Campbell was stage director for Thanouser in Milwaukee and for Proctor in New York. Six years ago he made a trip with the Governor of Maine up into the woods and, incidentally, took motion pictures for the first time. Then the pictures "took" him. He began directing for Selig a year after that and has been adding to the dimensions of his work by swiftly progressing stages until now he is a pace-maker in the picture-telling of great dramatic stories.

"I Christen Thee Cyclops!"



We don't know what Baby Kathryn Lee really did say—when she smashed a wine bottle on a leg of Herbert Brenon's camera during the first Foxy day in Jamaica—but she might well have named the one-eyed thing Cyclops in honor of its great predecessor, who, with a lonely optic, saw more than anyone else in the world could perceive with two. At Miss Lee's left is Mr. Brenon, and made fast to Mr. Brenon is her little sister, the celebrated motional star, Mlle. Jane Lee.



*Palpitant,
eager, Paula
awaited him
that night
in the
scented
darkness of
the garden.*

THE HEART OF PAULA

AND THE STORY OF ITS
WINNING, SOUTH OF THE
WATCHFUL WAITING LINE

By Elwell Lawrence

Produced by Pallas Pictures

TO the newly arrived American, the main street of Piedro Blanco offered a symphony in violent sensations; blinding hot sun on white walls, the stench of festering gutter uncleanness, the ceaseless grating of street noises. The thought of intimate association with the degenerate-looking people who slouched idly along on yesterday's business aroused in the American both repulsion and contempt. He told himself that all he had heard of Mexicans was true.

Ignoring the open, grilled windows that showed cool, tiled interiors and glimpses of hot, white patio, the newcomer searched the doors of the houses until he found one upon which was painted the shield of his

country, and underneath, the words, "U. S. Consulate."

He rang, and presently the door was opened by a faded, discouraged-looking man in wrinkled linen who proved to be Briggs, the consul. Briggs, pathetically delighted to see one of his own race, asked the other in.

"What have you come down here for?" he inquired, offering cigars. "Not business, I hope."

His visitor drew from an inside pocket a bundle of papers and laid them on the consul's desk. The latter looked them over briefly.

"Oh, so you're John Pachmann," he said. "Glad to know you, Mr. Pachmann,



but"—and he grew suddenly earnest—"for heaven's sake, don't try to get through to the Escondido mines. The country south of here is swarming with bandits, and Americans particularly, are not safe. Take my advice and go back."

"I can't," said Pachmann briefly. "I represent a syndicate of New York bankers who hold an option on those mines and who must have a valuation of them at once. I've got to go and take my chances, but I can count on you—"

Briggs shrugged eloquently.

"I'm only tolerated here by Pacheco and his gang because they know I'm helpless. They'll take any chances with our Government now."

"Pacheco!" That feared name startled Pachmann. "Is he here?"

Briggs was leading the way to the door, and now the two men came out into the sunshine.

"Yes, those ragged gun-toters you see everywhere are his soldiers. The regiment is garrisoned here in Piedro Blanco. Ah!" his voice lowered, "there he is, across the street."

Pachmann looked and saw a chunky, dark-faced man in khaki swaggering along

"The court finds," he said, "that you are guilty of treason . . . and has unanimously sentenced you to be shot tomorrow morning."

the sidewalk, peering insolently from beneath a broad sombrero. Suddenly he

stopped as his eye caught a young woman whose lace *mantilla* and sheer silk garments revealed even as they concealed her ripe, warm beauty. She was approaching quite unconscious of his presence when he addressed her, leering. She lifted her head, startled, and the splendor of her smote Pachmann like a white light. Then he heard Briggs' faded voice:

"That's Paula Figueroa. Old Castilian family. Had plenty of money once, but these damned bandits clean 'em out regularly. Pacheco's been after her for months."

"Gad, man, she's wonderful!"

Beneath Pacheco's gaze the girl seemed to shrivel as if with some deadly chill. She drew aside, scorn and loathing written on her face, and quickly crossed the street to where the two men stood watching her.

Briggs hailed her kindly in Spanish. Then, after a moment, he presented Pachmann. The eyes of the two met and held. And in that moment, the inexplicable chemistry of attraction, that electrolysis of the soul which we, for lack of a better term, call "love at first sight," occurred.

Pachmann forgot everything but the deep, mysterious, flaming pools of her eyes, and she, fresh from Pacheco's sullyng gaze, bathed, cleansed, in his frank, wondering adoration.

In that moment they crossed centuries and ages and all experiences. Perhaps it was some mystic sense of cosmic reunion that made him ask simply:

"When can I see you?"

And it must have been equal recognition that dictated her reply:

"Tonight at eight in the garden."

She went . . . And when Pachmann had returned to the drab realities, it was to see Pacheco staring at him from across the street with a threatening and fearless scowl.

"No," said the consul, who had apparently been talking for some time, "you mustn't think of starting for Escondido until I can find you a capable guide."

"I quite agree with you," said Pachmann, gravely. "I am in no particular hurry."

Palpitant, eager, Paula awaited him that night in the scented darkness of the garden. She met him as he came uncertainly along the path, and after the first throbbing hand-clasp, led the way to a little stone bench among the roses and clematis.

Again they bridged the gulf of common lives.

"Oh, Paula, I knew the minute I saw you!"

"*Carissima!* My Prince! I have been waiting for you so long!"

His arm stole around her, and her proud head bent like some dark flower until it touched his shoulder. Then in one swift, yearning rush, their lips met . . . From the first moment they had known, and where

there is such knowledge, only death can prevent the imperious union.

But Pachmann when he left that night, did not see the skulking figure which, like a shadow, followed him to his lodgings.

II

BRIGGS examined the diamond hitches of the pack with the eye of experience.

"Lay low, and don't take any chances, and you ought to get through with this man," he said, indicating the dirty, bare-footed Mexican who had agreed to undertake the journey to Escondido as guide. "How long will you be gone?"

"Ten days ought to cover it," the other estimated.

The little expedition moved out briskly in the early morning. Clear of the city, the land stretched out in every direction a gray, barren waste of desert, rimmed

He was dimly conscious . . . of Paula crouched in a corner, and then of a brutal surging joy as his fists crashed home.



round by the jagged ridges of mountains softly empurpled by distance. Endlessly, stretched sand, green sage, and mesquite, the whole still and inscrutable beneath a cloudless turquoise sky.

They made camp that night at the foot of a mesa and, supper over, Pachmann rolled up in his blanket, and was almost instantly asleep. Then his companion drew his rifle from his nerveless grasp, and picking up a brand from the campfire, waved it about his head. Ten minutes later John Pachmann sat up dazedly and looked into the rifle barrels of half a dozen ragged villains, chief of whom was Emiliano Pacheco.

Next morning as Paula went to market she became aware of a strange cavalcade clattering up the street. At the head of it rode Pacheco, and in the midst trotted a horse across whose saddle lay Pachmann, his hands and feet tied beneath the animal's belly. His hat was gone, his unconscious face was congested, and his fair hair was matted with blood.

For a moment the girl's heart seemed to stop as the tide rushed back upon it. Then through the mist of her senses she heard two soldiers on the sidewalk talking.

"The gringo is good plucking," said one. "Pacheco is going to hold him for five thousand dollars ransom."

"But the Americanos! Will they stand this?"

"They will stand anything. His Government will not protect him, and what can Señor Breegs do?"

The girl went home shaken by the growing knowledge that Pacheco's action went



*Beneath Pacheco's gaze the girl seemed to shrivel
loathing written*

deeper than a mere demand for ransom. His failure to win herself, and her own patent infatuation for Pachmann, lay at the bottom of this, she knew, and she felt that the guerilla leader only sought a pretext to remove the American forever from his path.

That afternoon, a desperate plan half formed in her mind, and she went to the adobe *carcel* where Pachmann lay. The guard, an old retainer of her father's, ad-



with some deadly chill. She drew aside, scorn and on her face.

mitted her, and she found her lover bruised and weak, on the filthy floor. But he roused instantly at sight of her.

"Listen," she whispered, when the first eager greetings had passed, "this is my plan. The guard is an old servant of my father's, and I believe I can bribe him. I will have him saw the bars of your window from the outside so that you can break them. Plan to escape at twelve o'clock Sunday night, and I will be ready with

horses at the cemetery gate on the edge of the town."

For an hour they discussed the details of the scheme. Then with a final embrace she went.

The next day Paula encountered Pacheco on the street.

"Pardon, senorita!" He bowed sardonically, his sombrero sweeping the dust. "Perhaps this will interest you." He drew from his pocket a telegram and opened it.

"Pachmann's wife starting at once with \$5,000 ransom. Do nothing until she arrives," he read aloud, and laughed, extending the paper to her.

Paula regarded him contemptuously, her fine head proudly lifted. Then, taking the telegram she tore it into a hundred pieces, and tossed them from her.

"That is a lie!" she said, coldly. "I would not believe it if my patron saint told me it was so!"

III

THE ensuing days were crowded with preparations and suspense. By Saturday night Miguel reported the bars

of the cell sawed through, and Paula smuggled a note to Pachmann saying all was ready.

On Sunday she arose with the dawn and went to early mass. On the way home her attention was suddenly drawn to a group of strangers hurrying towards the jail. One, she saw, was Briggs, and the others were a woman, undoubtedly American, and very beautiful despite her pinched, anxious face, and a stocky man carrying a small satchel.

Paula watched them, a sudden fear

clutching her heart. Had Pacheco's telegram been genuine after all? Drawing her mantilla closer about her, she followed. The three hurried on, and at the jail Briggs parleyed with the guard. A few minutes later the door swung open and Pachmann stood on the threshold. He looked for an instant at the woman before him, and then with a glad cry, crushed her in his arms.

Paula, crouching in the black-shadowed doorway, cringed as if she had been struck. Then, as she crept dizzily away, she heard Briggs's voice:

"No, you aren't free yet, Pachmann.

Sitting down at her table, she seized a pen and wrote in a disguised hand:

"Pacheco: The Americano plans to escape at midnight tonight.

"A friend."

On the tick of twelve John Pachmann gripped the first bar of his cell window and jerked it. There was a tiny snap of broken metal and the bar gave. Exerting all his strength, he bent it up and to the side, leaving an opening. Again and again he repeated the process, until the way to liberty was clear. Climbing upon



Sitting down at her table, she seized a pen and wrote in a disguised hand.

We'll have to turn over this money first."

At home, in her cool, bare room, the first shock gradually passed, and Paula's stunned sensibilities commenced to throb with the unendurable pain of realization. Pachmann had lied to her; he who had sworn his love to the high gods! He was married! He had used her as a plaything and a dupe!

The hot blood that had leaped and sung to his wooing, leaped again now, but with a black, murderous hate. It called for revenge, for a squaring of accounts between them. But how? Then, as love had conceived one plan, hate brought forth another.

the stool in his cell, he leaped up into the narrow space and dragged himself through.

He dropped softly to the ground on the other side, and with the suddenness of a thunderclap he was buried under an avalanche of men. He fought desperately, but a well-aimed blow from a gun-butt ended the unequal struggle.

At his quarters in the garrison, Pacheco listened to the reports of his lieutenants.

"Good!" he said. "I made trouble enough about the ransom to keep him in jail until today, and this attempted escape is just what I have been waiting for. We can at last put this gringo out of the way.

Summon him before a drumhead court-martial at nine o'clock in the morning."

At the appointed hour Pachmann was dragged to the barracks where in a large room Pacheco, surrounded by his officers, sat at a table laden with various papers and notebooks. These the American identified with astonishment as his own.

Proceedings began when Pacheco submitted to the court a paper which, Pachmann saw, was an old laundry list he had carelessly brought with him from Nogales. The guerilla leader passed the document from hand to hand, while his inferiors,

sunrise." The Mexican folded his arms.

"What!" cried Pachmann, wildly. Unable to follow the proceedings, he had not dreamed that they had taken this trend. "Good God, man, you can't mean that!" He sprang towards his persecutor, but was hurled back. "You don't dare have me shot after this travesty of a trial! Are you crazy?"

"Take him out," snarled Pacheco, and half a dozen men seized Pachmann. But the latter made a final protest.

"If you do this thing," he shouted, "by God, you'll pay for it. American soldiers

His arm stole around her, and her proud head bent like some dark flower until it touched his shoulder.



unable to read, turned it this way and that, shaking their heads gravely.

At this point Pachmann demanded counsel, which demand Pacheco refused.

"Exhibit B" was a leather notebook containing some mining notes several years old, and it, too, was passed around amid much solemn consideration. The evidence all in, Pacheco addressed the court, calling upon each man for his opinion. At the end of the ghastly farce he turned to Pachmann.

"The court finds," he said, "that you are guilty of treason against the *de facto* government, and has unanimously sentenced you to be shot tomorrow morning at

will be down here and swing you so quick it'll make your head swim!"

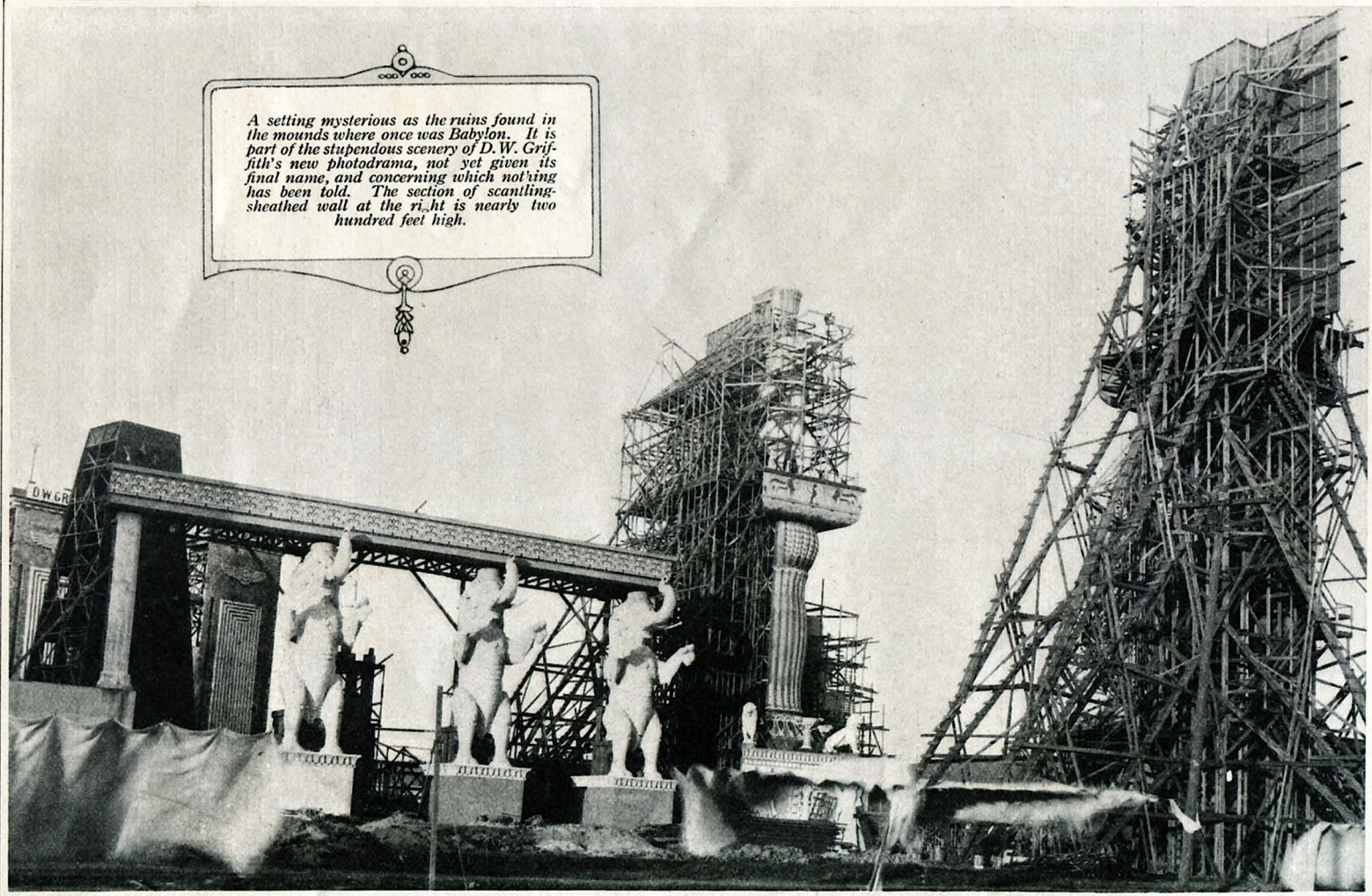
Pacheco laughed. "No, they won't," he said, confidently. "That would be an act of war, and your Government would sooner see you die than cross the border. They've proved that often enough. But if they did come, we'd have everything ready for them, witnesses and all, to prove you had committed a crime."

Pachmann groaned helplessly.

Once more in his cell, he immediately sent for Briggs and told him the situation. The consul promised to do everything he could, but he held out little hope.

(Continued on page 156)

A setting mysterious as the ruins found in the mounds where once was Babylon. It is part of the stupendous scenery of D. W. Griffith's new photodrama, not yet given its final name, and concerning which nothing has been told. The section of scantling-sheathed wall at the right is nearly two hundred feet high.





This might be a Jean Leon Gerome painting of the great Chaldean Sennacherib, strolling in his palace courtyard through the heat of an Asiatic afternoon—but it isn't. It's photography, and the subject is a Griffith actor, and his historically perfect environment is an interior belonging to and after the manner of the mighty exteriors of the opposite page.

The Girl

GAIL KANE, A JUNOESQUE
MADE THE BORDER FOLK

By K.

IN a little town on the imaginary line which separates the land of the free from the land of the *frijole*, they have a new historical period, which ranks with the sixth occupation by the Villistas, the battle between the cowboys and the *rurales*, and other epoch-making incidents in the memories of the "I remember when" inhabitants.

"It was jest about the time Gail Kane and her movin' pitcher outfit was here," says the residenter now, in recounting some happening to the curious tenderfoot; and he puffs out his chest when he says it, like a cowboy who had just roped and tied a steer in less than twenty seconds; or had succeeded in smuggling a few quarts of hop extract across the line. For be it known, that the "bad man" of Arizona is no longer judged by the notches in his gun, but by the bottles in his saddle-bags, since the prohibitionists have come out of the east and made the aridness of Kansas resemble the damp-

The Indian with the cap is Miss Kane. folks. On the actress' left is Tenorio. No, his voice doesn't match his name. of the photoplay, "Her God," that were Laguna,



On the Cover

SENORITA FROM PHILADELPHIA, WHO
FORGET THE ANARCHY IN MEXICO

Owen

ness of Milwaukee, as compared with the dryness of Arizona. This is merely parenthetical, however, and has nothing to do with Miss Kane, who is not an Arizonan. What they used to raise in Arizona was—Cain.

Of course it would make a mighty interesting story if I told about my trip to the sun-blistered hills of the ex-Great American desert for the purpose of interviewing Miss Kane. Or it would make bully reading to tell of my trip to Albuquerque, the New Mexican metropolis, where other scenes were being "shot" for Miss Kane's photoplay. However, nothing like that happened, I'm sorry to say. Instead of the peaceful reaches of Arizona or New Mexico, it was to wild and woolly, pistol-toting N'Yawk, I journeyed. So I didn't see her in the guise of an Indian-senorita, or the charmingly masculine garb portrayed at the bottom of the page.

The pictures will also show that the Equitable Star is more statuesque than ingenuesque. And too,

they verify the oft-made designation, during her fittings on the footlighted "boards," of "the

*Her companions are just Pueblo home-
whose acting gifts were a Kane discovery.
He played an important part in the scenes
taken at the ancient Indian settlement of
New Mexico.*



most beautiful woman on the stage."

"How did I happen to quit the stage for the pictures? (The interview is in progress.)

"Well, it was curiosity, first. I was told so often that I was 'a perfect camera type,' that I became curious to learn just how I would look to myself, as well as to others.

"I resisted for a long time, the importunities of well-meaning friends and the photoplay producers. I felt that I was a confirmed devotee of the spoken drama and that I just couldn't go into the 'tin can.' The few pictures I had seen only served to strengthen my purpose to remain on the stage.

"But times were changing rapidly. One day I was induced to go to a picture theater, where was showing 'Home, Sweet Home.' My resolution started wavering right there. I was really astounded. It was so different from 'The Father's Revenge' and other cheap thrillers I had seen on the screen. Belasco himself could not have staged a show so artistically and with such close attention to atmospheric detail.

Her chief recreation is horseback riding—minus skirts.

"I had heard of a number of legitimate stars forsaking the stage, but had paid little attention to their defections.

"Then one day someone brought me a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It contained photographs of Dustin Farnum, Florence Reed, Alice Brady, Robert Warwick, Edward Abeles and other legitimate players I knew personally. Not even the shreds of my resolution remained after I had read about the success of these stars on the camera stage.

"It was Daniel V. Arthur who induced me to make my celluloid debut in 'The Great Diamond Robbery' and although the picture was not a success, I was pleased with the experience. Then came 'Via Wireless' for Pathe and my fate was sealed, so far as my future activities were concerned.

"My next appearance before the camera was in 'The Pit,' with Wilton Lackaye for World and then 'The Labyrinth' for Equitable, with which company I am now permanently allied, and then I went down to the Southwest to be the Indian maid in 'Her God.' It was a wonderful experience, that trip, and I would like to repeat it."



Miss Kane was born in Philadelphia something like 24 years ago and was educated at Newburgh, N. Y. Her success in amateur theatricals at school determined her future on the stage. She was offered a small part in Charles Frohman's "Decorating Clementina" and accepted. Following that engagement she played with Marie Tempest and in Augustus Thomas' "As a Man Thinks" but her first leading parts were in "The Model," and "Anatole." She was the villainess in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "The Miracle Man," two recent

stage successes and won high encomiums for her work in these plays from the New York critics.

Miss Kane is somewhat over the ingenue limit in stature as she measures something like five feet, seven inches; and, as her pictures indicate, she has dark brown hair and eyes. Her chief recreation is horseback riding—minus skirts. Now that Equitable and World have combined, the press agents will probably discard Miss Kane's appellation as "The Equitable Girl" and dub her "Star of the World!"

Preparing a Queen Filet Mignon



As you see, the camera is set for a close-up, while behind, on the directoral pulpit, Director Herbert Brenon thunders at his Jamaican mob, which is some inches out of this page to the left. William Shay, looking like a shaven Shah, stands at Mr. Brenon's feet. As only her anguished features are to show in this particular bit, what matters it that Annette Kellerman has suede slippers between the driftwood and her soles? She's a distressed monarchess of something or other. Her particular style of royal robe suggests that she reigns over the wide kingdom of Beeveedee.

C. Chaplin, Millionaire-Elect

CHARLES CHAPLIN made a new style of mustache, taught it to rise and fall on a movie screen, and is drawing \$670,000 a year pay for his pains. He has just signed a one-year contract with the Mutual Film Corporation to make one two-part comedy a month, in consideration of \$150,000 advance bonus and \$10,000 a week.

If he continues in his frugal habits Charles should be well on the way to millionairehood by 1917.

Excepting
the flat

salary of \$1,000,000 a year that was paid John Hayes Hammond by the Guggenheims, Chaplin's \$670,000 likely is the biggest salary grabbed off by any public person outside of royalty. The President of the United States is paid \$75,000 a year. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court gets \$15,000, each of the Associate Justices \$14,500. Governor Edward F. Dunne of Illinois, highest paid of all the state chief executives, receives \$12,000, as does the Vice-President of the United States and each member of President Wilson's cabinet. Members of Congress get \$7,500; Judges of the Federal Courts are paid even less.

The 96 Senators of the United States and the 435 Representatives in Congress receive in salary \$3,982,500 a year. Chaplin's salary is nearly 17 per cent. of that vast sum. The Supreme Court Justices are paid \$131,000 a year—just 19.5 per cent. of Chaplin's retainer. The combined pay of Congress, the President and the Supreme Court is \$4,188,500. Chaplin's salary equals 16 per cent. of that huge total. It is equivalent to 93 per cent. of the payroll of the Senate, the most powerful legislative body in the world.

But, wildly extravagant as a yearly salary of \$670,000 may sound, it falls into its proper relation in the scale of receipts and disbursements when the profits made out of Chaplin pictures are considered. Recently the premier humorist of the shadow stage made ten pictures for Essanay, for which he was paid \$78,000 salary and a cash bonus of \$100,000, and for the first twenty-one days' theatre use of these reels Essanay is paid \$498,750. Eight of the ten reels have been released and are still running—and being paid for daily at rates proportionate to those quoted; two are yet to be shown to the public. It would seem, then, that here is a case where the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Aye, it really looks as though Charles earns his coin.



Chaplin in
Burlesque
on
"Carmen"
Unreleased
Essanay
Film.



*When Joffre
kissed "Der
Schwartzner,"
the audience
burst into roars
of laughter.*

The Light of Europe

CONCERNING THE CONTINENTAL PHOTOPLAY,
WAR'S OPIATE FROM BUDAPEST TO BRUSSELS

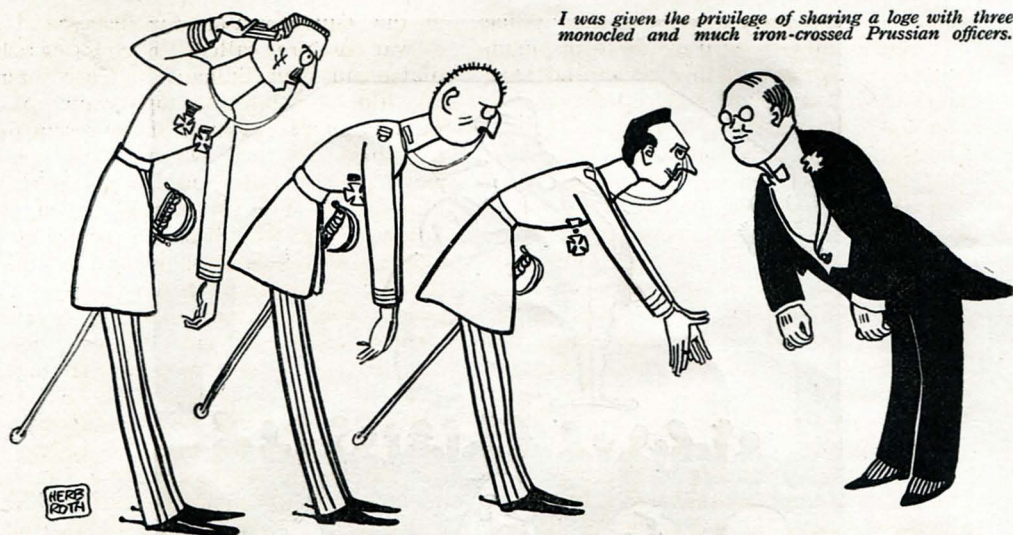
By Karl K. Kitchen Cartoons by
HERB ROTH

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Day after day we are regaled with a bombardment of military information—a wearisome, continual salvo of facts or opinions upon the combative and endurance capacities of the Central Powers. But how often have we read anything of the life of the people; of existence behind the thunder curtains; of the roads, few and rare, to relaxation and forgetfulness? Mr. Kitchen tells of the part moving pictures are playing in the lives of the left-at-homes; he proves that in these dark days the photoplay is the light of Europe.

THERE is but one topic of conversation in Berlin—the war. There is but one place where the Berliner can forget it and its concomitant horrors and sorrows—the *Lichtspiele*—the “movies”; and then only for an hour or so, because war scenes are a part of every film

program. And though the common grief of the nation cannot be wholly forgotten even in the common recreation, the “movies” go far toward making life bearable.

In Vienna and Budapest, capitals of the dual kingdom, where everyday life has not been so poignantly tainted by the near-



I was given the privilege of sharing a loge with three monocled and much iron-crossed Prussian officers.

ness of the blood demon, they laugh aloud at the antics of the film comedians. In Berlin, they only smile, for in *Kultur's* center, they take even their pleasures seriously. Even in Brussels, the humbled Belgian enjoys the tragedies and comedies of the *cinema* and forgets, for the time, the grief that came with the gray-clad hordes from the East.

Well, it might be worse, soliloquizes the philosophic Belgian. The tyranny of no ancient or medieval conqueror was tempered by the *cinema*.

At the hour when New Yorkers are sitting down to dinner, the first number on the program in half a hundred *Lichtspiele* in Berlin is being flashed on the screen. Half past seven is the very latest for a moving picture show to begin in the German capital, and 7 o'clock is the usual time. Then Berlin goes in on an empty stomach—or rather, without having dined. For dinner is a midday repast in Germany and supper is a movable feast taken any time between 9 and midnight.

Seven o'clock, my first night in Berlin, found me in a loge of the Linden Lichtspiele, a moving picture theatre in Unter den Linden, near the Friedrichstrasse. Being invited to a 9 o'clock "supper" with a Berlin family, I adopted the usual method of killing time in a strange city.

The Linden Lichtspiele, despite its imposing entrance and its uniformed commissionaries, is a comparatively small theatre built after the fashion of our early motion

picture theatres—in shape an oblong with a steep pitch to its floor. Along both side walls are loges and for the sum of "two mark fifty,"—normally 60 cents—I was given the privilege of sharing a loge with three monocled and much iron-crossed Prussian officers. Every seat on the floor was taken, but the officers who had reached the loge before me realized the necessity of making room for me, which they did with exact bows and stereotyped expressions.

A moment after I adjusted myself to my surrounding the orchestra, composed of a pianist, not more than two violinists and drummer, struck up the opening bars of a typical German air and the lights were dimmed.

"Sein Schwierigster Fall" (His Hardest Case) was flashed on the screen amid murmurs of anticipatory excitement from the audience. As in many of our films the principals were revealed one at a time and greeted with applause according to their popularity. A rather attractive girl named Mia May was greeted enthusiastically when her face was shown and when Max Landas' impressive features were disclosed there was stamping of feet, applause and a buzz of conversation.

It will not be necessary to describe the film, which was given in five parts, although a synopsis of its story was given in the programs which were sold for 10 pfennigs each. Suffice it to say that it was a fairly good detective film of German manufacture.

For at the present time Germany has to depend almost entirely on films made within her borders or in Sweden and Denmark. In fact, during a dozen visits to moving picture theatres in Berlin and other German cities, I did not see a single film that was made outside of Germany or Sweden. The importation of French and English films was, of course, forbidden after the outbreak of the war and while Germany is not officially at war with Italy, no Italian films have been imported for nearly a year. There are surprisingly few American films being shown in Germany at the present time. Following the detective film at the Linden Lichtspiele there was an American film—a railroad thriller in which the sweetheart of a sleepy telegraph operator prevents a wreck by riding a horse at full speed and signaling the fast freight with her petticoat—you know the kind—but it was the only American film I saw during all my visits to picture houses in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

A series of war pictures followed this American film but I did not remain to see them. For there is not a motion picture house in Germany that does not show at least one reel of war pictures at every performance. In fact the war films are the most important feature of the motion picture industry in Germany today. In several Berlin theatres war pictures are being shown exclusively. At the Urania Theatre

at the Taubenstrasse, for instance, I saw a war picture called "Die Kriegsschauplatze auf dem Balkan"—a very interesting film showing the topography of the Balkans as well as some of the recent fighting there. At the Marmorhaus, another moving picture playhouse, I saw part of a film called "Von die Karpathen bis Brest Litowsk," which disclosed some of the fighting in the Carpathians and the fall of the above named fortress. At both playhouses every seat was taken and there were many soldiers present whose comments vouched for the accuracy of the pictures.

The U. T. Lichtspiele in the Friedrichstrasse has a good orchestra and while the auditorium is smaller than the leading picture houses in the larger American cities its appointments compare very favorably with them. The best seats are two marks (normally 48 cents) programs are 10 pfennigs (2½ cents), and 10 pfennigs is charged for checking your coat. Like all the other moving picture houses in Berlin it is conducted on a different principle from picture houses in America. Three performances are given at 5, 7 and 9 P. M. Continuous performances are unknown in Berlin and vaudeville and films are rarely combined. Generally speaking "movie going" is more expensive in Germany than in America. There are no theatres with one price of admission for the reason that class lines are more sharply drawn than



Films in Germany are under strict supervision of the police, to whom the mishaps of a film counterfeiter, bring no particular joy.

they are here. Two marks is the usual price for the best seats, with loge seats an extra mark, while the cheapest seats are rarely less than 50 pfennigs (12 cents). Occasionally in the poorer sections of the city we will see announcements that school children are admitted at matinees for 25 pfennigs but 12 cents is the minimum for grownups. And the average admission at the majority of theatres must be over a mark.

But to get back to the bill at Friedrich-



Max Pallenberg, the Teutonic Chaplin, can assimilate a custard pie with the same éclat portrayed by his Anglo-American brother.

strasse Lichtspiele. Here I had my first glimpse of Germany's funny film man—Max Pallenberg, the Teutonic Charley Chaplin, who can assimilate a custard pie with the same éclat portrayed by his Anglo-Saxon brother. Chaplin is unknown in Germany, although in England and France he is a tremendous favorite. I saw Max first in "Der Rasende Roland," a succession of slapstick stunts—a film in which Chaplin would have been perfectly at home.

Loud laughter, the first I had heard in a Berlin movie, greeted Max's antics, which were undeniably funny, but from the conversation I overheard, the serious Swedish photoplay which followed was much more appreciated.

This was entitled "A Ghetto Tragedy" made in and about Stockholm. It had a truly tragic theme, which is the entertainment that appeals most to Berliners at the present time. When it was concluded there was prolonged applause and the program ended with a reel of very good war pictures showing the Kaiser reviewing his troops on the East front.

During my stay in Berlin I visited the Lichtspiele "Mozart Saal" in the Nollendorfplatz and the Kammer Lichtspiele on the Potsdamerplatz—two of the largest and highest class moving picture theatres in the German capital—and at both of them I was

impressed with the fact that the serious films interested the audience far more than the comedies. At the Kammer Lichtspiele a three act comedy by Arthur Landsberger called "Pension Lampel," disclosed several German film favorites—Hanni Weisse, Senta Stoneland, Albert Paulig, Herman Picha and Ferry Sikla. From what I could gather during my brief excursions into the movies in Germany, Albert Paulig is one of the most popular film stars of the hour. Max Mack seems to be the D. W. Griffith of the German movies although it must be admitted that there are no German films that compare with "The Birth of a Nation." Fern Andra is the nearest approach to a Mary Pickford that I saw.

The moving pictures are daily becoming a more important part of the life of the people in the larger cities of Germany and in Berlin especially. The number of travel and educational films one encounters is a revelation to an American movie fan. There is almost a total absence of the cheap "thrillers" that abound in the less important picture houses in America. Films in Germany are under strict supervision of the police, to whom the mishaps of a film counterfeit bring no particular joy. While many of the photoplays are more daring than the films approved by our own varie-

gated censors, good taste is rarely violated.

There is no doubt that the war has stimulated movie going, due chiefly to the great interest in war pictures and the nervous state of mind of a very large proportion of the population. I talked with many Berliners and nearly all of them told me that a visit to a *lichtspiel* took them away from the bitter realities of life more quickly and completely than a visit to a legitimate playhouse. To be sure the playhouses in Berlin that are offering serious plays are crowded nightly, but it is also true that the moving picture houses have never attracted such crowds.

Strangely enough, moving pictures do not play such an important part in the lives of the inhabitants of Vienna and Budapest. Although Vienna is nearly as large as Berlin it is doubtful if it has one-third as many picture houses.

As in Berlin, the moving picture theatres in Vienna give performances at 5, 7 and 9 o'clock. Their scale of prices is somewhat lower for the reason that the unit in Austria—the crown—is worth a trifle less than 20 cents in normal times. A crown buys an orchestra seat at most of the *kinos* in the Austrian capital, although the front seats and the places in the loges are usually two crowns. When I was in Vienna in December the crown had depreciated to 13 cents in American money—consequently my movie going was not expensive.

Generally speaking the *kinos* in Vienna are conducted along the same lines as the *lichtspiele* in Berlin. The films are of German or Swedish origin, with war pictures occupying the most important part of every bill.

At the Opernkino, which is the smartest of the *kinos* for the reason that it is located near the Opernring, or boulevard adjacent to the Great Opera House, I saw very interesting bills on two occasions. Officers in uniform were much in evidence. I did not see any soldiers for the reason that they are always given places in the balconies. However, I heard them for they were most vigorous in their applause when pictures of their comrades were flashed on the screen.

The program at the Opernkino which are sold for 10 heller (normally 2 cents) contain the synopses of the comedy films which are shown there. And I noticed that nearly everyone bought a program. In

fact, it is characteristic of movie audiences abroad to understand what they are shown as well as be amused or instructed by it.

The travel films—mountain climbing scenes in Switzerland, on one occasion and Bulgarian village scenes on the occasion of my second visit—will long linger in my memory. They were in color and of remarkable beauty.

Following them were war pictures showing the Austrian General Staff reviewing troops in Galicia and the fighting on the Italian front. When the picture of the aged Austrian Emperor was flashed on the screen there was genuine enthusiasm and even the pictures of the German Kaiser and his great generals, von Hindenburg and Mackensen, were also applauded to the echo.

I was very much surprised to see pictures of King George of England reviewing his troops with Earl Kitchener. Not only were they received in respectful silence but when Gen. Joffre was revealed with his staff officers you could have heard a pin drop. Only when the French commander began to kiss the various officers on whom he was pinning decorations was the silence broken. There was a black officer in the line—evidently a Sengalese—and everyone in the audience wondered if Gen. Joffre would kiss him. I heard tittering in a dozen different parts of the theatre and when Joffre planted two kisses on the cheeks of "der Schwartzter," the entire audience burst into roars of laughter.

The Viennese are a lighter hearted people than the Berliners. And they are not nearly as serious about the war. In Berlin, Shakespeare's tragedies and other serious plays are playing to crowded houses, while lighter forms of theatrical diversion are neglected. In Vienna, just the reverse is true. The light, amusing musical plays are more popular than ever. And in the movies, aside from the war pictures, the comedies seem more popular than the serious films.

In Budapest I visited but two moving picture playhouses. At one of them, the Mozgo Septthon, a typical picture house of the better class, I saw "Der Tunnel," a film version of Bernard Kellerman's famous story, "The Tunnel."

This film is one of the most popular as well as one of the most pretentious German films of the day. At the six o'clock per-

formance—four performances, at 3:30, 6, 8 and 10 P. M., are given daily—the theatre was crowded. Of all the capitals in warring Europe Budapest has been least affected by the war. The gay night life has continued without interruption and all forms of amusement, including the “movies,” have prospered.

As in Berlin and Vienna the capital of Hungary has to depend upon German, Danish and Swedish films. War pictures are everywhere in evidence and, of course, are first in popularity. Evidently there is a shortage of new films for I saw a screen version of Hauptmann’s “Atlantis,” a picture nearly three years old. It was evidently familiar to many in the audience but it held their interest, nevertheless. It must be admitted that moving pictures have not entirely come into their own in Budapest but there are unmistakable signs that they are becoming more popular every year.

Of all the war capitals Brussels seems to be the real home of movie fans. The city is dotted with *cinemas*, as they are called there, and they are filled morning, noon and night.

There are several reasons for this surprising condition. Brussels, of course, is under German rule and the native population is in mourning for the sad plight of their little country. They have no heart for theatre going—that is, attending regular dramatic performances. The Germans are trying to bring “Kultur” to the Belgians and there are two theatres devoted to German plays, which of course are

avoided by the Brusselois. As the opera is closed and traveling French dramatic and musical companies are unable to reach Brussels, moving pictures have become the popular amusement for all classes. They have the advantage of being inexpensive—a very important consideration in war stricken Belgium.

Of course all the films shown in Brussels are censored by the German military authorities. But the most surprising liberality is shown in this censorship. The war films which I saw in a *cinema* on the Boulevard du Nord near the Metropole Hotel gave glimpses of the French, English and Russian armies as well as the victorious Teutons.

In addition to the German, Swedish and Danish films, numerous American films are to be seen in Brussels at the present time. Cowboy films are particularly popular. Because of the work of the Belgian Relief Commission Americans are extremely popular in Belgium and American film actors are applauded to the echo.

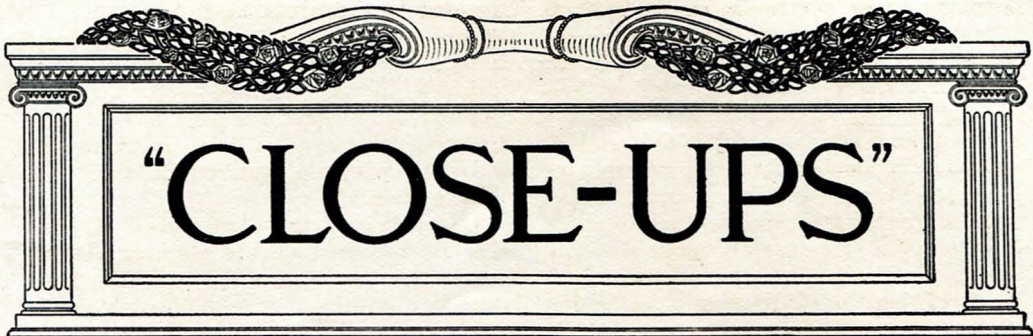
The *cinemas* of the Belgian capital are more like our American moving picture houses than the *lichtspieles* and *kinos* of Berlin and Vienna. The prices are extremely low, the best seats selling for one franc, less than 20 cents. The majority of movie goers in Brussels pay less than half that sum for their entertainment. The performances in many of the play houses are continuous but end promptly at 11 P. M., when the lid is clamped down by German regulations in the former Belgian capital.

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IN the present generation the photoplay has overcome a tremendous prejudice.

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And it is then that the theatre of spoken drama will suffer most keenly. Then the screen will have reached a maturity of power. It will have its history, its classics; its place will be secure. Its mere mechanics will have been transfigured.

Then, it will be accepted as a purveyor of beauty and a demonstrator of intellect as naturally and unquestioningly as any other art-medium. No intelligent man of tomorrow will need "converting" to the two-dimension platform, any more than he will require an evangelism of poetry or painting. In the afternoon of tomorrow she will palpitate over her optic novel even as she gets print-thrills from her story in covers today.

In the opinion of the writer the photoplay is destined to drive the drama more and more into the realms of fine art; briefly, the spoken play must, presently, be a very fine and wonderful art—a marvellous fabric from life itself—in order to survive at all. For life's external phases, incidents and surroundings have now been given an infinity of betterment within the black box. The camera has made null and void all the material, ephemeral substance of our contemporary stage.

But if a new Shakespeare were to rise tomorrow he need not fear. The real drama and the true photoplay are not rivals, but allies and brothers.

The Little She-Worm

AN enterprising film corporation is promoting a "handsome man" contest by faithfully promising that one of its pretty young female stars will, on suppliant knees, propose to the winner.

All of which recalls the New Thought anent the early bird and worm proverb. We were brought up to admire and vote for the sunrise fowl. We have just begun to consider the worm's status, and wonder what he thinks of alarm clocks.

This contest is fine for the lovely yokel, but what about the willy-nilly love of poor Jane Doll?

An Embarrassing Situation

NOW that M. Chaplin has embraced the Mutual faith we cannot help wondering what will become of George Ovey, whom Mutual's Voice in the Wilderness has so long and ardently described as "the funniest man in America."



Remember Your Friends

ON Monday, May 15th, the photoplay public will contribute—through the 20,000 American motion picture theatres, which will set aside 10 percent of their day's receipts—to the Actors' Fund of America.

The Actors' Fund is the great theatrical relief. It cares for the sick, gives shelter and food to the penniless and aged, and buries the dead.

The actor and actress, stage or screen, who have amused you, and brightened your hours, are your friends. They are artists, and while some of them are thriftier than Shylock, many of them are not good business folk. Almost all of them, nowadays, have decent homes in which to rear fine families, but those who do not, those who most need your help, may have been your cherished servitors of sentiment or laughter.

Remember your friends on Monday, May 15th.



The First Art-Business

THE photoplay industry is becoming a business.

It can never be a business in the sense that the grinding of flour and the pickling of hogs are businesses, for besides being an industry it is an art, and art cannot be guided with reins or punched out by a time-clock or inspired by an adding machine.

But it can be an art-business, and it is becoming an art-business. And so it is leaving the scatter stage of recklessness, and is entering its era of intelligent efficiency. Stupendous sums of money have been spent in picture-shooting, and of these great sums thousands, and hundreds of thousands, have been wasted.

New investments seem wastes to the uninitiated. In the past month Chaplin, who lightens the world's load by kicking and grinning, has been signed for the world's biggest salary. Waste? Not if he keeps his health and we keep out of the puddle of war. Examine some comparative figures on another page.

The frontier camps are giving way to camera cities. The producers found empty plains and canons upon which they erected shacks. Now the shacks are falling before grand *salles* of steel and concrete. The big executive offices are today experiencing earthquake upon earthquake, and the final tremblors will evolve an economic system of distribution. Watch the photoplay news of the

day. Almost all of it will be interesting, and some of it will be startling and revolutionary. Out of waste, extravagance, inspiration, ambition, industry, graft and patient experiment the world's first great art-business is being born.



*The
Universal
Symbol*

ELSEWHERE in these leaves of learning, light and laughter will be found a few words about Max Pallenberg, Teutonic equivalent of the supreme Anglo-Saxon achievement; i. e.: Chaplin. Herr Pallenberg, according to the illuminating illustration accompanying the article, is poised upon the edge of an aqual abyss. He is, in fact, being projected into it by the sudden facial application of a substance right prettily drawn and truthfully described. This substance is—

Pie.

It may be custard in Keystonia, mango-pastry in Rangoon or kuchen in Karlsbad—but it is always pie.

Thus does an humble pantry fruit confound the learned doctors. Here is an earthwide language, an international expression, a material harbinger of those dawning sentiments which may provoke worldwide Oscanian brotherhood.

Hurrah, hoch, hail, salute, viva and banzai for pie, not neat but tasty.



*This Man
Said
Something*

DR. William S. Sadler, speaking to the council members of the Parent Teachers' Association, in Chicago, said not long ago:

"The moving picture is the greatest influence in our present-day life in keeping the family together.

"Moving pictures are a weapon against intemperance.

"The man who can invent a good system of teaching arithmetic by moving pictures will be worth a million dollars.

"The movie is a factor in modern civilization, just as much as architecture, and we must make an early adjustment to it.

"As a destroyer of monotony the moving picture is worth all the millions it is costing.

"Don't take a child to the movies immediately after a hearty meal. The thriller retards digestion.

"The movie is going to compel adequate instruction in sex hygiene by parents, for the pictures illustrate all the infringements of conventional life. We have got to keep pace with our children."

The root-taking seed in Dr. Sadler's talk is his remark about the movie as a family binder. From Miami to Vancouver the photoplay is the only amusement, pastime or entertaining instruction which will, after dinner (or supper)

tie up the following members of one family in one party: Jack, aged 21; Elise, aged 17; Jimmie, aged 11; father and mother, something past 45; Aunt Roxanna—age-question overruled.



*Write
Your Own
Ticket.*

THE Richmond Times-Dispatch exudes a little true and homely philosophy when—quoting one Wells, a Norfolk showman—it avers that folks like the picture-show because each is enabled to put upon the lips of the silent characters his own words best befitting the situations.

Incidents and action come before you. But, save, in the infrequent captions, the actors are speaking your language and are putting their sentiments and emotions in your particular phraseology. The villain, the hero and the woman they pursue are—to you—saying the natural thing always.

Hamlet is moping majestically along the goldfibre. To one chap watching the Dane toy with Yorick's skull the words of the play may occur: "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

To this man's humble friend Hamlet simply murmurs: "Well, we all gotta come to it."



*Now Wall
Street
Lives.*

THE lazy hack work of the scenario mechanic has spoiled the liveliest dramatic topic of the hour—a throbbing, dazzling Wall street, more potent than a Krupp manufactory and more varied and dramatic than a Dumas tale.

Wall street has for years been the handiest and easiest material for the plotwright.

Not one man in a hundred, and darned few women in the whole world, have ever cared a tinker's container about "quotations," and "the market." P. D. & Q.'s awful rise and fall have mussed up many a nice evening of jumping kodakery for a humble audience of clerks, schoolmen, editors, actresses, housewives, merchants, civil engineers, debutantes and others who know a ticker only as a mystery or a slot-machine of baseball news.

Now comes the golden germ of war-profit, virulently infecting every vein of high finance, and Wall street is off on a rampage of auriferous riot and staggering romance which makes the Spanish Main and its golden galleons resemble a duck pond clotted with fence-board rafts.

But Wall street as a photodramatic topic seems done to death. It has sheltered incompetency so long that its roof has fallen in. People have ceased to be interested in Wall street plays. And you can't get a notion out of a national head just by whispering that there's real pep in the new edition of your stale old Encyclopaedia.

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAINT OF A PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HERE HE ALMOST BECOMES HAROLD'S COIFFEUR

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

IV

SOME day I'm goin to take a stage brace an just fade out dat nut director. What da ya think he wanted? He wanted a real fire in de fireplace an he don't never shoot dat side of de set. Dat's anodder bum idea dese movies got where de dramer has dem licked. Here dey have to build real fireplaces out of brick an have real fires in dem while on

de stage all we did was get a coupla fake logs, have de electrician stick a red light bulb under dem an we had a conflagration d a t was good for all season an no bodder at all. Put de logs in a sack to travel, dust em off in every town an we had a cheerful glow for forty weeks. None of dis runnin around for kindlin or alcohol to keep em goin. Realism nuttin! Dey don't tink us poor props does enough to earn our wages. Dat's why dey do it.

Dey calls dis stuff temperment, but dat ain't what de guys wid "keeper" on der caps calls it when dey tucks em away. Lizzie an Harold over dere on dat beach at Catalina taught dey was givin a fine exhibition of ground an lofty temperment, but any guy lookin through de fence would have called dem a couple of sore-headed kids.

Lizzie got so mad at me for not guessin de riddle about why she left Sout Bend

dat she forgets all bout her feud wid Harold an tries to get me job. My goodness, you never did see a woman carry on so. She called me a ruffian, she did, an a lot of oder tings. Den she bawled out de nut director for havin such a insultin propertyman, an after she wore out on him an really got her stride, she panned de company for hirin a director dat would have such a

propertyman. Den she took in de president of de United States, de Pacific Ocean an all de tings she had missed before. Believe me, it was immense. She never repeated herself once an de way she handed it out you would have thought she was recitin poetry. After she'd reviewed de whole woid an de war in Toikey, she told us dat she was sorry for us all dat we had so little sense, but she couldn't help it as it was her fate to associate wid a lot of lowbrows dat knew nuttin of de

finer instincts, whatever dey are, an to do wid her as we willed. She placed herself entirely in de director's hands an though he was thick-necked an illiterate, she would obey his slightest command. She was a woman of her woid an would finish de pitcher an den retire into private life an de atmosphere of refinement to which she was accustomed, but if Harold, de ham, even made a move to steal de scene, she



Dey call dis stuff temperment, but dat aint what de guys wid "keeper" on der caps calls it when dey tucks em away.

would shove him trough de winder an den dash out what little brains he had against de pretty rock de nut director was makin all de fuss about.

It's darn near dark by dis time an de sun has nearly set in de ocean back of de pretty rock when Lizzie walks into de scene an says she is ready to be humiliated. De nut director takes one slant at de light an says:

"Nuttin doin, we will have to shoot dis tomorrow."

Den little Harold spoke up. "Nuttin doin?" he says, "Dis sea air is raisin de duce wid me hair an if we have to wait till tomorrow, I will have to get it curled all over again an dat will cost me fifty cents and it ain't in my contract dat I have to spend so much money on dis production when already I have ruined two pairs of white gloves an had to send me dress shoit to de laundry. Spending all dis money," he says, "you would tink it was A Birt of a Nation or Caberia or somethin. All dese managers have to do," he says, "is to buy scenery an tings, but linen dress shoits an gloves runs into money. De dramer has certainly become decayed since dey canned

de dickey" he says, "No worry about laundry den," he says, "an dey would wear forever if dey didn't blow up. De producers use celluloyd film, why can't we artists use celluloyd shoits? If we don't shoot till tomorrow, de company has to get my hair curled."

My, he looked mad enough to bite a strawberry.

"Very well," says de nut director, "de company will coil it. I will have Pete here wait on you in de mornin an coil it for you. Won't you, Pete?" he says, toinin to me.

"Sure," I says, "an I will sit up all night to see dat I get de iron good an hot."

"What!" screams Harold, "Let de rude, rough hands of a propertyman touch me hair? Ye gawds! what would me millions of admirers say if dey knew dat?"

"He is de company's official hair coiler," says de nut director an tips me de wink. Right den I knew he had moments when he was a regular guy.

"Sure," says I, "I can coil it fine."

"Why," I says, "de last guy whose hair I coiled was tickled to deat. He was out of de hospital in less dan three weeks, an," I says, "it wasn't anodder week before his own mother could identify him. Come on," I says to Harold, "you and me will go back to de hotel, get a couple of steins of gin, a-hot poker an have a jubilee. I can't make dose dainty little ringlets cluster about your ivory brow," I says, "until after dey have trown me out for havin tried to kiss de bartender."

By de time I got through, Harold was all under but his perryscope. All of a sudden, up he comes wid a grin on his face a foot wide. He jumps up an down on de beach and yells:

"Me wife put a fresh coiled one in me grip. I just happened to tink of it. We can shoot tomorrow fine."

By golly, he didn't have a hair on his bean. It was a wig an no one was jerry. He would have made a fine cue ball in a three-reel pool table comedy.

I takes a quick slant at Lizzie an she looks as if she don't know a ting in de woild. Someting's coming off, I says to meself. It sure did. We beats it back to de hotel an de next day goes back to shoot de scene.

Lizzie looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mout. She tipped de waiter, spoke



An dey tell me dat her old man back in Dubuque couldn't eat a meal and keep his shoes on at de same time. Why, I knew her when—

to de character woman an called Harold, "dear." Say, you couldn't have got me off dat set for a million dollars, not even if dere had been a can o' beer ten feet away. She went through de rehoisals as sweet as pie, complimented Harold on his coils, an said "tank you" to de director. She threw her arms around Harold's neck in de clinch like he was her long lost brudder. When de director said "all right, camera," she was immense, but just as dey break into de clinch, she edges a little bit up stage so Harold has his back halfway to de lens as her lovin arms stole about his neck, but jest as de director was about to yell "Cut," she takes one lily



She takes one lily white hand and tips up de end of Harold's wig. . . . Just enough so dat one person out of ten would make it on de screen.

white hand an tips up de end of Harold's wig. Not much—see—so Harold would get it, but jest enough so dat one person out of ten would make it on de screen. Say, one mont after de pitcher is released, Harold will be askin you if you will take your baby ribbon in cerise or mauve.

De nut director makes Lizzie's play but he is too good a spnort to say anythin an besides he is sore at Harold anyway, so he don't yell for a retake. Den right away he gets into a argument wid de pink-headed camera man as to what color dey should dye dat scene an forgets all about it.

After dat it wasn't any trouble at all for me to strike de set, load onto de skiff an den de launch an beat it back to town.

Dere's dat new star over dere. Gee, de way people carry on around here gettin

ready for her arrival you would tink she was a relative of de Kiser. A new dressin room' she gets an us propertymen have to spend a whole rainy day fixin it up. Pink curtains, rugs, shaded lights, an all dat. Rainin like de duce it was too an a poker game going every ten feet and we have to fuss wid mirrors an tings. Den when she comes, she sweeps in, turns up her nose at de whole works an acts as if she wants it lined wid sealskin. An yet dey tell me dat her old man back in Dubuque couldn't eat a meal an keep his shoes on at de same time. Why, I knew her when—Gosh, dat nut director is ready to shoot dat dinin room set an I clean forgot de food. Excuse me.

(NEXT COMPLAINT FILED IN THE JUNE ISSUE)

IF IT'S A GOOD THING

pass it along. If you have a friend to whom you would like to introduce PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, send us the name and address and a copy will be sent free of charge. Also write your friend to expect it. If your friend lives in Canada, send four cents for additional postage.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

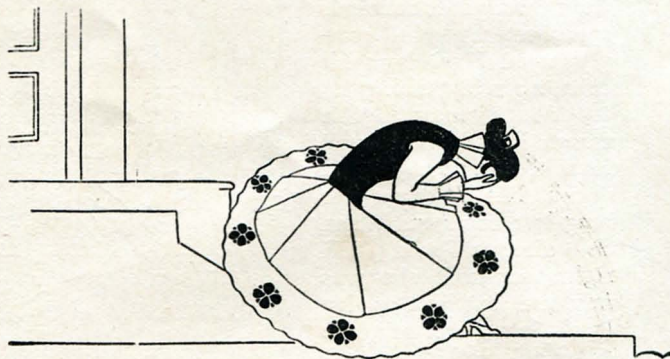


The Celebrated

"SHE LOVED HIM, BUT

According to:

(1) The Chatter Stage:



(2) Fine Arts

THE cat on the floor plays with her knitting. He approaches to kiss her Gishlike brow. After he has kissed her twenty times she discovers him, and registers surprise. They shake hands. He gives ante-bellum curtsy and departs. Close-up showing her eyes following him across two counties as he gallops off with the Clan, astride their Fords. Closer-up showing earthquake of mouth and the birth of a tear. Two allegorical reels showing the history of tears. Flash his prosperous flour and feed store north of Mason & Hamlin's line. He sends her an announcement of his wedding to a wicked actress. Close-up showing her resuming her knitting. The cat on the floor plays with her knitting.

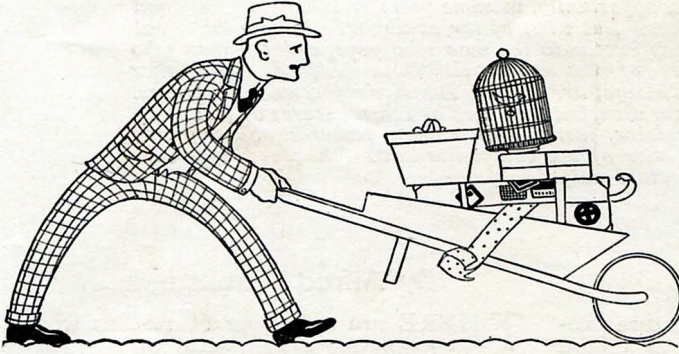
(4) Tom Ince

SHE pretends to scorn him. He just beats it. Caption, her speech: "I should worry!" Flash him, placemining beans in the Klondike. She despises him, but she's a woman, therefore curious. She snoops into the Klondike. He observes her, kidnaps her, transports her to the beanmine. A ball and chain is riveted about her ankle. He fires the eleven hands, and makes her do all their work. After fifteen years of this she consents to marry him. Next year they return with their beautiful twins to her father's magnificent mansion at the corner of De Lancey street and the Bowery, New York City, and immediately resume their place in the 400. Father and mother fight over who shall play with the twins until a divorce separates them. Thus all ends happily.



Motional Drama

HE MOVED AWAY"



Notwithstanding her affection, he wouldn't stick around, and —

— there isn't any more!

(Tragic last act by
Ethel Barrymore)

(3) The Famous Players

AN afternoon affair at the Duke of Zukor's country place. It is to announce their engagement. In attendance, everybody and a pair of Johns: Mason and Barrymore. Hazel Dawn smiles, and halates a hundred feet of film. Suddenly he staggers to his feet, upsetting the cookie-cozy and cream-cart into the lap of Henrietta, Countess of Shulberg. He flees nuttily. An entirely original caption: "Time Passes." Last scene; he is dying in a tango-parlor. Pauline Frederick has been doping his coffee with cologne. His last words: "I went away because . . . because she wore her diamonds in the daytime!" Exit his spirit.



(5) Keystone

WHEN he moves away his departure is accelerated by the exclamation of a carload of dynamite. Recovering, he casts about for congenial cripple's employment, and takes a position in a powder mill. Villain sends her a pair of too-small boots, with hero's name as donor. Her corns return and she hates him. She comes to be revenged, but ascertains facts. She spends 100 nights in a swamp trying to catch a firefly. She succeeds. Takes firefly to powder-plant in box with clockwork attachment timed to release it during villain's watch. But the clock is from Philadelphia, is therefore fast, and firefly escapes into oatbin full of lyddite as she stands talking to hero. They have quick trip back home together.

The Exhibitor's Side:

FOREWORD:—*A photoplay has to represent a living, profit or power to a lot of people between camera and projector—between the day in which it is cranked in, and the night in which it is cranked out. Excepting the exhibitor, all concerned are given an opportunity, in some form or other, to freely and regularly express themselves. But what of the exhibitor? In nine cases out of ten he is the only fellow known to the man who pays, and the man who pays is lord and master of the entire situation. Alfred Hamburger and Aaron J. Jones, of Chicago, are two of America's foremost exhibitors. They have no business connection, but they own or control scores of photoplay theatres. Mr. Jones complains, justly, of too many features. Since giving this brief statement a number of the companies have announced a reasonable reduction of their feature output.*

By Aaron J. Jones

OVER-PRODUCTION of feature photoplays and over-production of photoplay theaters, answer the oft-repeated query: "What's the matter with the movies now?" The superabundance of theaters is the chief reason why the average exhibitor is not making money these days.

This over-production of films is certain to cause the demise of a number of the producing concerns before long. Even with the plethora of theaters, there are not enough of them to assimilate the many so-called features. In a recent week 27 features of five reels length were released. Half that number would have sufficed.

There is but one complaint to be made as to the current photoplays themselves: the tendency of some companies to go to extremes in their sex plays. Permitted to indulge without restriction in their favored proclivities, they would soon do irreparable harm to the industry.

Without going into the merits of censorship, our company has made it a practice not to exhibit a photoplay which has been barred from the view of children, regardless of the justice of the censor board's ruling.

The chief trouble with most exhibitors is that they have not kept pace with the film education of their patrons. The people demand good photoplays and the average exhibitor is confused by the crowded market, and deceived by the extravagant advertising of features.

The exhibitor's troubles will be solved when the weeds are removed from the production gardens.

By Alfred Hamburger

THERE are a number of reasons why the photoplay exhibitor—more particularly the small theater owner—is not prospering these days. There is also a difference of opinion as to the chief causes which are contributing to the difficulty of obtaining fair returns on their investments.

From the information which I have gathered, not more than five percent of the motion picture theater owners are making a profit. The other ninety-five percent are breaking even, or going broke. Why?

Chiefly because of the excessive cost of films. To obtain good plays the exhibitor must pay the exchanges a rental price, which, added to his other expense, leaves no profit. In some instances, the exchange even dictates the prices which are to be charged and the length of the picture's run. One releasing concern is particularly oppressive in its restrictions and its requirements for a deposit from the exhibitor. Then he must take what the exchange provides him. An open market for the exhibitor is the only solution of this evil.

Then there is censorship, which is even worse. A patron will see a photoplay advertised and will bring his family to the theater. At the door, he will learn that no children are admitted. Not only is the theater deprived of the dimes which would have gone into the box office in this instance, but the patron is disgusted and his ardor for the photoplay is dampened. At least, that is the case in Chicago. We often book and advertise films and learn afterwards, and too late, that only adults may view them.

IMPRESSIONS

By Julian Johnson

BILLIE BURKE: An Irish rose upon a Scotch thistle; every young reporter's "beautiful woman;" there was a little girl and she had a little curl, and—*and she grew up!*

HARRY WATSON: China seen from the outside; Pewter statue of Unpreparedness; Municipal Politics, a Pargorical base relief; Caught without a Navy.

SIGNE AUEN; Solveig, waiting . . . ; baby ribbon and nun's veiling; a miniature in pastel; Marguerite of Copenhagen.

JOHN BARRYMORE; A Balkan Prince raised anonymously in Fifth Avenue; the popular American Hero who fixes added Europe; our nomination for King of Mexico.

FAY TINCHER: Dulcinea in a Lucile frock; suddenly remembering something funny when you kiss; were she your wife she might laugh at your winter flannels.

HERBERT STANDING: The Pioneer; the first hours of a majestic summer evening; a Patrician father of Roman soldiers; the *elan* of the charging veterans.



CHESTER CONKLIN; Wreck of a husband crushed in a bargain sale; the legendary gentleman discovered in the ballroom without his pants; our Foreign Policy.

WINIFRED KINGSTON; Stars seen through mountain pines; the innocent laughter of a clear brook; Joan of Arc, had she been born in Old Kentucky.

LOU-TELLEGEN; Loch-invar in a batwing tie; every man's one moment in some woman's imagination; the only being She sees in the last chapter.

TSURU AOKI: A poppy by the road to Mandalay; moonrise in a bamboo forest; a Butterfly whose revenge would have been seeing His Wife eat with chopsticks.

HOUSE PETERS: "The Motion Picture Actor," a bronze by Rodin; A Rex Beach man stepping from covers; when a fellow turns disgustedly from the pretty hero—

IDA SCHNALL: Diana had Olympus risen on the Rhine; the whitest pillar in the temple of Neptune; the marble Pygmalion kissed; if angels were fishes—



He was at length not distinguishable from the remainder of the vile crew.

The BEGGAR OF CAWNPORE

A ROMANCE OF THE SEPOY REBELLION IN INDIA

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by Thos. H. Ince

ON the veranda of Colonel Archer's quarters in the sweltering city of Delhi, one evening late in June, 1856, a man made love to a girl. The man was leaning forward in his chair, speaking in low, tense tones. The girl was silent and dreamy; it seemed a good omen. For many minutes the man continued urging his cause; then to his astonishment the

girl drew a deep breath and suddenly left her chair and walked to the other end of the veranda.

"I wonder why father doesn't come," she said, impatiently.

The man smothered an oath. "I don't believe you heard a word I was saying," he said, with a forced smile.

"Oh, Captain Douglas, how rude of me!

What was it? I was not listening."

"I was asking you to be my wife," he replied, rather bluntly.

"I'm sorry," the girl exclaimed, and came toward him, impulsively. "You have been so kind to me ever since I arrived from England, but—well, I must tell you why I am here. You know Lieutenant Lowndes?"

"Bob Lowndes of the medical Corps? Yes."

"Before he came to India he asked me to marry him. I wasn't sure how much I cared, and told him he must wait. After he had gone, I knew; and I have come to bring him his answer. Now I don't know whether he is alive or dead, and the suspense is maddening. Oh, why doesn't father come?"

Captain Guy Douglas knew, as all the cantonment knew, to what Betty Archer referred. Douglas had made himself distinctly unpopular at the club because of his contemptuous references to what he called Lowndes' quixotic idea of duty. With only one other white man, Werner of the Engineers, they had gone out with a party of natives to survey the route of a telegraph line to the coast. Werner died of fever, others fell ill, and the rest of the natives, suspecting cholera, fled in terror, leaving Lowndes alone with the dying save for the faithful Mulhar Rao, whose life he had saved several months previously when the native was stricken with the same deadly fever which had killed Werner. But Lowndes refused to abandon the camp without orders from headquarters, and sent Mulhar Rao across country to Delhi for instructions. His sufferings, mental and physical, alone in the blistering heat of the Punjab plain were only too easily conjectured, and Colonel Archer had rushed off a relief party to bring him back,

if he had been able to survive. It was even odds that if he still lived he would be insane from suffering. Daily the party was now expected to return, and it was for news of them that Betty waited impatiently.

"Suppose," Douglas urged, "he doesn't

He reported daily to Betty, and daily was able to look into her eyes and tell her that he had resisted the craving.





come back. My family is wealthy and influential. I can get out of this God-forsaken country, and we can go back to England, to our own kind of people. This is no place for a gentlewoman."

Betty listened almost absently. "He will come back," she murmured. "I know he is alive and well. Something tells me there is nothing to fear."

Before Douglas could resume his plea, two figures were seen, approaching slowly through the dusk. One, strong and robust, plainly was Colonel Archer. The other leaned heavily upon his arm, walking unsteadily. With a little cry Betty ran to meet them. It was her father, bringing her lover—but what a different man from the one who had said goodbye to her in England. Emaciated, weak, his mind dulled by constant suffering, he was unrecognizable, but it was to say "Yes" to this man that Betty had come all the way from England, and she was not the sort of stuff to hold back because he was a scarred hero.

"Bob, Bob," she whispered, as she came up to him. "I've come to say 'Yes.'"

The word was a more potent restorative than all the hospital aid he had received.

But Lowndes refused to abandon the camp without orders from headquarters, and sent Mulhar Rao across country to Delhi for instructions.

"Betty—thank God—Betty," he murmured, and they made their way to the veranda, where Douglas

stood, sneering covertly.

Awakened from his stupor though he was, by this unexpected happiness, Lowndes was still unable to pull himself together. Strange nervous twitchings came over him from time to time, and he could not focus his mind upon the conversation. Douglas watched him through narrowed lids, as he lay back in the half light, while the Colonel told them the story of the rescue party. The Captain was hardly interested. What was it the pitiful figure in the cushioned chair recalled? He searched back in his memory, and at last remembered. In England a friend, a physician, had taken him to visit a sanatorium where drug victims were treated, and he remembered now the characteristic symptoms the physician had pointed out.

"He's acquired a fully developed cocaine habit," the Captain told himself.

After a half hour or so, Colonel Archer suggested that it would be wise for Lowndes to get to bed, and Douglas offered to put him up.

"I've plenty of room," he said, "and I will see that he is well taken care of."



Betty thanked him in her most gracious manner, and Lowndes permitted himself to be taken away by the Captain.

Lowndes' knowledge of medicine, enfeebled though his mind had become, told him into what desperate straits he had fallen. He knew he had a fight ahead of him, a terrible fight in which not one man in ten ever wins. But his will power was not entirely sapped, and he was anxious to meet the foe. Ramblingly he confessed to Douglas. The torture of the heat, the loneliness of the desert had overcome him. He could not sleep. For days he did not close his eyes. Then he realized that unless he could rest he would go mad, and, cautiously at first, accepted the relief offered by the drug. From that time until help arrived he had gone on, requiring larger and larger doses to get the desired result. But since the day the rescuers reached him he had resisted, and now believed that it would be but a question of a few weeks until he was on his feet.

"Better be a bit careful about quitting too suddenly," Douglas suggested. "That

The sight was too much for Lowndes' will. He sprang at Douglas, wrenched the needle from him, and filling it, injected the solution into his veins.

has been known to kill men."

"Don't be an ass,"

Lowndes replied angrily.

"I'm a doctor. I know it's quit or go under."

"You doctors make drugs a bugaboo," Douglas answered. "There's many a man uses the needle and is none the worse for it."

"That's rot!"

"Is it? Look me over. Do I show any symptoms?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this—have you your kit? I wouldn't mind a shot right now."

"My God, Douglas! Surely not——"

The Captain nodded slowly.

Lowndes' outfit was not obtainable that night, and soon he turned in, but all through the sleepless hours, as he tossed, nerve-racked, on his bed, the insidious suggestion kept returning. Was it possible? Could he "taper off" instead of going through a sudden, tremendous struggle? Perhaps it was worth trying. At last he sank into an uneasy sleep, and with the dawn his resolution was renewed. He would fight it out, and told Douglas of his determination.

"As you say, of course," the other replied.

"I only suggested the easier way for your own good."

So day by day Lowndes strengthened and began to regain his mental grasp of things. His many hours with Betty were an inspiration, without which he might often have been overcome by the craving that never left him. But Douglas insisted upon continuing his hospitality indefinitely, and to see him, strong and robust, his complexion clear and his nerves steady, and recall his confession—a confession it was inconceivable a man would make unless it were true—was an insistent suggestion that the fight was unnecessary. Yet always this was balanced by his memory of Betty. She was to be his wife, and he would not permit her to marry a slave of the drug.

Douglas saw that his plan was failing, and adopted a desperate course. One morning he went into Lowndes' room with a small bottle and a hypodermic needle.

"I don't think you believed what I told you," he said. "Look." And he plunged the needle into his arm, but he did not tell Lowndes that he had filled it with water before entering the room.

The sight was too much for Lowndes' will. He sprang at Douglas, wrenched the needle from him, and, filling it, injected the solution into his veins. Suddenly he felt well, strong, master of himself. He drew a deep breath, stretched his arms, shouted for very joy. He believed himself absolutely normal, but his sentences were incoherent, his eyes wild. In this mood he rushed away to seek Betty, to show her that he was entirely well. She was sitting on the veranda, expecting him, but not expecting the wild, half insane man that flung himself up the steps.

"Bob!" she cried. "Bob! what is the matter?"

Her dismay sobered him slightly. He mumbled something unintelligible, and half turned to go.

"Bob, tell me what is the matter."

Falteringly he found his way to a seat, and little by little the girl wormed the en-

tire truth from him; only, that his sense of honor never deserting him, he did not mention the part Captain Douglas had played. Betty understood the original cause of the habit, and realized that the drug probably had saved his life in the desert. So she



The regenerated beggar fought desperately for possession of his crouched low as he

talked to him quietly, encouragingly, gently, and told him he must let her help him in his battle. As the full power of the cocaine wore off, Lowndes knew that the first thing he must do was leave Douglas' quarters and escape the constant suggestion.

Again he doggedly set about rehabilitating himself, and at length it seemed he had succeeded. His health returned, and he resumed his duties on the medical

staff. He reported daily to Betty, and daily was able to look into her eyes and tell her that he had resisted the craving. Then Douglas played his last, desperate card. He suggested to Colonel Archer that it might be unsafe to permit Lowndes to have free

shudder Lowndes ordered the drug brought to him, and then sent the attendant away on another important matter. He was tired; he had been overworking; and he was alone with an unconscious man and a bottle of morphia—alone except that the

Colonel and the hospital chief were watching from a place of concealment. Lowndes struggled hard, but could not resist.

When the young doctor found that his secret was discovered by his superiors, one of them, the father of his sweetheart, he was overcome with despair. The Colonel was kind, offered to have Lowndes sent away for treatment, but the unhappy man listened absently. The drug was in his system again. Unable to endure the situation he rushed from the hospital,—and disappeared. The Colonel ordered a search, and the faithful Mulhar Rao exhausted all the resources of his knowledge of the intricacies of the city's dens, but no trace of the missing man was found. Betty, weeping and brokenhearted, finally was forced to give up her lover as lost. All believed that he had thrown himself into the Jumna River.

There is a brotherhood among the users of narcotics no less firmly knit because it has no ritual or password. It

was indeed to the Jumna that Lowndes made his way, with every intention of ending his life. But he fell in with a little band of wanderers, discovered opium in their possession, and soon became a member in full standing, of the debased crew. They were headed for Cawnpore, three hundred miles away. How they reached their destination Lowndes never knew. He steeped his senses in drugs, to



former sweetheart, who, ignorant of his identity but sensing his purpose, thrust at his assailants.

run of the dispensary, intimating that it was for Lowndes' own good he gave the hint. It was a grave accusation to place against a member of the medical corps, one that the Colonel's position demanded should be investigated. So he had Lowndes watched. A case of a mild form of cholera came in for treatment, and was assigned to the young doctor. The treatment called for the guarded use of morphia. With a

blot out all recollection of his disgrace. Days, weeks and months passed in a meaningless procession of time. Thus he found himself finally, living in a filthy hut in Cawnpore, the associate of beggars and thieves, adopting their nondescript garments as his own fell from him in tatters, and at length not distinguishable from the remainder of the vile crew, except that, since he had fallen from so much greater height, his recklessness was even more complete than theirs. Opium and its fiendish children were too expensive for him now, and he became addicted to the cheap hasheesh that was to be had almost for the asking, joining the throngs of native beggars in the streets, to obtain the few coppers necessary to procure it. His means of subsistence were a mystery. He cared nothing of that, eating when, where and what he could. But forget the past he must, and hasheesh brought pleasant dreams.

Steeped in his degradation, Lowndes paid only passing attention to the murmurs of discontent against English rule that he heard all about him. He listened absently to the mutterings of the fanatics. He no longer belonged to the English world, and took no interest in the affairs of the world of which he had become a stolid part. He did not know or care what was transpiring among his own people, nor did their approaching peril make any impression upon him. He had no means of learning that Betty, believing him dead, finally had listlessly surrendered to the insistent pleas of Captain Douglas and had become his wife, only to find, a few weeks later, that he had wearied of her entire absence of response, and sought diversion with a dancing girl. But one day, begging in the streets, Lowndes saw Betty, and for a moment the spark of manhood glowed again. Making cautious inquiries among the servants in the English quarter, he was told of her marriage, and discovered that she was visiting an aunt in Cawnpore. It required a great deal more hasheesh now, to make him forget this new torture, and soon he was more degraded than ever.

Then, suddenly, early in the summer of 1857, came the uprising. The mutterings of the natives rose to shrieks of hatred, and more than shrieks; for the fanatics had guns. The garrison at Cawnpore, with inadequate defences and few provisions, was besieged, and soon was at the mercy of the

natives, though it held out stubbornly, hoping vainly for relief. Lowndes was, to all appearances, one of the natives themselves, speaking their dialects as freely as his mother tongue. He heard ruffians inciting attacks upon the English, and unbelievable horrors planned, as soon as the white men should be forced to surrender. Gradually it began to dawn upon his dulled brain that Betty was in grave peril. He felt that he must make an effort to rescue her, though rescue seemed impossible, and instantly realized with a revulsion of disgust, his impotence. But his love for Betty was founded deeper in his life than his slavery to drugs, and he struggled to shake off his fetters. With superhuman exercise of will he kept away from the hasheesh for days, finally rushing from the city to be alone with his fight. And one morning he awakened to the consciousness that he had won, that he was a man again, inconceivable as it was. The picture of Betty at the mercy of the savage natives had aroused his dormant will and in her name he had conquered.

He returned to Cawnpore to learn, too late to warn the garrison, of Nana Sahib's treacherous plan. The English, the unscrupulous Nana had agreed, were to be permitted to leave the city in barges, which would be set afloat in the Ganges to drift to Calcutta. All the world still shudders at the pages of history which record how men, women and children were loaded on the barges and set adrift, after the straw thatches of the boats had been fired, those who sought safety in the river being shot by detachments posted along the banks. All this, Lowndes watched with horror. In one of those barges was Betty, his Betty; in which one he could only guess.

Then he noticed that one of the boats was not burning. The men aboard had extinguished the flames, and it was floating toward the sea. Lowndes prayed that Betty might be one of the women who were crouching behind the sides of the boat, and ran along the shore of the stream abreast of it, hoping and gasping prayers. It was one chance in a dozen. But even these were not to be permitted to escape. A boat put out from shore and the barge was captured, the English all having been disarmed before embarking. Lowndes joined a mob which was waiting at the point where the barge was to be brought to the bank. It

was agreed that each native should have the privilege of killing one of the hated foreigners. Lowndes crowded to the front rank and waited. As the barge came nearer he scanned the white faces closely, and scarcely able to conceal his joy, saw Betty in the shapeless garments of a native girl. In the struggle that followed, he succeeded at last in wrenching her from the grasp of a man who had seized her. The regenerated beggar fought desperately for possession of his former sweetheart, who, ignorant of his identity, but sensing his purpose, crouched low as he thrust at his assailants. With a few whispered words of assurance he led her out.

Stumbling blindly along, they met a native soldier on horseback. Lowndes stopped him, and in a few words, "In the name of Nana Sahib," ordered him to surrender the animal, explaining that he was taking the woman to Nana Sahib. Reluctantly the man obeyed, at the mention of that magic, fear-inspiring name. And so the two fugitives pushed on toward Delhi. In his heavy beard and Indian garments, Lowndes thought his disguise was complete, and answered only in monosyllables Betty's questions. But the eyes of love, even when saddened by suffering, are keen, and at length she recognized him.

"You are Bob Lowndes," she exclaimed.

He simply bowed his head. Betty understood that the past must never be recalled between them, and from that moment they rode on in silence.

Then they fell in with other refugees, straggling along from isolated points, and together the little band battled against hunger, thirst, heat and sickness. It was not until symptoms of cholera began to appear that they began to lose hope. But they could not abandon these unfortunates, and to pause only increased the dangers. Then they met a body of English troops, being rushed to the relief of Lucknow, and those able to march went forward with them. A detachment to convoy the sick to Delhi was following, they were told, and so a hospital camp was formed, there in the desert. Finally a cloud of dust announced the approach of the longed-for guard, and soon it rode into the camp—Captain Douglas at their head.

"What kind of sickness is this?" he shouted, even before he had dismounted.

Cholera, one of the refugees told him.

"Cholera! My God!" and Douglas turned pale with fear, half wheeling his horse as if he intended riding back immediately. But Betty had seen him, and much as she had come to distrust him, at least here was someone to whom she could look for help.

"Guy!" she cried, and hurried toward him.

"Keep off," he shouted. "You had no business to go to Cawnpore in the first place."

Betty stood as if turned to stone, and then sank, fainting, to the ground. Lowndes carried her to a tent, and discovered that she had become infected with the disease. Word was sent to Douglas, but he was unmoved.

"It isn't going to do any good for me to catch the damned disease from her," he snarled.

Then rumors began to spread in the camp, that Douglas was going to march on with his detachment, the next morning, and abandon them. Lowndes could not believe this to be true, but finally he went to the Captain's tent. The officer was sitting alone, brooding over the situation.

"Look here, Douglas, I'm Lowndes,—Bob Lowndes. I've been down into hell since I saw you last, but I've come out of it to help these poor devils. They say you are going to march on in the morning. Tell me it isn't so. Let me reassure them."

Douglas started at the introduction, as if he were facing a ghost. Then he sneered: "Mind your own damn business."

"This is my business. Do you think I can stand by while you abandon these people to certain death—your own wife among them?"

"Do you think I want to catch this rotten disease? I tell you to leave this tent and mind your own business. I'm in command here. I have been given power to act as I see fit."

"For God's sake, Douglas——"

"The order to march at dawn will be given immediately."

Douglas rose to leave the tent, but Lowndes stood motionless in the doorway. Douglas reached for his gun and Lowndes sprang upon him. It was a fight for life, but Douglas had only the strength of a coward, while Lowndes was fighting for the lives of the unfortunates in the camp.

(Continued on page 164.)

Alone With a Mirror

EDITH STOREY KEEPS HER
EXCLUSIVE HOBBY AT HOME

By Constance Severance

THE young girl who "has had no experience, but just knows she could act in the movies"—and the number of her in the land is like unto the grains in a sugar barrel—



could profit by a close up view of Edith Storey's hobby.

Most hobbies are a bore. This one is a bear.

Not the kind of bear you're visualizing, however. Far from. It is, as a matter of fact, a room.

Now it is freely conceded that every girl

has a room, or ought to have, but only one girl has Edith Storey's kind of room, and that's Edith Storey herself. It is fifteen feet long and nine feet wide. Nothing very remarkable about that, you say. Of course not. But wait. On one of the end walls, five feet from the floor, is a black button. On either side of this, set in the wall, and on each of the side walls, is a long mirror. On the floor are chalked two diverging lines, and nine feet from the button-in-the-wall lies a rug. A table, a chair and a swinging electric drop-light complete the furnishings of the room. Now you've got a picture of Edith Storey's hobby.

And have you guessed? What? Why, you got it right the first try; that's just precisely what it is, a studio, a miniature moving picture studio in her own home. And nobody has another. But you say what's the button-in-the-wall for?

It represents the eye of the camera, the cold calculating, winkless, cynical, soulless, sleepless, staring Cyclopean eye that finds out what kind of photoplay stuff is in you and files the information for immediate—and permanent—reference. Have you ever faced it and

quailed? It is a veritable X-ray in searching out one's inner faults.

One reason why Miss Edith Storey, leading woman of the Vitagraph Company, is a great comedienne and an equally great player of "straight" parts, is her tireless thoroughness. Her versatility before the camera owes itself alike to her genius and her willingness to work hard for screen success in every role she undertakes. It was to more thoroughly equip herself for the creating of interpretations and the mastering of the infinite detail of photoplay acting that Miss Storey fitted up the miniature studio in her home—the idea was an inspiration of her own.

"It is here in my own studio," she said, "that I study my script and work out new portrayals, the while practicing before my mirrors for the coming battle with the camera on the nine-foot line. When then I go before the director I am more capable of fitting into the picture as he has decided it shall be. Locked away in my own studio, I sometimes practice for an hour or more at a stretch the making of faces and perfecting of gestures before my mirrors. This careful and conscientious solitary acting has helped me immensely to what success I have attained in my work on

the screen and it has also served to give me increased confidence and assurance in undertaking the steady stream of new roles which call for innovations."

"It is here in my own studio that I practice before my mirrors for the coming battle with the camera on the nine-foot line."



The inference is that Miss Storey has just a little time away from her work and her exclusive hobby.



"Beauty and Brains" Judges at Work

WITH INSPECTION OF THOUSANDS
OF LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS,
CONTEST ENTERS FINAL STAGES

THE Judges of "Beauty and Brains" Contest are now engaged in a careful consideration of the many thousands of letters and the more than twenty thousand photographs submitted to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by entrants in every State in the Union and throughout Canada. It was planned to announce their selection of the eleven winners in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but that was found to be impossible because of the immensity of the task. Contestants are notified, therefore, that the names of the eleven winners, with their photographs and letters, will be published in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on the news-stands June 1.

Doubtless this postponement will be a sore disappointment to thousands who have been counting the days while their "fate" hangs in the balance; and for this the editors are most regretful. But Miss Lillian Russell and the other Judges, very properly, were unwilling to hasten in the least their work at the possible expense of contestants. That would be manifestly unfair. They took the position that a delay in announcing their decisions would be a small matter in comparison with the importance of doing their work thoroughly, carefully, conscientiously.

To pick the eleven brainiest and most beautiful from among thousands upon thousands of girls and women, at long range, is an extremely difficult and delicate assignment. Merely to pick the eleven most beautiful, without regard to their mental equipment as instanced in their letters, would be a big, big job; to find and determine upon the eleven who combine the maximum of

beauty with the maximum of brains, is far more complicated. And no entrant can be slighted, passed over hastily; the points of every one who has observed the rules of the Contest must be weighed.

In this way, and in this way only, can the work of elimination proceed honestly. The thousands must be carefully, accurately, sifted down to, let us say, one thousand, the one thousand to five hundred, the five hundred to one hundred—and then from this surviving hundred must be chosen the eleven best. The Contest rules called for two photographs of each entrant, a full face and a profile; a great many contestants, desirous of giving the Judges every possible opportunity of estimating their beauty, sent three or four or more photos, with the result that the Judges have more than twenty thousand pictures to go through, in connection with the thousands of letters. Do you envy them their task?

So that is why you must wait for the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, out June 1, to know whether your name is in the list of eleven contestants who, all expenses paid, will be taken to the World Film Corporation studios at Fort Lee, N. J., for a try-out to determine whether they have in them the making of moving picture stars. Some of the plans for entertaining and instructing the winners will be published in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Owing to the hugeness of the task of inspecting carefully the many thousands of letters and photographs submitted, the Judges of "Beauty and Brains" Contest will be unable to announce the names of the eleven winners before July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which will be on the news-stands June 1st.

Each of the eleven who comes triumphant out of this test will be given a one-year contract on the prevailing salary scale; those who fail the test—and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation earnestly hope none will fail—

will have had a wonderful trip and a wonderful experience, which, if their ambition to succeed is genuine, should put them far on the way toward eventual entrance into the photoplay world.

In an earlier number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE there was occasion to remark the wide appeal "Beauty and Brains" Contest has made, all classes and many nationalities embracing with great eagerness this opportunity to approach and perhaps gain entrance to the realm of the shadow stage. Since that publication PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has received inquiries from Australia, New Zealand and Japan as to whether dwellers in those parts would be permitted to contest. To the regret of the Contest managers, the six Grand Divisions (five covering the United States, the sixth comprising the Dominion of Canada) do not take in any outside territory.

One contestant has withdrawn from the race—already having been "snapped up" by one of the big film producers. She is Lena Baskette of San Mateo, California. Lena is a wonderful dancer; Pavlova herself has predicted a famous career for her. She entered "Beauty and Brains" Contest last December, and now comes word from her father, verified by a letter from the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, that she has signed up with that corporation for five years and is to be featured in reels now in the making. Her talent attracted attention of Universal directors while she was on a visit to Los Angeles recently.

Too much emphasis cannot be given to the fact of the perfect care with which the eleven winners in the Contest will be surrounded throughout the term of their "great adventure" into the world of photoplay. This does not at all mean that the young women (or the older women, or the youngsters, as the Judges' decisions may lie) will be "mollycoddled." It means simply that they will have at all times during their tryout trip the protection of a charming chaperon, the comforts of the best of travel and hotel accommodations, and all the courtesies and kindnesses and little considerations that rob journeying of

its drawbacks for women. Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, the noted New York newspaper investigator and writer, as matron-in-chief will personally meet and look out for each of the eleven winning contestants; association with her will be a desirable privilege.

Doubtless among the winners will be some who on this trip will see the metropolis of the Western World for the first time, and that in itself will be a rare treat. Sight-seeing in and about New York will be made one of the features of the Eastern visit. Broadway, the theatrical mecca of North America and the busiest, most crowded artery on the continent; Central Park, where the rich and famous take their airings; the Bronx Zoo, foremost place of its kind in the country; the wonderful art museums, stored with priceless treasures; Wall Street, headquarters of American finance; storied Brooklyn Bridge; the Woolworth Building, highest business structure in the world; Grant's Tomb, and beautiful Riverside Drive—all these and scores of other celebrated sights you have longed to see, and have read about, will unfold before the eyes of the Winning Eleven before the year is out.

In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE the thousands of contestants and those who are interested in the race they are making for the stage door of photoplaydom, will be treated to some human-interest facts and figures about the entrants themselves. You will like to know something about their ages—what percentage "told" and what proportion kept that most carefully guarded of all feminine secrets; how the various states and Grand Divisions lined up in numbers of contestants entered; what description of girls wrote what sort of letters; a dip, so to speak, into the psychology of "Beauty and Brains" Contest. Brown-eyed girls, violet-eyed girls, girls with blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and girls with such interesting orb tints as green-gray, green-brown, green-yellow, blue-brown, will get some inside information from the tabulations made by the Contest staff.

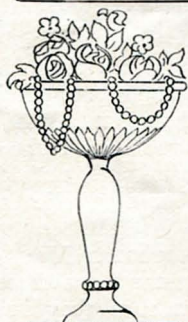
Watch for the June number.

The opportunity held out in "Beauty and Brains" Contest has appealed to all classes and many nationalities. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE regrets that it could not answer in the affirmative inquiries received from Australia, New Zealand and Japan as to whether dwellers in those lands might enter the Contest.

These Photoplay Players Are

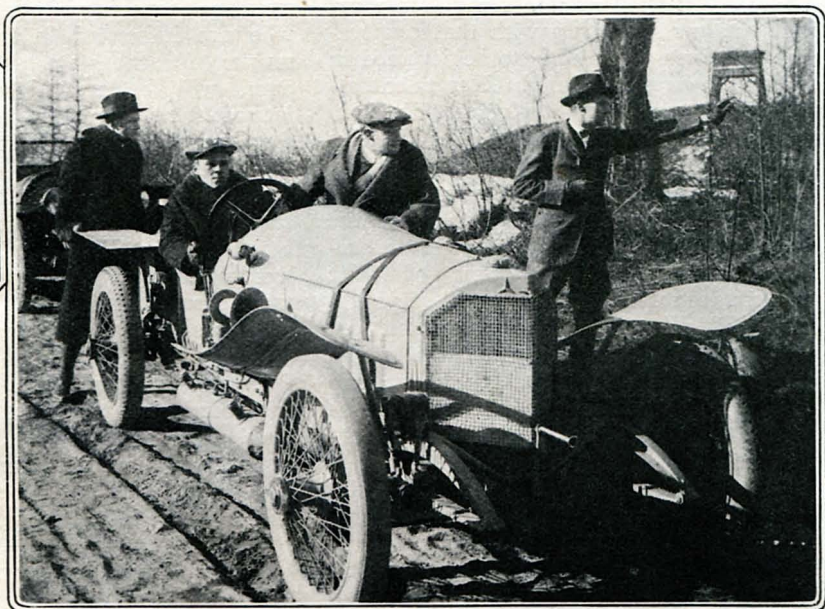


The muffled figure is Cecelia Gordon, victim of the kidnapping plot. This part was played by Miss Cornelia Landon, daughter of Henry Hutton Landon, whose country place at Oyster Bay is near the Roosevelts'. The other two figures are Mendoza and his wife Anna, portrayed by G. Macculloch Miller Jr. and Miss Edith Mortimer. Mr. Miller is a son of one of New York's leading lawyers. Miss Mortimer is the daughter of Stanley Mortimer, well known clubman.



This motor won the Grand Prix de Paris.

"On the chase for the kidnapers." Bobby Vernon (John P. S. Harrison) is at the wheel. Since graduating from Harvard young Mr. Harrison has been attached to the American embassy at Rome.



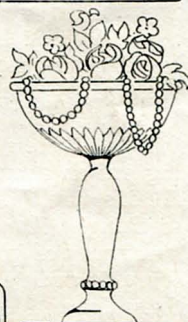
New York Society Folk

Geraldine Gordon (Miss Angelica Schuyler Brown) meets Count di Ravano at Mrs. Vernon's ball. The hand-shake alone is worth a close-up. Miss Angelica Schuyler Brown is the daughter of James Brown, of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, Wall Street, one of the world's foremost financial institutions. This scene is one of the high-lights in the plot—a plot whose ingenious conception and thrilling detail quite took society off its feet.



daughter of the late E. H. Harriman. Hitherto its dramatic efforts have been confined to the speaking stage, but this year, bored to distraction by the unvarying round of social pleasures, the League decided to stage a photoplay. So skillfully was this done that \$20,000 was netted for charity.

Only a few weeks ago the Fifth Avenue folk congregated at Palm Beach held a fete of film drama. A costly picture, with themselves as actors, was destroyed, print and negative, after a single showing.



*The real
"400"—and
not a butler
in sight!*



Bruce McKenzie struggling with Hubert Ryland, an arch conspirator. Here is a scene whose realism shows no blighting touch of amateurishness, but rather suggests the professional in its finish.

Back Yard His First Stage

AFTERWARD, E. H. CALVERT CAME OUT OF THE ISLAND JUNGLES TO ACT IN THE MOVIES

By I. S. Sayford

YOU'D think that a Filipino bullet, or an insurrecto poisoned dart, or a bolo in the long grass, would ask no better target than six feet and one inch of man, 190 pounds of man; what? Yet the Island jungles gave up E. H. Calvert without a scratch on his handsome hide and with a Regular Army captaincy as loot—gave him up to the movies. So, when he calls—or looks—“‘Ten-shun! Comp’n-e-e-e front!” in the Essanay studio in that brisk, get-together-now way he has, very quiet and loaded with fast energy, there’s nothing put on about it at all, it’s just the Army speaking out; the Army way of going at things and getting them done.

Mr. Calvert was touring Wisconsin with the University of Wisconsin Glee Club when the Spanish-American War broke out, and he and his friend and fellow gleeman, Sydney Ainsworth, answered the call of the bugles. Hastening to Madison, they enlisted with the First Wisconsin Volunteers, and went South. The brief struggle over and Dewey on the shoulders of the populace, young Calvert on the strength of his National Guard training

and Philippines service obtained a commission in the Regular Army, and rose to a captaincy before resigning to go upon a smaller and less strenuous stage—the one that’s illumed by a trench of footlights instead of by that dawn which “comes up like thunder outer China crost the Bay.”

It had always been a stage with Calvert, though, of one sort or another. A boy of ten, he played leads in Syd Ainsworth’s dad’s back yard. Syd, aged also ten or thereabout, was proprietor of the “Mamuth Ainsworth Shows—Admisshun 1 Cent,” and

because he controlled the “cellabrated star E. H. Calvert” he was chief magnate among the juvenile theatrical producers of Madison.

The halcyon days of penny shows slipped by with boyhood years, but later youth found David and Jonathan still in the arms of each other’s friendship — Ainsworth still the promoter, Calvert still the star: and Syd put “E. H.” into a church choir to use his excellent voice. Next the enterprising Syd organized a minstrel show to finance a camping trip, and Ainsworth and Calvert became in demand for all amateur entertainments. The stage fever was taking deep and permanent



The Island jungles gave him up to the Movies.



Above—*The Romance of the Screen*: Intimidating Marguerite Clayton; Below—*The Romance of the Home*: "E. H." and "Billy."

root in the Calvert breast.

When Captain Calvert returned from the Philippines Friend Ainsworth—who likewise had contracted stageitis—was playing the lead in "Arizona," and it was but natural that Captain Calvert should be transformed into Captain Hogman—David and Jonathan were joined once more. They came precious near being separated for good in "Arizona," though, when a pistol which Ainsworth jerked from his holster "went off" accidentally and sent a real bullet plunging through the sole-edge of Calvert's boot.

After "Arizona" came an engagement for Calvert with William Farnum in "Ben Hur," a year in Pittsburgh stock, appearances in "A Lady from Lane's," "Coming Through the Rye," "Knight for a Day," "House of a Thousand Candles," and three years in vaudeville.

Mr. Calvert joined Essanay in 1911 as an actor, and soon rose to the position he now occupies, actor-director. Last Summer he took a company to Chattanooga to film Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish" series, and more lately he directed and appeared as leading man in "A Daughter of the City" and "Vultures of Society." He recently returned with a company from Virginia, Minn., where scenes were taken for "Beyond the Law," adapted from Henry Oyen's "The Snowburner Pays," a sequel to "The Snowburner."

Natural acting is the "school" Mr. Calvert upholds. He says:

"When affectation is amputated from the motion picture business some ideal pro-

ductions are going to be seen. To keep performers from overplaying their parts is the director's hardest task. Many seemingly cannot grasp the truth that *natural* acting is the finest of all acting.

"I find that as a rule persons with long stage experience are easiest to handle before a camera. So soon as they become 'camera broke' they forget the machine is there, and that's just what the director desires.

"The most difficult class of photoplayers to handle are those who, while without stage experience or training, have a natural ability for screen work and become stars in a short time. Some of these—not by any means all—show an inclination to strut as soon as they see a camera."

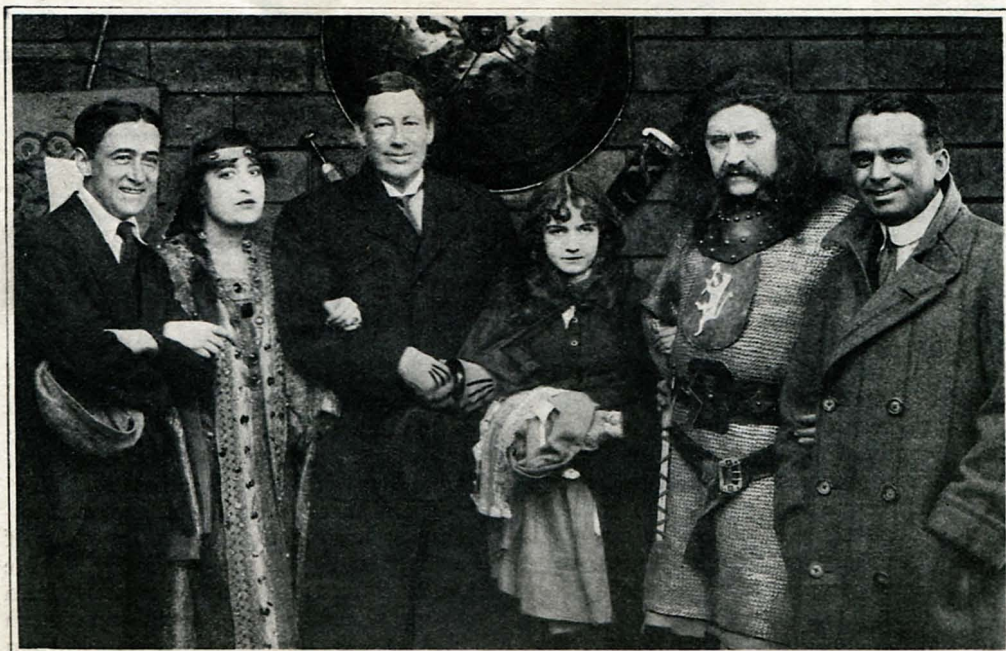
Of the future of the photoplay business Mr. Calvert says:

"At the outset of motion pictures the big idea was that they would be a paying

proposition because they would afford cheap entertainment for the poorer classes—educate them, help them, and so forth. Pass a first-class motion picture theater to-day. Note the limousines and electrics drawn up. The rich and cultured, the intellectual and the wealthy pleasure seeker, perforce have 'joined in' with the 'poorer classes' and flocked to the 'movies.' Not because of novelty—that wore off long ago; but because of the superiority of this class of entertainment over others. A superiority which obviously will increase as time passes."

Lillian Drew, Essanay leading woman, is Mrs. E. H. Calvert, and they have a sturdy son of six—Billy. Billy's father is "some" boxer; he used to have friendly sparring bouts with James J. Jeffries before the California blacksmith fell from championship grace. The Calverts' home is near the Essanay studio in Chicago.

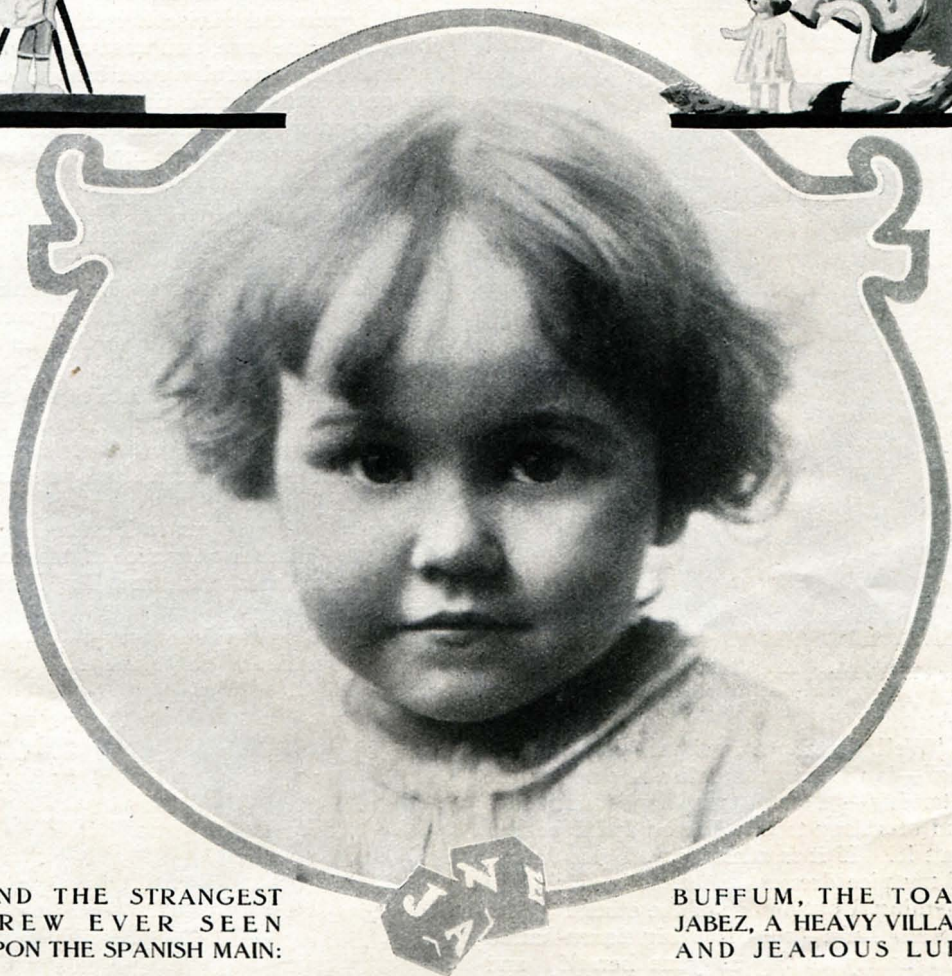
Right into the Camera, Please!



They don't often have the opportunity of gazing squarely into the camera's eye, but they did it this time—a hexagonal constellation which glitters individually and collectively, at the Fine Arts Hollywood studio. From left to right: John Emerson, Constance Collier, DeWolf Hopper, Dorothy Gish, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in Macbeth guise, and Douglas Fairbanks.



Captainess Kiddie



AND THE STRANGEST
CREW EVER SEEN
UPON THE SPANISH MAIN:

BUFFUM, THE TOAD;
JABEZ, A HEAVY VILLAIN,
AND JEALOUS LULU

By Allen Corliss

IT required a little time for Jane's mind to grasp the fact that an interviewer was not some kind of a doctor. Interviewers, of necessity must be cordial; and geniality is a conversational requisite of the physician who dabbles in the diseases of childhood. So it was no wonder that little Jane was suspicious, until reassured by an utter lack of curiosity regarding the state of her tongue or her tummy. Then she talked freely—almost as freely as her grownup sister of stardom who has been

rehearsing the interview for several hours.

But before allowing Jane to tell about herself, let us consider this child star of the soundless stage. Not yet of school age, she has by her wonderful natural ability become one of the really great personalities of the screen. Many critics regard her as the most consummate child actress of the camera stage. Her childish sweetness has tempered the crude metal of many an unlively theme and smoothed the rough edges of many a grating scene.



Her childish sweetness has tempered the crude metal of many an unlovely theme.

"Well, first I get up about 9 in the morning"—is the way tiny Miss Lee begins the interview—"I wash my hands and face and brush my teeth. It's an awful bother, isn't it? If it is a nice day, I put on one of my nice dresses, and if it is raining or anything, I put on one of the others. Then I wash Lulu (who is a big flaxen-haired doll nearly as big as Jane herself) and after that, Mamma and Lulu and me—I mean I—have breakfast. Then Mamma takes me to the studio. And then I act. That's all I do during the day, but of course I study some of the time and I go to bed again at night."

"What do you think of photoplay acting?" Jane was asked. "Would you advise any young lady of your own years to take it up as a vocation?"

The last word was a little too much for Jane. She turned two serious, questioning eyes on her mother, who translated the question. A serious frown wrinkled the tiny brow for a moment. Then:

"Well,—yes; I guess I'd advise her to take it up if she could find time.

"I thought you meant acting was a vacation. 'Tisn't any vacation at all. It's work, just like going to school, or sewing, or wiping dishes, or combing your hair. Yes, I guess I'd advise her to act if she could spare the time, and wasn't nervous.

"I've got an awfully good behaved family, or I couldn't find time to act. Lulu never gives me the least bit of trouble and Buffum doesn't worry me much. (Buffum is the horned toad which was adopted as a playmate for Lulu in Jamaica.) If I had the least bit of worry, I couldn't act. Oh, I couldn't act at all if I was worried."

Then there was a digression to enlarge on the merits of Buffum, who appears to be *some* toad. It seems also that he is a *good* toad and, "good toads don't give warts to people if people is nice to 'em;" and she likes Buffum even better'n Lulu; and Lulu is awfully jealous of Buffum; and Buffum doesn't care if she is; and she's jealous of Jabez too.

"Jabez? Why, next to Buffum, I like him best. Jabez is very nice, but he can't climb under beds with me like Buffum can."

Mrs. Lee raised her eyes in surprise
(Continued on page 191.)



"If I had the least bit of worry, I couldn't act at all."



*We were happy
— except in
those dreadful
moments when I grew
jealous of the morning
paper.*

THE SALESLADY

HELEN, FROM LACY'S, WRITES AT LENGTH TO HER
SISTER MARGARET OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

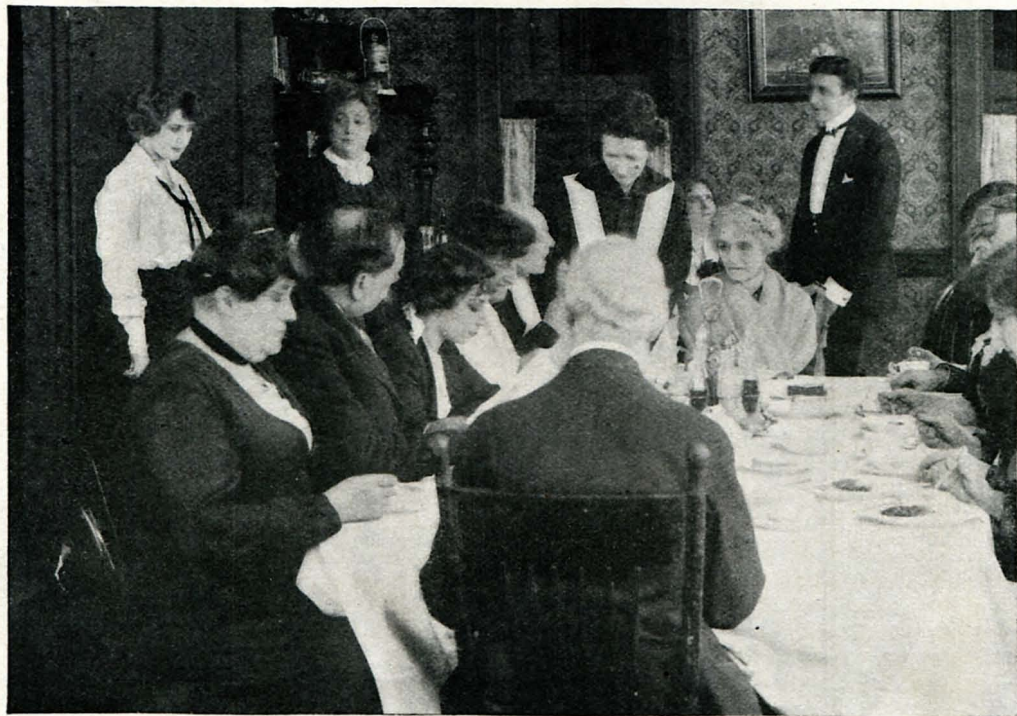
By Clarie Marchand

Produced by the Famous Players

MARGARET, DEAR: This is not a piping voice from another world, nor a wail for family assistance, nor a re-beginning of "correspondence." It's the twentieth of March, in the year 1916, suburban New York, and I, realizing that I let you go out of my life very spitefully two years ago, am going to tell you what has happened to me mean-

while. I think you'll see that I understand —now.

Honey, I don't know where to begin. I've never written a short story, but I've always longed to. I think I would be a splendid short story if I could do justice to myself. But I should wish to begin myself very thrillingly. I should have a moonlight night, and some cliffs, and some



The soup-divers were bubbling beneath their brine, when Bruce entered.

distant music in 3-4 time, and a splendid hero defying convention and the world which kept me from him. And I can't, Marge. I think I've always been loved in a house, I fear on rainy nights, and as far as I'm concerned the whole world cried "Go ahead!—happy days!" So I don't believe I'm a story at all, for I've never had a third act. I've had the low comedy of Act I, and the adventures of Act II. I've missed Act III entirely, but as for Act IV—wait!

When Fanning took you to Telluride I thought you a fool. I said so, and you grew very angry. Justly. I see that I was a fool, now. But I couldn't understand why any girl as pretty as you—oh, you were always much prettier than I, with your sky eyes and your desert-sand hair and a leopardess' body under your frocks!—should give one man the key to her heart forever and ever. Sister, I hated "settling down." It was a dreadful expression, suggestive of wrappers and corsetless fatness and uncountable kidlets, and meals which ran into each other like a chain's links. I was mean. I was nasty. Won't you forgive me?

Good old Doctor Sturgis, I know, has written you everything of father's last illness. As you remember, after mother went

away father took little interest in things. Trade

in the shop had shrunk to nothing. So we laid him beside mother, and after the bills were paid I sold the furniture. I had money for my descent upon New York! Absurdly little in reality, but then it seemed a big sum to me. We who live close to Manhattan seldom see it, while the outlander gladly comes his three or ten thousand miles. All our lives you and I were less than three hours from the Magic City. You've never seen it, and I not until this time.

Did I say I had sold everything? Not Caesar! Big, white Caesar, yelping under such a muzzle as he'd never worn, rode in the baggage car all the way to Pennsylvania Station.

Then I put him on leash, and the two of us walked around and around that great granite temple of travel. It's the Parthenon of transportation, Marge; imagine my eyes for it after nineteen years of eye-feast on our "deepo!"

And so, circumnavigating, I bumped into Mrs. Dewly. I was staring at the wonderful inscription from Herodotus

which forms the frieze of the new Post-office, when—

"My little girl, are you a stranger in New York?"

The most benevolent face, sister! Eyes like mother's; a quaint old gown; she held her hands out to me; there were "mitts" on them and they seemed workworn. I could have cried. I believe I did.

Mrs. Dewly told me that she was a railway station representative of the Society for the Protection of Shelterless Women. Yes, she had a boarding house on Sixth avenue—I'm not giving the number; you wouldn't know, anyway. Was I the shelterless chick crawling under her warm old wing? Of course.

And so began my life in New York. Existence at Mrs. Dewly's would have seemed strange to any but a country girl. There were a lot of us girls. Every one said she worked, but I never saw anyone going to work. Ethel Adair, alleged stenographer, rose at 11 and never left her toilet table before 1. And there was Gertie Sandroval, who called herself a circus

equestrienne

To celebrate, Bruce gave a little supper for Lizzie and me. in summer; well — maybe

it was because it was her off season, but hers is not my schedule of an equestrienne's existence. Millicent Lavigne, Hortense Johnze—can you beat the spelling?—Irma Rogers: good friends of mine, but I could never understand them. Or their ways or their friends. Bye and bye Mrs. Dewly puzzled me. She introduced me to ever so many men. Sometimes she almost insisted that I go to tea, or dinner, or the theatre with them, and she became angry because I wouldn't. Then I became angry, for wasn't I boarding, and didn't I pay her every Saturday, at noon?

You're asking why I lingered, I suppose. My dear, there wasn't a more comfortable room than my plain little apartment in New York, at the price, nor better food anywhere. And you know I didn't have the Federal Reserve of Hetty Green.

I must tell you of little Daisy Redlow, my really-truly friend. We helped each other out of the place, in different ways. Daisy had tuberculosis. She seemed to know every one, and all the boys knew her. But she only sat in her tiny chamber and coughed, and coughed, and coughed.

I hunted work, which I couldn't find. My money ran low, and often I took out



my violin, and played bits of Chopin, and Tschaikowsky, and sometimes a bizarre fragment of Tartini or a Paganini potpourri. Mrs. Dewly—grudgingly, I thought—permitted me to put a "Violin Instruction" sign upon the door, but it brought me no pupils.

One night, restless, I got out of bed and took my violin from its case. They were having a particularly gay party below-stairs which I didn't care to join. Corks were popping, and laughter which was nearer shouting came through the floor. Great, gay, whirling New York with its hurrying millions was all around, but I seemed on a desert island. I drew out the first chords of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," when a choking, strangling sound came from the little room next to mine. It was Daisy, and I feel quite confident that had I not been there, she would have died. When I had eased her paroxysm of coughing she lay back, quite still, but with a weak smile on her face.

"Girlie," she said, "A year ago tonight there was a party for me. It was in a bigger, finer place than this, but . . . you see. Go away, girlie. Go up town. Or go to Brooklyn; it's not so sleepy, except in the funny weeklies. I'm going away . . . in my own way, dear."

In bed, I resolved that Daisy should go away *my* way. I resolved to sell Caesar, and to sell him quickly, before my resolution failed. The chance came next morning, and Caesar departed to a dog fancier, for \$100. I don't believe that even father



dreamed he was so valuable. *I opened the bed room door, "Bruce," I cried, "father*

With the \$100 and a wee bit of her own, Daisy started to California. I'm rewarded, for the *old* Daisy has returned!

When she had been gone a week I had an audit on my balance-sheet. Net result: thirty cents. And I could not forever sneak my banquets out of a bean-can, over a gas bon-fire.

Why drag out an unpleasant episode which must always remain a very articulate skeleton in my clothes-press?



Dreadful disgrace, but I must tell it.

Here, darling, was I, doing a Ruth St. Denis in my not-small bare feet on varnish harder and colder than a jealous woman's eyes, when: enter the hero, Bruce Kerwin! He came up the stairs like a dress-suited Wally Reid sauntering after some Broadway Carmen. Oh, if you could have seen him, Marge! He has never looked so perfectly grand since, and I doubt if he was ever nearly so good before. I pasted myself into my dusky corner, calling for the wall paper and the chromatic landscape to fall upon me. Of course Mrs. Dewly had to bring a candle to the door of my late residence. And with that Bru—Mr. Kerwin saw me.

"Hello!" he said, genially, coming toward me poking into the air with his stick, as if he expected to find me a vision of cigarette smoke.

"Go away!" I muttered. Or it was as much of a mutter as I know, with a little hissing.

"Practising for something?" he asked, in that perfectly irritating way. "When do you give the performance?" I tried to stand on both feet at once. The horrible part of it was that my robe d'nuit was not exactly a fresh one.

"Please go away!" I repeated. Then I began to cry; really.

"Poor kiddie!" he exclaimed. I could have hugged him for the gentleness in his voice. "Can I do anything?"

"This young woman is leaving us," came Mrs. Dewly's sharp voice. "She doesn't pay, and she's hardly what you'd call

and led him in, wondering, has come—to forgive us!"

I suppose I resisted arrest, as an officer would say, when Mrs. Dewly tried to reason with me. She insinuated, with a smile which was a sort of double smirk, that my rent would be "all right" if I would meet "a certain gentleman."

"Why, the idea!" said I.

"The idea yourself!" said she, right back at me; "where do you think you are; in a charity institution?"

And by jiminy, sister, put me out she did—right into the hall in my nightie!



sociable, as far as I can see," she added.

"It's a cold night, Mrs. Dewly," said Mr. Kerwin, turning quickly to her, "and while war may be war, it's not cricket to make it a massacre. I'm sorry Miss—er—I'm sorry this young lady is in your debt; but I really feel that we'd all think better of you if she left in the morning, with the warmest clothes she has upon her back."

And with that he turned to Pauline Manola's sitting-room, and, in his perturbed state, marched straight in without so much as a knock. I heard a confused little squeak of surprise and protest from that young person. Mrs. Dewly stood silently by my door. I went past her grim eyes with mine above them.

Bye and bye—oh, it was a very long time—Pauline came into my room from hers. She leaned over me, and kissed my neck. I was crying . . . a little. She put something in my hand and went away. I turned up my gas. It was a twenty-dollar bill.

My 'phone rang, very early in the

morning of the next day.

"Hello," said the voice of my champion. "Is this Miss Shirley—Have I the name right? Thanks! Miss Shirley . . . no matter what you get in the way of employment, go away from there. No, I'll explain later, perhaps. Go away . . . please. Yes, I'm right about it. And I wish you'd call me up. My number's Bryant . . ."

Darling, I couldn't get the number for the life of me! Pauline was out. I began to be afraid. I put all of my things in my bag, and ran.

When we say "I ran" in modern phraseology we usually mean: "I strolled away." I think that's what I did. I strolled up to Central Park. And there I met Lizzie Flynn, the prettiest Irish girl you ever saw off the stage or out of an Irish Village. She was talking to her sweetheart, Jimmie Burke, a mounted cop who looked capable of stopping a charge of Uhlans, and who in reality seemed

*I could not forever
sneak my banquets
out of a bean-can,
over a gas bon-fire.*

to be employed keeping the squirrels in order. I had to live somewhere. And I liked and trusted Lizzie, and Burke, too, right on the jump-off.

So that's the way I came to another boarding house, much farther up-town, but a house in which there were husbands and wives, and nice, sweet old ladies, and girls and boys, and romping little children.

Mrs. Dewly's? The place is still a mystery to me, but Marge, there are many like it. It's a place where good and evil is spread before one. And I presume there are lots of girls who have no dress-suited knight to mock them—in their nighties—into being angrily and migratorily righteous.

With Lizzie, I went to Lacy's, and to work.

I had a trial at the veils, and when I

didn't do especially well as an adapter of these harem disguises for thin and stout American odalisques, they tried me at gloves. Here I got on much better—until Smith, the floorwalker, asked me in an awfully insinuating way to take dinner with him. His manner made me sore, sis—I turned him down, and from that time, in that department, my name was Belgium.

Information note for my vexed and weary reader: Mr. Kerwin, in this papyrus, ceases to be Mr. Kerwin. From now on: Bruce.

Bruce found me, through Jimmie Burke, I think, and he came a lot to see me. He must still have some of the war-chest of gloves he bought just to chatter. But he was always restrained . . . some way. I didn't know. How was I to understand that he thought I hung up my 'phone on him that morning? How was I to know that Pauline's twenty, which had saved my life, was *his* twenty? If I had known it, of course I wouldn't have accepted it, and that episode would have ended, speaking Irishly, before it commenced. He didn't want me to understand about the twenty, but he had wished to hear from me. And when I didn't call he thought of course I had other fish in my frying-pan of interest.

At length I crossed delivery orders, sending a lady with No. 10 feet some No. 6 stockings purchased by a man of the same name—not her husband. Would she believe that? Hardly! What was left of paterfamilias complained to the desk, the desk asked Smith about it, and Smith saw revenge rise like the morning sun. Once more I followed my sorrow-puckered lips toward oblivion.

But I didn't quite arrive. I complained to the matron; and the matron, seeing the injustice of Smith's performance, reinstated me.

To celebrate, Bruce gave a little supper for Lizzie and me. Smith happened to be in the restaurant, and, still shooting his torpedoes, though they had all missed my vital spots so far, wrote Bruce's papa. No, this is not a picture play, dearie, so he doesn't live on "The Avenue." Being a real person, and possessed of oodles of pennies, he *does* live in Westchester, where lots of the big ones reside. Smith's letter conveyed the black-bordered news that the bestest little boy in the world was running about with a shop-girl. A common, cling-

ing shop-girl, probably of the black-mailing sort, who would unfailingly draw her mask down at the proper moment and shoot him through the pocket with a marriage-license.

Fathers and sons are all alike, sis, in the pretty stories and out of them.

(1) Father's program performance: roars like a starving lion lashed with log chains just six inches out of reach of a ton of porterhouse.

(2) Son's program performance: leaves home. And comes to my boarding house.

Oh, girl, will I ever forget Bruce's first night in that manse of table d'hôte? People never dined at that boarding house. The stuff was good, and we all liked each other—and we just "ate." A lot of us simply "et." Dress? In our office things. And when it was warm Mr. Perkins insisted on taking off his coat, for which no one thought any less of him.

All were present or accounted for, the soup-divers bubbling beneath their brine, and the beef stew rolling in like a hot wind from the south, when: enter Bruce.

My dear! Pa Perkins, giving one glance, gurgled into choking silence. Yes, Bruce was ready for feed: at the Biltmore Cascades. You should have seen his dinner jacket! John Barrymore never had one as thrilling. His *glace* shirt, with its pearl studs, froze the party. Appetite died horribly among the hands, and Bruce looked lynched in his black bow tie. It was the last assault of grandeur on our boiled dinners. Thereafter he breakfasted, dined and perchance supped in an office suit.

Play a little shiver-music, Sis; I'm coming to the melodrama.

Bruce was as jobless as I once had been. But he was a wonderful motor-driver. I suggested that he get a position as a demonstrator. And—here's the surprise: he found a splendid place just one hour after I had made my suggestion.

And I was still breaking gloves to hands in Lacy's.

I don't know yet what John Hill means to old Lacy. I think he's a general superintendent. I'd seen him stroll our floor several times. Oh, very grand. Twice he carried a silk hat in the crook of his arm. Always Smith, the floor-walker, bowed abjectly. And Hill had noticed my passionate fondness for children.

It happened the day the little Zimmer boy, who lived in the Bronx, lost his mamma at the bargain in trimmed hats. He was crying so pitifully! I was kneeling beside him, comforting him, when a big, booming voice close beside me said:

"You have a kind heart, my child! It's after 5, now. Get your things, and we'll take the little fellow home in my car!"

It was Hill. Big, smirking, oleaginous and chemically genial. I—well, you wouldn't have thought, either, and you'd have done, thoughtlessly, just what I did.

It was a wonderful limousine, and he petted the little boy, and wormed his home address from him, and bought him a soda, and peanuts, and a woolly dog, like a compendium of all the easy fathers in the world. I think the baby was really sorry we took him home.

Hill's hand fell upon mine when we had scarce started back, and I couldn't withdraw it. That startled me, but when, in the gathering darkness, he drew me close and began to smother me with sticky kisses—holding his handkerchief over my mouth the while—I only needed a knife or a gun to have murdered him. His performance was evidently nothing new to his driver, who worked on signals which I could not understand. Finally I did let a little cry escape my lips, and Hill, swearing a bit, ordered the car into Central Park at 110th street. Here the roads are lonely in early evening, and as we swirled under the gloomy trees I felt that it was a desperate case indeed, when—a hundred feet ahead, his horse barely moving, glided Burke in a day-dream!

I relaxed in Hill's arms, gathering all my energies. As I expected, he mistook the feint for surrender, and bent his face close to mine. As our machine swirled out, passing Burke's horse, I threw the strength of despair into a leap away from my captor. My hand struck the glass and broke it—fortunately without cutting me.

"Burke!" I fairly screamed. "Burke!" Then he had me, beating me down, cursing me, kissing—oh, sis, it was horrible, horrible!

And Burke thought it the voice of his own sweetheart, Lizzie. For a moment he dug the spurs into his horse's sides, but as the car leaped ahead he realized that he had but once chance to stop us, and that a long one.

He pulled up suddenly, drew his revolver, sighted deliberately—fired. The bullet went wild. He fired again, without result. He fired a third time, more deliberately than before. There was a rending, screeching sound from our right rear tire, and the big machine rocked and pitched like a ship in a storm. The chauffeur threw on his brakes, but Hill, cursing him, told him to go ahead on the rim. This might have been possible had not the burst tire, thrown partially off by momentum, tangled in the wheel.

Well . . .

Nothing happened to Hill. It was "squared," as such things usually are, though his chauffeur received a hideous fine for "fast driving." And poor Burke cursed the station house for a den of thieves.

Not many days after that, Bruce and I were sitting alone in the "parlor."

We had been to the Winter Garden to see the new show, and afterward, we had danced at the Claridge. Oh, it was a wonderful night.

Bruce, usually talkative, was extremely silent.

"I . . ." he stopped. "I . . ." Another long pause. "I've got something to say to you," he whispered, rather queerly, "but I don't know how to begin."

"You must be trying to make love to me." I don't know why I said that . . . really.

"I . . . Helen, I believe I could make love, and propose, all that sort of thing, a whole lot better if we were married first. What do you think? You've got an awful lot of good sense. I think you'd know."

"Well," I said, as disinterestedly as though we were talking about a trip to Coney on a launch, "it's a rather original idea. We might try it."

"Then it's a go!" he exclaimed, grabbing my hands as if we were a couple of college cubs signing a frat agreement.

Next day we were married.

And we sat in our little apartment. Home, this time. Bruce looked at me out of the corners of his eyes like a shy boy. He had kissed me very tenderly, two or three times. But he said nothing; he just patted my hand, quietly, steadily, as if I were a little child. I was frightened, I suppose. I believe I began to whimper.

"Girlie!" he murmured. "Why, girlie!"

And, Sis, would you believe it, the big stupid kept up that silly patting of my hand until I was almost out of my mind. I jerked my wrist away.

"I hate you!" I sobbed. "You married me to propose to me, and now, you four-flusher, you won't do it. Go away!" And I slapped him.

That slap broke his heart or his temper—I never knew which. Anyway, he leaped to his feet with both sides of his face like fire—the slapped and the unslapped. His eyes burned into mine.

"I'm crazy about you, girl, that's all. Crazy! I've been afraid to touch you for fear I'd hurt you—crush you—kiss the breath out of you—that's all! So you don't think I love you? I've been holding myself back—tying myself up with thorns like that fellow in the old story—you're so sweet and tender and soft and pretty—you—"

And then, dear, the tornado struck. Through the hurricane of his kisses and the tossing of his arms, under the dull lightning of his eyes, my heart kept crying, in a sort of tumultuous song, "This is my husband! My husband! My husband! And I am his wife—his wife, forever and ever and ever and ever!"

We were very happy—except in those dreadful moments when I grew jealous of the morning paper.

No, Sis! Don't look for a signature or a yours truly yet. The chronicle isn't quite finished.

Two most important episodes in my little story are Lizzie's sudden and wonderful success in a Dillingham show at the Globe—and poor Bruce's smash into an ignominious Slawson-Decker milk truck in an early morning on 97th street. He was driving a Peugeot, with which he expected to enter the Chicago Speedway events.

Well . . . Now for the rest of it:

Thanks to Lizzie, I followed her into the service of Broadway's most spectacularly successful manager. And poor Bruce, cursing and fuming on his couch in our little apartment on upper Madison, slowly waited the knitting of his broken leg.

It was on the Globe stage that Kerwin, Sr., saw me. I don't think his intentions were evil. Really. He hasn't that reputation at all. He's just a lonely, peppery old man, and a girl—you know that a girl, to age, is the return of springtime. I think that's all I meant to him, for—cross my heart!—he never as much as tried to kiss me.

And after a little supper at Shanley's I persuaded him that it would be a very nice thing to see me home.

Mind, he didn't know me from the original apple-eating Eve. Bruce had quite disappeared, as far as he knew.

I invited him up. He came, like the game old boy he is, but dear, I could have hugged him when I saw how embarrassed he was. I took off my coat. I opened the bed-room door, and led him in, wondering.

"Bruce," I cried, "father has come—to forgive us!"

And that's just the way my little story ends—properly, and as they always do.

Bruce will drive in the Speedway event, dear, but the Peugeot will be his own, and I'm praying every night that my wonderful husband won't be taken from me. We're in Westchester now, and Papa Kerwin is just as lovely as his home.

Marge, we want to see you—both of you. But I warn you, solemnly, not to be pretty enough to muss up my domesticity. If you do, I shall bite holes in your face, and poke both my husband's eyes out. For—oh, Marge you *don't know* how darned crazy I am about that boy!

HELEN.

A Great New Novel Begins in the July Issue

In the *carnival city*, Los Angeles, the dramatic cameras have created the most brilliant and vivid art-existence that the Western Hemisphere has ever known. Through them Los Angeles has become the Paris of America, gay with love and laughter, and with shadows of sorrows which only make the sunshine brighter. Here is life! And a great novel about this life—the first big tale of the living shadows in California—will begin in the July number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on sale June 1.

"Genevieve, Your Stockings!"

FOR THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE,
THEY MUST BE SILK. FASHION'S PART
IN PHOTOPLAY IS A VITAL THING

By Lillian Howard

LIGHTS!" megaphoned the director. Myriad Cooper-Hewitts threw a flood of artificial daylight. The dance was on. A galaxy representing Youth and Beauty one-stepped into the scene as the camera man began action. Such a color riot in gowning never

graced any but a screen ball. Futurist and Postimpressionist pigment-clashings met a Waterloo.

Did a frantic director rise up in protest? Not a flicker ruffled his countenance. Ceaseless the cranking of the operator's machine. "Dance away!" megaphoned

out. The throng swayed off, clearing a massive hall staircase. "Come on, Genevieve!" A tall, dark girl comes down a few steps. "Stop!" orders the director. "Genevieve, your stockings!" With one eye the crowd seeks out hole or rent. "Lisle hose worn at a dance by the daughter of the house! We'll retake the scene."

So while a messenger is dispatched to the nearest hosiery department to bring back number nines in silk only, a scene waits; camera men, the cast and the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble wait.

But lisle hose can't dissemble. The realism in the infinite detail which marks the best of moving picture productions allows for no hawk-eyed audience penetrating the fact of a hasty toilette. The powerful lens is ruthless in detecting texture discrepancies.

Among leading women faked clothes are unknown. A beautiful gown to look real on the screen, when studied by feminine and practiced masculine eyes, must *be* real. No sleazy satins or cheap, hard velvets can be made to carry out an exquisitely designed gown of soft sheen and supple, graceful lines.

When one considers the oftentimes great number of gowns worn by a star in a picture, the



*Jane Grey in Lucile gown of
flesh pink tulle over silver satin.*

matter of dressing a part becomes a problem. Half a dozen well known leads recount tales of gown changes numbering from eleven to twenty-three. Not all of these changes are Lucile models and the latest modes in tailleurs, but there are some. Fortunately, no matter how rich the heroine may be at times in her story, she has vicissitudes and adventures and need not trail in and out of every few feet of reel in a succession of evening gowns. While she is enjoying love she may be reduced to a ship-wreck-island drape or flee across the plains in cowboy flannels.

Recently a picture was taken in which one set for a few feet of reel waited two days while a special gown was constructed for the leading woman. She wore this only once in the five-reel picture. The black gown already provided was overemphatic, and jarred, even though the scene was of emotional sadness. A hurry call on modiste under advice of a careful director, and a creation of long, drooping lines resulted—a thing of beauty and sympathetic to the scene, in its low-lighting grays of chiffon and soft velvet texture, worth the entire \$150 expendi-

ture which the director did not grudge.

The moving picture actress wears her gowns in but one picture. Then they are definitely in the mind of the screen public with that part of that play. Consequently a film star's gowns of the present modes return to her own wardrobe after the dash to the cleaner. In this particular she is ahead of her sister in the legitimate, whose beautiful gowns never make their appearance in private life while in service.

The count of a motion picture actress's collection of modern gowns must vie in numbers with that of the society woman's



*Gerda Holmes
in a summer
frock of white
net over flesh
pink.*

*Dressing
room of Gerda
Holmes at Equi-
table studio show-
ing some of her new
gowns.*



kaleidoscopic frocking. A star may finish a picture in a few short weeks and accumulate six to a dozen-and-a-half present-day modes. One actress's record gowning totaled late models of two evening wraps, three evening gowns and four frocks in a week-and-a-half's work in the studio. It is true she may be granted a clothes bonus if the gowning expense called for be especially heavy.

The dressing room of a leading woman is relieved of overcrowded hangers—her maid prevents the appearance and wear-and-tear of a property room by bringing her clothes to the studio in relays as needed. But the home closets must present an

imposing sartorial display. One actress recently arrived at her hotel with twenty-four trunks of personal wardrobe.

As a good gown rarely remakes (for who would tamper with a Lucile, a Mme. Julie or Monsieur Bendel model?): the motion picture actress, like the society woman, becoming swamped with clothes, disposes of hers in somewhat the same manner. There are always relatives with us; and then there is the very exclusive type of Mme. Nearly-New Modes who offers Mrs. Van Styvbilt \$40 for a twice-worn \$200 model. But a much more appealing method is that of a well known star who has helped out many a small-part girl with gowns, who, but for them, could not possibly have landed the part with its gowning requirements.

The small-part girl has her own modern clothes to provide. Apparel coming under the restricted term "costume," such as maid's outfit, nurse's uniform, automobile coat or riding suit, is not expected of her. The up-to-date management furnishes such garments as they are needed, from some big costuming house.

The film star, even though her gowning does call for prodigious numbers of beautiful models—for the public looks much to her for guidance in latest modes—does have personal gowns of her own fancy, not ordered when the scenarios are read through and marked for gowning. One lead having just got three gowns for a picture, added a personal fourth to her order. To be sure that it would escape the screen's call she got it in all white, a safe enough precaution, for directors are shy of the dead white gown. Pinks, yellows and blues in pale tones make softer whites. But the greedy screen gobbled up this gown before the picture was finished. By using a clouding of filmy pink tulle the gown took splendidly at its debut, which was not made in private life after all.



Margaret Greene in gown of flesh tulle with embroideries; girdle of silver, and silver roses.

Boys!—Here's the Way to Win—



Enid Markey

RUIN her father without delay. You do this on the stock market. Manipulate a railroad. Don't take a small railroad if you wish to make a real impression. Ruin the New York Central or the Southern Pacific. You . . . how? Oh, any Nickelodeon will show you how fortunes are flummixed in Wall street! Merely observe. Just see a picture or two, get the hang of the thing, jinx her dad, and then offer to save him for the hand of his child. She'll refuse to sell herself. Save him anyway, she'll call you on the 'phone, and the fadeout will be an embrace tender as Thanksgiving white meat.

Helen Holmes

TO impress this Diana you gotta be strong with engines. Practice with your mother's switch-engine until you can juggle any locomotive; then, just to show her, push a Pacific-type eight-driver out into the growing oats. If this is not convincing, throw a Pullman at her. You may have to be stern, but remember that she is a lady. Never toss her under a freight-train; if you have to throw her under anything, make it a brass-bound limited. Or you might tie her up, drop her in the tank, and fill it with water. If she refuses to love you after this, try kindness: use the fireman's shovel.



Theda Bara

BEAT her to it; also at it. There are lots of good bad trades for a bright young lost soul. The hold-up business, for instance, has never been wholesaled. Start in now. Make your home town famous. You may get a monument—say in the yard of your county jail; a wooden monument, with a little trap door, and a good stout length of rope. Or, make your own money. We warrant travel, and extended visiting in such metropoli as Atlanta or Leavenworth. Put bombs on outgoing steamers. For this your Big Ben may ring at sunrise, but remember the advantages of early rising!

Ormi Hawley

YOU'LL have to be nearly an admiral, for how she does love the navy! You think it can't be done, in this land of the fee and home of the knave? Listen, Harry! Get a scow, moor it in Lake Michigan—or the Potomac, or San Diego Bay, or Niagara Falls, all according to your location—and start a wide-open game of marbles for money. Gamble and everything. Surreptitiously sell pop, ginger ale, chromatic lemonade, spearmint, bananas—all such devices of the devil. Defy the law! Let your craft run as fast as the anchor will let it, and as loose as that. Aha! You have arrived. You are now a vice-admiral!



Marguerite Clark,
in "Out of the
Drifts."



The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

IN May it is too early to speak of June weddings; too late to make the arrangements. In spring the young man's thoughts turn fancy, according to the proverb, but every man's thoughts turn to lighter things and laughter, whether he is still on the diamond of love, only peeping through a knot-hole, or retired to the bleachers. As an opener this discussion has heretofore required at least a jack of hearts, but mere laughter is assuredly a proper Maytime preamble.

Any mention of screened laughter naturally though not necessarily brings Keystone to mind. And the association is not merely a matter of habit, for—the tender and tenser passions being distributed among many productive dynamos; melodrama being indigenous to almost every glass roof, and the serial growing with or without irrigation in any spot where planted—Keystone is a creative exotic in its ability

to regularly furnish a majority of the loud laughs of a shadow-guzzling nation.

A standard wheeze: why do women marry Nat Goodwin?

Next year's standard wheeze: why do we continue to laugh at Keystone familiarities, personal and gestural?

Both these worthy questions have answers, but I am permitted, as a day laboring irritant of the deaf-and-dumb drama, to putter only with the second.

We laugh at Keystone because it is life, seen in those ridiculous mirrors one of which makes a man brother to the radish, while the next returns him to his own eyes in the guise of a telephone pole with the colic. Distortions that they are, these are distortions of a living thing! A great deal of picture "humor" is a distortion of nothing. While you can perform any mathematical feat with a fraction, it is worse than futile to attempt anything

like a mathematical feat with zero.

Keystonery at its best is satire in overalls.

Roscoe Arbuckle, now being the most prolific and reliable director in Sennett's college of clowns, provides the month's best vehicles. In "Bright Lights" we have the fine frenzy of white slavery, the popular belief that Jack ashore is a soused mackerel, the equal conviction that ugliness is virtue's reward while good dressing means villainy, the bar-room bum of the temperance cartoons, the unpreparedness of China, the lusty joy of a face-treading fight, the rube maiden who remains a maiden notwithstanding iniquitous besetment, and, finally, that nation-wide gospel and chautauqua panegyric, the ultimate triumph of the United States navy.

In "He Did and He Didn't" we have a burglar who, upon a chandelier, spins us nearly into hysterics; the apotheosis of the lobster-at-night tradition, some fine mechanics and some boudoir situations which smack of drama Parisienne—yet withal give no reaction to a censor test.

Mr. Arbuckle has about him the head imp of all wild and loose-jointed demons, Al "Saint"-John; the Marie-Antoinette of transparency mirth, Mlle. Normand; and

behind the scenes as adroit and artistic a comedy adviser as ever put deft fingers into the film business: Ferris Hartman, genius of San Francisco's famous Tivoli theatre before that earthquake which all we Californians call a fire. Besides, Mr. Arbuckle himself, as mountainous in labor as in brawn, is getting on. His recent pictures come from Fort Lee, which is kept out of New York City by a Dutchman's river.

Another Keystone director who has just poked his head through fame's paper hoop is Dick Jones, creator of that wet laugh or giggly tear—as you will—"His Hereafter." Here shines brightly for the first time Louise Fazenda, a sort of young, skirted David Warfield. Watch this one.

Chester Conklin, the well-known ruin of gentility, is the exploiter of several uproarious inventions in "Cinders of Love," a wonderfully true travesty of city departmental rivalry. Any town should welcome a demonstration of the tilting device which not only shoots a fireman onto the engine floor, but into his pants at the same time. When the local drunk and resident incarcerate shrieked, amid the pandemonium of conflagration, "I must save my jail!" the optience around me roared to the rafters.



*Frederick Warde,
veteran of the
spoken drama,
in
"Silas Marner."*

AMONG other farcelluloids "Musty Suffer" leads, though Musty's engineer, Henry Watson, Esq., is suffering from bad scenarios and a rather limited line of "mugging."

NO photoplay produced in the past month has been more a fragment of life, nor has more subtly stimulated imagination, than "Betty of Greystone," a Fine Arts Fort Lee product, shaped under the hands of Allan Dwan, all of whose previous work made not the slightest impression upon me.

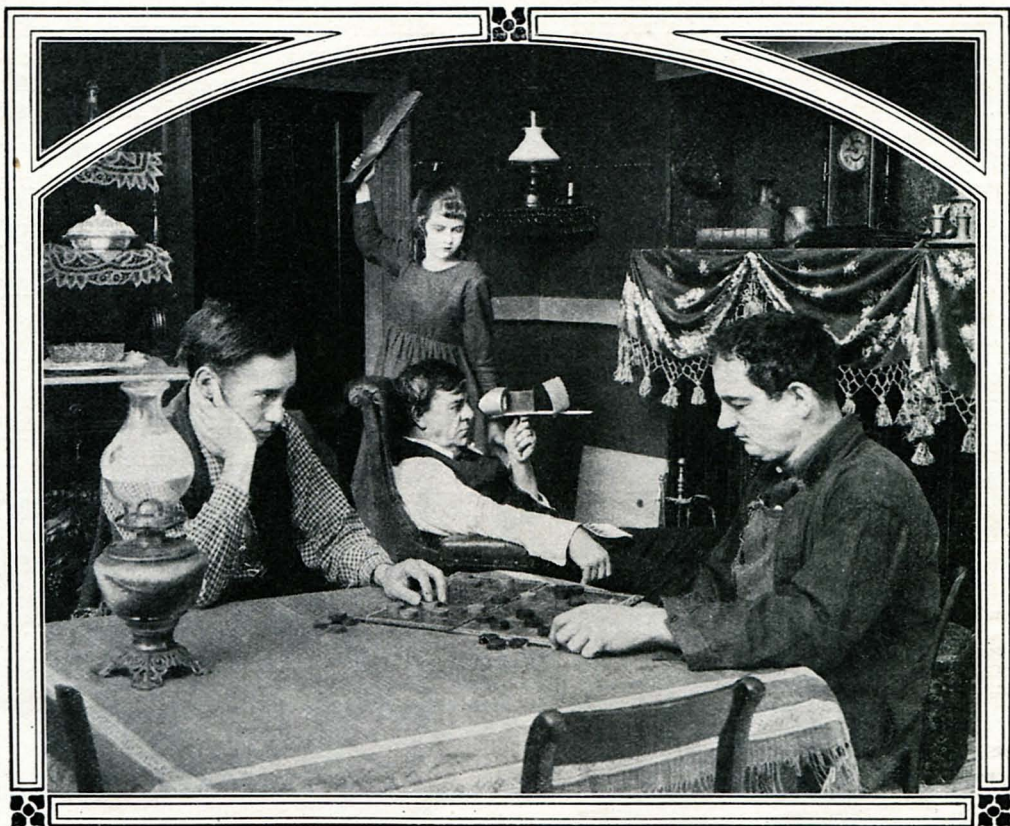
Perhaps slightly exaggerated in some of its details, we may well believe that Betty did live in a New England town; that her father was a beloved vagabond of impracticality and her mother an immolate on the cookstove-altar of thrift; that she stole into the great, deserted house to read; that there its young scion found her, and wooed her, and lost her her reputation, and eventually rescued her, and himself, at one and the same time. This department is not a catalogue, but a mere grimy finger pointing toward visual good roads; hence I cannot recount the full hundred touches of vivid pathos, humor, narrow suspicion and innate innocence or

nobility with which Mr. Dwan and his actors have bewitched this implement, so that it is not a play, but a window opening onto the path of life, through which any of us may look, and, continuing to look, smile, or catch our breaths, or murmur gently, or mutter maledictions, all as the factful vision may be flowing. Dorothy Gish does the best work of her life as Betty; certainly Owen Moore has never been more agreeable, and Kate Bruce, the sculptured Leonore Harris and Eugene Ormonde mightily improve the background. George Fawcett is to the life Jim Weed, and Norman Selby (Kid McCoy) blooms not as an historic thumper of the squared circle, but as an actor worthy an actor's regular job.

THE hilarities of improbability, jocundly put on, find glorious exposition in "His Picture in the Papers," Douglas Fairbanks' one noiseless article of entertainment in the past thirty days. A series of these would put Fine Arts into the Keystone class as a ruiner of all solemnities. As the unregenerate son of a potentate of patent provisions Mr. Fairbanks cuts a second and a half off his speed record in every minute of the picture.



George Beban (center figure) in
"The Pawn of Fate."



EVERY member of the class of 1922 should see "To Have and To Hold," a piece of Lasky magic recalling the Jamestown settlement and its period in the English courts with marvellous fidelity. Here is that sumptuousness and elegance which is the inimitable Lasky characteristic. These are not supers in rented tights, but courtiers of His Majesty, James; here is Virginia, with its stockades; and here is the James river, with its pinacles and canoes, all light-whittled on some inconsequent California arroyo after a nasty spring rain! Come, Ariel, and give us a symbol for the new Venus on Mount Camera, Mae Murray! Not by what she did, but by the things she did not do in this picture, is the good augury of her optic future apparent. Here was no actress—but the regally sweet and undramatic Lady Jocelyn Leigh! Popularly, I suppose Wally Reid picked Miss Murray's pocket for this picture, and his laurel of favor is well won. Raymond Hatton's is a great piece of work, Tom Forman gives an un-

Dorothy Gish (standing), "Kid McCoy" (right), George Faucett (center) in "Betty of Greystone."

wonted but excellent account in villainy, and the remaining support is no

less fine.

ALL the strong cases on the Lasky docket may as well be disposed of in this session of court.

There is a big idea and big drama in "Black List," a silhouetting of the strike troubles in Ludlow, Colorado. It is another of "Bill" DeMille's distinctive studies in sociology. Blanche Sweet pours forth a limpid poignancy and sincerity which only this DeMille seems to have discovered. Charles Clary is very fine in a role which in less sympathetic hands would have been stiff and literally straight. Lucien Littlefield scores almost as strongly.

It seemed to me that there was too much raw brutality in the eviction, and too much coarseness in the school-room, but the thought of the thing was right.

"Tennessee's Pardner," and Fannie Ward, America's choicest hand-picked im-

mortelle, to the fore. It is a revamp of a best-loved Bret Harte story. The original plot has been warped out of line a bit by the burning-glass of the lens, but a fine, clean, sweet, and at moments, uproarious play has been evolved; a play through which sweep big Western airs, primitive loves, and the passions of the plains. This is better stuff than most of that which we buy in words for two meg per seat.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker, was a good piece, hardly up to Lasky standard. Miss Walker's personal performance was always interesting, and the moment of her young mountain lover's stern immolation was handled in a deft way which brought one thrill, at least, into a reposeful play.

E L S E -
W H E R E
in these pages is an attempt to wind a few of the immemorial leaves about the brow of C. Gardner Sullivan. "Hell's Hinges," a Sullivan drama shot into the theatrical sky by that artillerist of emotion, Ince, lives up to all that has been said about the man who thought it up.

It is an intensified "Virginian," perhaps without "The Virginian's" finesse, but with much more than its power. Both Ince and his head writer are now stepping outside the lane of convention, and thereby stepping into the bigger roadway of real life. In making the hot settlement's only clergyman a negative villain, author and producer did a bold thing; but in making the town's combined destroyer-saviour an out-and-out bad man, they were bolder still. The end justified the means. In a frenzy of

magnificent action, in suspense which rolls upon itself like a cloud of war-gas, in climaxes which rattled upon each other like the blows of a young prizefighter upon the body of an older antagonist, comes this picture's crashing, flaming finish.

No, this is not psychologic drama, nor even heart-vivisection. It is simply Western melodrama with a charge of new high-explosive. Bill Hart, Clara Williams, Jack Standing, and Alfred Hollingsworth are its protagonists.

What punch and character in these names: "Blaze" Tracy and "Silk" Miller!

INCE'S other extreme is "The Moral Fabric," the story of a wife lost to a



Charles Murray and
Louise Fazenda in
"His Hereafter."



William Farnum and Dorothy Bernard in
"Fighting Blood."

"friend," the husband's patient winning-back —

and his final flingaway of that which has been cruelly lost, only too easily found, and, like a crumbling apple of Sodom, worth nothing in the regaining.

We have here fields of shirt-front instead of fields of sage, the parlors of the prominent, and shots out of eyes whose magazines hold no limit of death, instead of the plainsman's mere six cartridges.

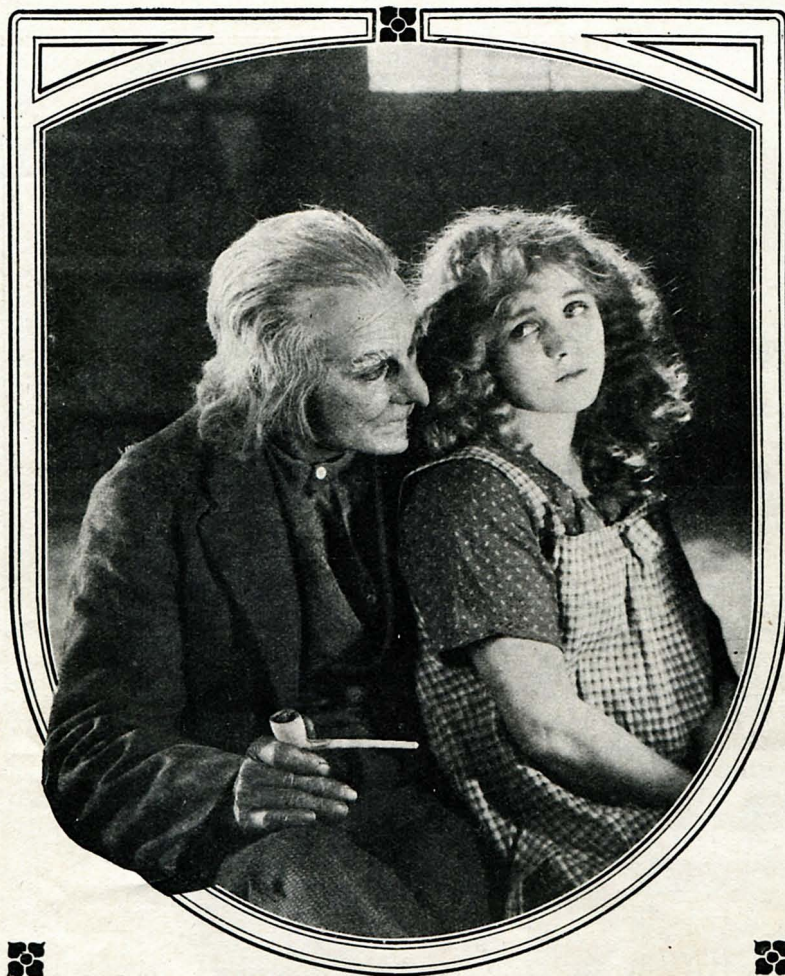
Frank Mills plays the husband with unabated relentlessness, and Edith Reeves, new to Ince followers, is his wife. Howard Hickman is the perfidious Albion of this domesticity. A good psychologic study—by Sullivan, also—but the husband loses one's sympathy. Personally, I think the

guy was a son of a gun to pick on his wife that way.

She was only a poor, weak little thing needing a good spanking to make her behave in the first place. Or if not, kiss her good-bye and cry "Happy days!" There are as good mackerel in the ocean, etc.

"LITTLE PEPPINA," Mary Pickford's biggest picture, in point of size, is not notable as either story or drama, but it is a superb specimen of finish, smooth narration, and generally maintained interest. The production is worthy the finest traditions of The Famous Players.

The adroitly-spun tale of an American baby kidnaped in Italy, raised in Neapolitan squalor, and, later, fleeing to America—



finish. Here is no galumphing pardon at the ultimate second. Here is the inexorable march to the guillotine, and the chill of truth shivers down your spine.

Pauline Frederick handles very finely the two roles: Joan March and Valerie St. Cyr, and both as the little shopgirl sweetheart of the artist, Julian St. Saens, and as the lustfully magnificent subject of his brush and usurper of his heart, her characterizations are in tone and exquisitely rounded out. I was a bit surprised to see Miss Frederick's childish sexlessness in the first episodes. This is a finer tribute when one realizes

and the discovery of birth and right—all

to avoid a forced marriage, present splendid opportunities for Miss Pickford's characteristic performance; and in her boy's suit and makeshift messenger existence in the city of New York she maintains her own distinct place in the hearts of her countrymen and countrywomen.

"Little Peppina" brings forth that splendid young leading man, Eugene O'Brien, and a long and well chosen cast.

Note to the profession: Observe Miss Pickford, through most of this photoplay, speaking *Italian*. There is detail for you!

A SUBTLE, rapier-like French melodrama; elegant, cold, deadly—yet passionate and humanly warm: "The Spider."

I liked best in "The Spider" its logical

that the mechanics of photography poise against this plaintive child an ivory tigress whose supernally magnificent attire is only dulled by the radiance of the more magnificent woman within—both beings, Pauline Frederick.

Thomas Holding is Miss Frederick's ideal leading man.

OUT OF THE DRIFTS," a sort of snowy dime novel, had two big things about it.

First, that wonderfully lifelike "stew party" at its inaugural.

Second, the Alpine situation in which, little Margarita Clark's scruples having been bombarded down, she kneels by her bed for her usual goodnight prayer before surrender. Here was natural punch in the

(Continued on page 177)

THE CHAIN INVISIBLE

A DOMINANT MAN'S PASSION
FOR THE ONE WOMAN WEAVES
A STRANGE PATTERN OF FATE

By Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by the Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation

THE British Steamship "Fearless," a favorite pleasure boat for English tourists, was slowly nosing her way through a thin cloud of fog that softened the brilliant gleam of a South Pacific night. On account of this, the lee deck, called by ship officers the "Engagement Parade," because of the whispered conversations usually taking place there, was empty except for two persons. One was Anne Dalton, a beautiful English girl. The other was James Wadsworth, an American. The girl was listening to the man, but not after the usual fashion on that deck. She was listening only because Wadsworth's big form squarely blocked her way in to the saloon.

"I've got to tell you that I love you," he was saying harshly. "I must tell you. I've got you to myself now, and you'll have to listen."

"You presume," answered the girl quietly, indifferently. "Will you kindly allow me to pass?"

"I do not presume," argued the man, as if he had not heard the rest. "I'm a man. I've made money. I can give you anything any of your smug

Englishmen can. Ever since I've seen you I've wanted you. You're different. I want you more than anything I've ever wanted, and," roughly, "I always get what I want. You have pep. All you need is to get away from these British wristwatch dudes for a while and learn to know a man; and I'm Johnny on the spot."

The girl had been constantly trying to avoid Wadsworth, who had irritated both her parents and herself and had even soured the usually affable Sir Richard Towne, who was traveling in the Dalton party. Now she looked quickly around for a means of escape. But there was no one to help her. The thickened weather was everywhere. Only the powerful figure in front of her loomed in the fog.

She was annoyed but not afraid. She had only known Wadsworth the three weeks since he had boarded the steamer at Sydney. He had made it impossible for her not to know him. He had continually thrust himself upon her and her companions; had boasted, argued and interfered, and, although well informed and accredited with wealth, he had breezily disregarded all of the courtesies she had been taught to expect in gentlemen. For she had been brought up in the

"Come, loveling; come, birdling," she cooed tremulously, "We're found!"





Before him, prone on the sand, was the delicate, beautiful girl. . . . perhaps dead.

careful upper class English way. The world to her was made up of just two kinds of people, the possible and the impossible. And now she wished she could be rude enough to tell him that he belonged to the impossible class. But instead she simply repeated, "Will you kindly allow me to pass?"

Rage boiled up in Wadsworth. The gentleness, fineness, and definiteness in that short request were the very qualities in the girl that had so fired his imagination from his first meeting with her, and now they seemed about to baffle him. He glared at the slender figure, and lovely, fair face before him with hot, arrogant eyes. "A man's love is not a thing to ignore," he said angrily. "I love you. I love you, love you. Do you know what that means? It means that I'm bound to you tighter than if an iron chain were doing it. It means that I can't get away from you, eating, reading, sleeping. You've got me bound hands and feet, and I'm going to bind you the same way. I'm going to *make* you love

me. Do you hear? *Make* you."

The passion of the man's outburst and his tremendous earnestness were compelling. The girl's calm face lighted with interest and a swift flush tinged her delicate skin. Wadsworth bent closer with boastful exultation. "I believe you love me now and only your damp English over-shell keeps you from acknowledging it," he gloated.

His mistake was absolute and irretrievable. A gleam that he could not mistake kindled the girl's eyes. Her lips parted and she drew in her breath sharply. But before she could speak he broke in pompously with, "Don't deny it! You do. You must. A girl with clear eyes like yours in her head couldn't miss sizing up the difference between a man like me and that little cane-sucking specimen of an aristocrat that's been dangling after you. Be a sport. Own up. You have, haven't you?" And he grabbed her wrists roughly.

Even then the girl did not wince. "Your impertinence is monstrous," she

said cuttingly. "I do not care for you. I distinctly dislike you. Your whole manner, your manner now, is obnoxious to me."

Wadsworth glared into the unwavering eyes below his. Slowly he loosened his grip on the dainty wrists and his arms fell to his sides. He did not seem to notice the red marks on their outraged flesh as the girl chafed them. He stood as if irresolute. She thought he was beaten. So she stepped quickly to one side to pass him, and said scornfully, "I may as well tell you that I am going to marry Sir Richard Towne as soon as we reach England. I am going now. And when I tell him of your disgraceful conduct, he will have his valet beat you."

Quick as she was, Wadsworth was quicker. As she sped away he darted forward, head down, like a bull that had been prodded, and in an instant she felt her body tossed up and waved aloft on two powerful arms like some human signal of distress, and, in a frenzy of fury Wadsworth raised his inflamed face to hers and cried, "Choose! Me or the sea! For, by the Eternal God, if I can't have you, no other living man shall!"

It was a breathing space before the girl fully realized her danger. At first she was unable to comprehend that the awfulness of her situation could be true. She peered amazedly down through the mist at the face upturned to hers, till suddenly the wild eyes, distorted features and bulging veins told her confused brain what words failed to do. She felt faint with fear. Then she heard the sound of running feet, for Wadsworth's cry had caught someone's attention.

"Choose!" he bellowed hoarsely. But his only answer was a shriek, a high, penetrating shaft of sound that startled dancers, sent men in the card room kicking past chairs in their haste, and officers hurrying. Someone was almost upon them as Wadsworth lowered his head, heaved up his shoulders and arms with a machine-like motion and catapulted his terrified burden out from the ship's side into the

milky abyss of fog and waves. For an instant longer that agonized cry endured, then suddenly went out like the hiss of a rocket as it strikes water. Wadsworth shuddered and drew one arm across his passion-bleared eyes as if he were coming



"Voices!" she exclaimed under her breath.

out of a blindness. A strong hand grabbed his coat. He wheeled saw the outline of an officer, ripped off his coat and plunged over the ship's side, while bells clanged, men shouted, lights flashed, and the astonished officer stood looking dazedly at the coat he held.

When he came to the surface after his deep plunge, the determination to destroy the girl, who had all unconsciously come to mean life or death to him, was washed away. "Anne! Anne!" he called wildly, and he swam frantically back toward where a minute before she must have struck. The water was warm and pleasant, but already the ship was lost to him in the light steam that seemed to rise from the sea. He looked about desperately and continued to call. And after several minutes he heard a spluttering sob near him. He hurtled to it and found the plucky girl had managed to keep up, but was fast losing strength.

"Anne! Anne!" he almost sobbed, as he came up with her and placed her hand on his shoulder. The next instant it slipped off, for she had fainted.

Now all of his boasted prowess was put to the test. He must keep up and support the girl for he knew not how long. He listened and shouted, listened and shouted, till the swish of the waters seemed to come from wavelets breaking in his brain, and



"Anne!" broke in her father harshly. "Put that brat down and come her heart. Dalton's voice took on a different tone. "Anne, we've is almost insane. Do you want to

his voice was hoarse. Then he thought he heard the putt-putt of a small engine. He tried to call, but a sound like a groan was all he could make. The purr of the engine died into nothingness, and the one chance of rescue seemed lost.

The stronger the man the greater his effort, but also the greater his despair.



on." The girl turned on him, holding her babe to hunted a year and a half for you. Your mother kill her?"

Wadsworth strained to follow in the direction of that vanished sound till his arms and legs seemed paralyzed. He would give up and float for a few minutes, then look at the unconscious girl he was supporting, and make another effort. At last he was numb and his senses reeled. He felt something touch his cheek. It

was smooth and slimy. The horror of it roused him and his dazed eyes made out the round white ring of a life belt floating past him. Somehow he grasped it and held on through the hours of darkness that followed. The time stretched to an eternity, till finally he was done, overcome. He could no longer feel the preserver or the weight of his precious burden. He seemed slipping, slipping. His feet went down, lower and lower—and touched something. It was sand. He was standing. They had come to the shallow water of an island beach. New courage shot through him. He reached convulsively for the girl, and found to his astonishment that he still held her. He waded with her to the dry shore and sank down unconscious.

The next morning was as the beginning of a new world. Wadsworth arose stiffly from his stupor and viewed the results of his violence. Before him, prone on the sand, was the delicate, beautiful girl, reduced to a crumpled mass, perhaps dead. At any rate she was put off by him from the love and ministrations of friends. And he himself stood, stripped of his power, an outlaw, an intentional murderer. Dazedly he built a rough shelter of fronds to screen her, then he did what he never had done before in all his strenuous career; he sat down quietly to think.

SO, after three months he had become a different man. He possessed one set of ragged garments, struck fire with flint, dug clams with a stick, climbed for cocoanuts, slept under a shelter of branches and leaves, thought first of the comfort of another person besides himself, and was happier than he had ever thought it possible to be. And as to the English girl, she also had changed as much. She too had been a power in her way, an autocrat, and overbearing. From the moment of her first awakening that desolate morning when she had found Wadsworth bending over her, terror stricken, trying to revive her, she too had realized the price of insolence. Since then she had taken her situation quietly, had rallied quickly, and the out-of-door life had made her strong and radiant in spite of her constant longing for the rescue that never came.

"Last call for breakfast!" shouted Wadsworth one lovely morning in the direction of Anne's small shack that he had built for her against some shaded rocks near the shore. He had a fine fish browning on a hot stone. He had caught it with a hook made from a corset steel.

"Coming!" rang Anne's clear call, and a few minutes later she appeared, flushed

as a sea shell. On her feet she wore sandals woven from grasses, and her long, wavy hair, well combed with the smooth, notched piece of wood Wadsworth had fashioned for her gleamed like a gilded frame about her cheeks and was caught loosely back in a shining braid. Wadsworth's eyes lighted. The girl's flush deepened, and he quickly bent to the fish as if it were his greatest interest in the world.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"I can hardly wait. You do everything such a delicious brown." And Anne sat down on a rock to await the choice piece Wadsworth was placing on a strip of bark for her. His heart swelled as he brought it to her with a feeling like that of the mother who manages to prepare something her loved ones can enjoy from a cruelly frugal larder. His serving was a ceremony of tenderness. Anne responded with a smile almost shy and wholly wistful. Only the ardor of his glance and his heightened color told of the tumult it aroused in the man.

He had been groping for a way out of the calm that had settled over them after their terrible experience. His nights had been wakeful and he had lain like the shepherds of old, watching the stars. He had seen the Dawn slip her rosy fingers through the early grayness and come shimmering through, bearing with her the new day. He had watched her soft light mate with the Sun's, making new grass to grow and swelling buds to burst, then



"Oh, your poor eyes, your poor, poor eyes; and only natives to find and tend you!"

diminish and wane through lovely twilight into the dusk of night. And it had sent all his former views of man's destiny scattering. What difficult problems people made for themselves! What intricate theories they built up when, after all, the philosophy of life was as simple as the course of the Dawn; to live, to love, to bear fruit, and to die. And what could be better? He had been longing to talk to Anne about all this, but had hesitated. This morning, though, his courage grew.

"Do you know, I think I used to be sure of more things that aren't true than any man living," he said laughingly as he finished his second piece of fish. Anne looked up encouragingly.

"I think I'm going to speak quite a piece," he went on, "so you'd better let me split this tail meat first." He bent to it. When he looked up the expression on the girl's face startled him. He turned. A great inky cloud was swirling up out of the sea.

"Put out this fire," he said dropping the fish. "I must get down our signal. This blow will tear it to shreds." And he sped away to the high point where his shirt was flying from the top of a tall tree.

Suddenly the air was full of shadow and Anne shivered. She ran with one of the clay pots they'd molded to fetch water. By the time she had reached the beach the world had grown a lurid blue and a peculiar hush was everywhere. Then all at once the hush was broken. Birds called in fright and a strange singing sound came from over the water. She looked out and saw a long, white, snake-like runner of foam racing toward the island. A minute later and the storm broke.

At first came a rush of wind. It lifted Anne from her feet. She fell to the sands. The tops of the great trees blew up like inverted umbrellas. Branches crashed and their shelters went down, piles of jackstraws.

Wadsworth's voice hallooed in terror. "Lie down, Anne, lie close!" he called. But the words were lost in the uproar. He came tearing toward her, hurled this way and that by the raging blasts. He was thrown against tree trunks. He was pounded against rocks. But on he plunged, fearful lest the girl would be blown out to sea. When he reached her he crouched close beside her and called into her ear,

"Together I think we can make the rocks."

They started to rise. A sand cloud enveloped them. The hard grains bit and burned. They gained their feet, the cloud cleared for an instant and Wadsworth glanced apprehensively at the sea. That spurred him on. "Keep close!" he shouted, "and, my God, don't look!" He swung her to his shoulders, staggered with her to the foot of a mossy promontory, hurled her with all his strength upward, and climbed after. For that glance at the sea had shown him a wave, high and marching like a solid wall toward them.

Up he struggled with the wind tearing him backward. Water curled round his ankles, washed his knees. One of his groping hands met Anne's. She was unhurt and they clung together while the swirl of waters swept past. Then, utterly spent they cowered against the hillside while a torrent of rain pounded them down like grass.

This burst from the clouds soon lulled the tempest. By noon the sun was shining, the waters were dancing and the island lay as before, a serene beauty spot in the sea. Wadsworth and Anne sunned themselves like the birds to dry; then went in search of food.

"Clams all over the beach," called Wadsworth from the sands. "The storm did something for us after all."

"Much," thought Anne, but she did not say it. For the rush of events that day had stirred a something in her that she half feared, half delighted in. Her dreamy existence seemed to break up with the hurricane. She wanted to run to Wadsworth and she didn't. She felt a strange happiness and yet strangely ill at ease.

After their supper that night they sat silently by their fire. Anne cupped her face in her hands and gazed into the glow. She seemed shy and troubled. Wadsworth watched her closely.

"Let's go see if our dominion's all here," he finally suggested. She rose at once and they started toward the far end of the island. There was a rustling in the trees and the air was cool.

"Are you tired?" asked Wadsworth solicitously.

Anne turned eyes that shone through the dusk to him. "I feel—wonderful," she said softly.

"Come then, let's run," He caught her hand tightly and away they sped. Their spirits lightened. The rustling in the tree-tops grew louder. They exulted and rushed along with the night wind till their pulses tingled and their flesh was warm.

"Let's run to the end of the island," laughed Anne.

"Let's run to the end of the world," answered Wadsworth.

"That's it for us, isn't it?" asked the girl. They both laughed and their hearts beat faster.

As they came out to the sea they stopped, almost with a sigh. Wadsworth still clung to Anne's hand. He looked at the lovely silhouette beside him, bent close and whispered, "I hope that got into your blood as it did into mine."

The girl trembled. That tremor crept through her hand into Wadsworth's. He clutched her convulsively to him, and for minutes the throb of their hearts was as the throb of one. When he could get voice he breathed thankfully, like a tired man come happily to his journey's end. "My sweet, my wonderful girl. Have I made good at last?"

Hours later they had talked their talk out. They had looked their condition squarely in the face. They were marooned, perhaps for life. They loved and they would be married by a ceremony of their own. So together they walked out from the shadow of their tree trunk under the light of the stars.

"I, James, take thee Anne," began Wadsworth reverently. And together they repeated all of the marriage service as each knew it, that they could remember.

ONE morning, a year later, Wadsworth had gone to the far end of the island to fish. Anne, picturesque in her short dress, stood crooning to a wee bundle she was swinging in a grass-woven hammock. The bundle squirmed and one coral-tinted little foot thrust itself up into the air. Anne stopped the swinging.

"So you are bent on kicking, are you, James Wadsworth, Jr.!" she asked with maternal severity. "All right, then you must kick alone. I will not take you up," and she disappeared into the shack. But a few minutes later she reappeared, carrying a huge club. Fear filled her face and she stood crouched forward, listening.

"Voices!" she exclaimed under her breath. She ran to the hammock, for she feared the visit of wandering natives. Suddenly she dropped the club. Someone had called her own name.

She tried to answer. Her voice stuck in her throat. Her strength left her. She sank to her knees. "Father, oh, father!" she murmured as she held out her arms to the immaculately dressed man coming toward her. Sir Richard Towne and the ship captain came too. They stared in amazement, she was so changed.

"Come, come," said her father as he raised and kissed her. "Let's hurry out of this." His horror at her bare legs and arms showed greater than his joy. Sir Richard stood discreetly to one side.

"But James," gasped Anne. "He may be gone for hours. And the baby. Oh, come see our baby," and she pulled her father by the arm.

"Baby?" ejaculated Dalton, his face purpling. "Baby?"

"Yes, the cutest, dearest—"

"My God, has it come to that!"

Anne was already at the hammock side. "Come, loveling, come birdling," she cooed tremulously. "We're found! Oh, baby mine, we're found! And now he shall have all the pretties—"

"Anne!" broke in her father harshly. "Put that brat down and come on."

The girl turned on him, holding her babe to her heart.

Dalton's voice took a different tone. "Anne, we've hunted a year and a half for you. Your mother is almost insane. Do you want to kill her?"

Still the girl stood there hugging her baby. Dalton thought quickly and changed his tactics. "Well, bring him along if you must," he said shortly.

"And James!"

Dalton was on the verge of exploding. Only Sir Richard's suaveness stopped him. "But Miss Anne," he interrupted. "Your mother is frantic with suspense. She calls for you continually. Would you keep her waiting?"

"Mother with you?" exclaimed the girl, tears welling to her eyes.

"To be sure," said Dalton quickly. "We'll take you out to her, then come back for—er—Wadsworth."

When they reached the yacht Anne
(Continued on page 182)

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

Paul Temple, leading man of a film company making a drama in the Canadian woods, has all his finest instincts aroused by June Magregor, daughter of a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Temple's estranged wife, Gertrude, has threatened to come up to the camp, but instead becomes star of another photoplay concern through "personal interest" of its executive. Jack Baillie, handsome scamp with Temple's troupe, wins June's superficial regard. June substitutes for the company's leading woman in a dangerous bit of rapid shooting and the canoe capsizing, Baillie saves himself while Paul rescues the girl. Later, Temple soundly thrashes Baillie for forcing his caresses upon June. Temple now has June's admiration, but thoughts of his wayward wife prevent him from declaring his love. Baillie steals one of Gertrude's letters to Temple, but his plans for some destructive revelations are delayed. Paul is about to explain everything when June is called into the wilds on a trip to aid her injured father. At his isolated lodge in the woods June also nurses back to life Gertrude Mackay, who had strayed from her film company, which had begun work in the north. Gertrude very ungraciously accepts June's hospitality, and is angered when the northern girl unconsciously reveals her love for Temple. June is crushed when the actress bluntly states that she is Temple's wife. By her venomous narrative of their life together, Gertrude unwittingly vindicates Paul's character, restoring June's faith in him. Two days later Gertrude returns to Bergman and the camp of his Stellar Film Company. Interest in Gertrude's safe return is overshadowed by a wave of discontent which spreads throughout the Stellar camp, owing to the intense cold and a threatened shortage of food. Gertrude then quarrels with Bergman, whom she had induced to take the company north for a film play which was designed to counteract the success of Temple's northern screen drama. She spurns the owner's advances and he issues an ultimatum; he must know if she intends to abide by her "bargain," made with him. Gertrude flees to the Magregors and induces them to allow her to accompany them south, although they are short of food and Magregor's broken leg is a serious handicap to a rapid journey, by telling them that Bergman turned her out. Three days on the journey Gertrude collapses and the Magregors leave her behind at her own request, promising to send relief from the fort. Temple, fearing for the safety of the Magregors, heads a rescue party, and Gertrude is found exhausted in the snow, having attempted to proceed alone afoot without waiting for relief.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

(Conclusion)

AS Gertrude Temple lay there on the snow staring up into the face of her husband, the astounding fact of his identity shocked her into feeble but complete consciousness.

"Paul!" she gasped, weakly. "Paul!"

He did not hear her. After a first quick glance at her which had told him that this was not June, he had sunk back into the desperate anxiety which his fruitless search for her had aroused. No suspicion of who lay before him crossed his mind. It was years since he had seen Gertrude and the change her hardships had wrought in her appearance doubly concealed her identity. Still further, he was not even aware that Gertrude or her company were in the north.

Steps sounded beside them as Perkins, the camera man, foiled of his picture, lounged up curiously.

"Who is it?" he asked, bending over the prostrate form, "any of the party? Miss Magregor?"

The words brought Temple back to the vital needs of the moment.

"No," he said, rousing. "None of them. I don't know who it is. Some woman,—white, I think, but in pretty bad shape. We'll have to hurry if we're going to help her. Call in Welsh and Peter with the gun and then start a fire. I'll unpack the sledge. If you never hurried in your life before, Perk, do it now!"

When the other, aroused to the urgency of the need, had gone, Paul turned back to the woman. Drawing a flask from his hip

pocket, he slipped one arm beneath her shoulders to raise her, and held the flask to her lips. She drank feebly and then choked as the fiery stuff contracted her throat. But she rallied to the stimulant and made another effort.

"Paul!" she said again, this time hoarsely but plainly. The thing was uncanny. While he stared the three rifle shots rang out that would call in Welsh and Peter, who were ranging the forest one on either side of the sledge in the hope of crossing the Magregors' trail. Then, vaguely, through the grime and altered looks of the woman, Paul saw the outlines of a long unwelcome face, and caught the first glimmer of the truth. And, as if to aid his reeling memory, he heard her whisper:

"Gertrude."
"Gertrude!"

It was almost a shout. He bent closer, searching her face with eyes that seemed to sear. Then after a moment he breathed, "My God!" and she knew that he knew.

"You!—you!—here!" he said, after a dazed moment. "I don't understand—I—" he stopped, distraught, his brain whirling.

Then the first crackle of the fire that Perkins had built came to him and reminded him once more of immediate needs. He sprang up and ran to the sledge where he rummaged in one of the packs.

"Here!" he said to Perkins a moment later, handing him the things. "Make tea first and then some of this gruel."

Then he ran back to Gertrude and, kneeling down, commenced to loosen her torn and almost useless snow-shoes. He felt a need for activity, for things to do while he absorbed the shock of this strange encounter. He could not, dared not, think for a little while of all it meant.

Throwing the snow-shoes aside, he picked her up and carried her the few yards to the fire where Perkins had already spread a pile of blankets. He wrapped her closely in these and then turned to other details. Presently he brought the tea and, cooling the cup in the snow, held it, and supported her while she drank. Then he moved her back from the roaring fire that threatened to scorch the blankets, and made her drink a second cup.

The hot, potent liquid revived her, and gradually her face lost its livid hue, though

her nerves and limbs lay under a soporific stupor of exhaustion. At last she spoke, with less effort now, for her brain had the detached clearness characteristic of her condition.

"How dramatic!" she said, feebly ironic. "Husband and wife meet—in the wilderness—after long separation."

If any proof had been needed to establish her identity, her words furnished it. But he could still scarcely credit his senses.

"You—here!" he repeated, stupidly. "How on earth—What are you doing in the north, Gertrude?"

"Leading lady with the Stellers. Doing a big feature at Loon Lake. Had my own company, too."

He missed the pitiful boast.

"Stellar! They in the north?"

"Yes, and Bergman was along. You remember Bergman?"

"Yes."

It was Bergman looming upon the horizon who had divided them finally, but the memory of the fact aroused no resentment in him now.

"Well, I had an awful row with him." Her eyes darkened, and her voice became faintly triumphant. "And I left him,—stood him up in the middle of his picture!"

As nothing else could have done, the statement of this act brought back to Paul the remembrance of their impossible union. She was unchanged, then. Life had taught her nothing!

She went on:

"When I left him, I had no one to turn to but you—and I started south with the Magregors to—"

"The Magregors!" The words burst from him. "You met *them*? Where were they? How—" He broke off, all his allayed fears aroused again. She watched him with a sardonic, bitter look.

"Yes, I met 'em. The old guy had broke his leg, and they were in a cabin only two miles from our camp . . . I found their shack when I got lost in a blizzard, and stayed with them . . . I knew they were going south, and after my row with Bergman, I made 'em take me. The old man didn't want to, but I made him."

Perkins came from beside the fire with another cup of tea.

"Gruel ready in a minute," he said.

Paul took the cup and again held it while Gertrude drank. When he had

lowered her to the blankets again, she went on. After her long hours of solitude and terror, speech was grateful.

"Old Magregor said I couldn't stand the journey south, but I didn't believe him. We were awful short of grub, and I played out. I'd have died if I'd gone another step, and I made 'em leave me behind,—in a cave."

"Leave you!"

She misunderstood the sharp exclamation.

"Yes. I couldn't go on, I tell you! It was killing me. I didn't care what happened—"

"But where are the others?"

She understood now. It was they he was thinking of, not her. Again bitterness and hatred showed in her eyes.

"Oh they went on," she said, angrily. "They must be at the fort by this time. They were going to send men back for me." There was a pause. "I suppose you came up here looking for *her*!" she grated.

He could not be oblivious of the sneering challenge. It answered many questions that had been clamoring at his mind. Gertrude connected him with June. How much did she know?

"Yes," he said, simply.

"And instead you found me, your wife." She gave a little laugh. "Well, I told 'em I'd get to you, and I have. The devil looks after his own!"

"But I don't understand," he said, in an effort to divert her



He saw in her face what Paul had already seen there, the woman look, in contrast to the untroubled girlishness of their first meeting. "She's lived," thought the director.

mind. "You said they left you in a cave, but I found you here."

"They did, but alone in that place—" she shuddered with a recrudescence of her terror—"God! I couldn't stand it. The silence . . . the wolves. I swore I wouldn't stay there and die that way, and I started on alone."

HOW utterly, how mercilessly, she revealed herself. He saw it all now. From the first of this tragic business (he could glimpse with surprising sureness all that had happened at Loon Lake) she had imposed her will and desires upon events—forced Magregor to take her, forced him to leave her behind, started out blindly alone. It seemed a strange whim of fate that he should have been destined to save her from the certain death she had earned.

Perkins approached again, this time with the gruel and taking it, Paul fed her slowly. It was a lengthy process and during it neither spoke. Then gradually, under the stimulus of the heat and nourishment, her tired brain faltered, and her eyes closed drowsily. He seized the opportunity to end a conversation that had become well-nigh unbearable. When she had finished he wrapped the blankets snugly about her.

"Forget it all now, Gertrude," he said gently, "and just rest. That's what you need more than anything now. You're perfectly safe and nothing can happen to you. We know just where we are, and we've got plenty of grub, so you needn't feel afraid."

The heavy eyes opened and looked at him a moment. How different this from the meeting she had imagined between them; he angry, violent, pleading for his liberty, and she queening it, scornful and unyielding. His gentle, almost tender attitude was surprising, a little mystifying. What it would have meant to him to have her die! she thought. And yet, he could have accorded an utter stranger no more scrupulous concern and care than he had rendered her.

Ah, that was it after all. So far as concerned his life she *was* just that—an utter stranger! She cringed inwardly and her lip trembled a little. She said nothing, but closed her eyes again. She would rest as he had said. There was a strange little sen-

sation in obeying him. He would take care of her . . . Suppose she had let him take care of her all these years! . . .

Certain that she slept, Paul rose softly from her side and went to help Perkins with the preparations for departure. Five minutes later the Indian Peter, and Welsh arrived, in response to the rifle shots, one from the east and the other from the west. As simply and briefly as he could, Paul explained the situation, laying emphasis on the fact that the Magregors were undoubtedly safe, and that the search was over.

In the midst of their low-voiced talk, Paul heard his name called so sharply that he turned startled. Perkins was kneeling beside Gertrude and motioning violently. Paul strode towards him filled with a vague sense of foreboding.

"Something the matter here," said the camera man, anxiously. "She doesn't seem to be breathing, and her face—"

Paul knelt down swiftly. Gertrude's face was a leaden, livid hue, and she lay quite still. There was no sign of animation. With a sharp exclamation Paul drew out his flask and applied it to the parted brown lips. But the teeth were set and he could not force the liquor through.

"Jim! Peter; Here, quick!" he called, and the others came on the run. Without speaking they sensed the crisis and joined the desperate work with every restorative and stimulant at their command. But with no response. At last Paul thrust his hand through the tattered furs and against the breast still warm with life. But no flutter of life rewarded him. Still they worked on, hopeless now, until even Welsh, the most resourceful in this crisis, yielded with a shake of his head.

"Them things happen sometimes," he said half an hour later, as they started on the solemn journey home. "You see she warn't used to hard travel an' short rations, an' she just nachrally overstrained her heart—or maybe she had a bad one anyway. She kep' up all right till we found her. Then she relaxed and let down altogether. The reaction come and her heart couldn't pull her through. That's all there was to it."

DURING that journey south Paul Temple thought of many things but oftenest of Gertrude. It seemed unreal, impossible that that poor, wornout clay

upon the sledge had once been she whom he had loved and married. He had for her a strange feeling of detachment and disassociation, so completely had he been removed from all the past she symbolized.

They had become utter aliens to one another, he and she, not only physically but in mind and spirit. During those years while he had been growing, she had not advanced one step along the road of development. He looked back to her now across hopeless distance.

Grief, in the sense of having experienced a bitter and irreparable loss, he did not feel. Yet he was stirred. To have death suddenly sever even those ties which have become bonds must bring recollections and regrets, and these came to Paul, borne on a stream of deep and tender pity.

The futility of Gertrude's life moved him most—that frantic, ostentatious search for a happiness that lay within herself if she only could have realized the fact, and learned to find it. Through everything—the clap-trap and tinsel of pleasure, the envious demand for a tawdry prominence,—she had never been happy, he knew. Her life had been one long, bitter struggle of self-seeking.

Self-seeking! There lay the root of her failure, for it is the law that he who gives greatly of himself to life in love and kindness and sympathy receives back tenfold what he gives; while he who demands all as by divine right, is denied in exact proportion to his demands. Not only had Gertrude cheated herself of happiness, but she had encompassed her own death amid terrors and hardships created by her own whim!

That her nature had brought this about with mathematical certainty was self evident. Had she denied herself just once, he knew she would have been alive to-day. And what would that have meant to him?

In these hours of re-auditing the muddled accounts of his life, he could not refuse the thought of June admittance to his mind. That fate had thrown her in contact with Gertrude seemed deeply significant. Frustrated in his own attempt to tell of his marriage, had she learned of it through Gertrude?

He believed that she had. With what other argument could the latter have forced the Magregors to bring her south to Fort McLeod. And this being so, what effect

would the revelation have upon their future? A heavy uncertainty took possession of him. Were all his hopes and dreams to be denied even now? . . .

CHAPTER XXVII

TEMPLE and Fleming Magregor, during the little silence that followed the former's words, regarded each other with deepened mutual understanding. The factor lay on a narrow camp cot along one wall of his little bedroom at Fort McLeod,—a place crowded with ledgers, arms and hunting trophies,—while Paul stood before him his head gravely bent. Presently Magregor spoke:

"I was afraid, greatly afraid to leave Mrs. Temple as we did," he said in a troubled voice, "for I knew how our country sometimes affects people left alone in it for the first time. Oh," his fists clenched, "if it hadn't been for this cursed leg—!"

"Please!" Paul begged him. "You must know I understand. Mrs. Temple made it quite clear to me before she died that you had no choice in the matter, that she made you leave her."

The other shook his head slowly for a moment.

"If she had only stuck it out where she was the men we sent would have found her by this time!" he mourned.

Paul walked to the square, quarter-paned window and stared musingly out. It was noon and he had been at the fort an hour. From where he stood he could see his dogs, still harnessed, lying in the snow before the door. But his companions were not in sight, and the sledge was empty, facts which, coupled with sounds of invisible activity, told him that the factor's orders were being obeyed; for Magregor when he learned of Gertrude's death—news which Paul felt it his duty to leave as he passed the fort—had taken subsequent events into his own hands with gentle authority.

"No, don't go on," he had said. "Leave Mrs. Temple's body here. We have a little cemetery on the hill back of the fort and she shall be buried there tomorrow. My only son lies there," he added, simply. "A braw lad he was. He'd have been about your age if he'd lived."

Paul was very grateful. The thought of going to the Graphic camp with his burden had filled him with repulsion, and yet

there had seemed no other way. Now what remained to be done would be done with fitting dignity and taste.

He turned back from the window and walked again to the foot of the bed. This man had done much for him—still more for Gertrude. During this hour's difficult conversation he had heard repeated the whole story of Gertrude's intercourse with the Magregors, and though glossed in every way, he had been able to visualize completely the extent of its tax upon them. Their heroic endurance and loyalty had moved him deeply, and now he felt that something was due this man.

"I don't quite know how to say this," he began, haltingly. Then, after a pause:—"I didn't know Mrs. Temple was in the north. . . . I didn't know where she was. . . . In fact,—for years—Mrs. Temple and I have seen very little of each other—"

The factor held up his hand.

"I quite understand. I felt sure there must have been something like that."

But Paul was not yet satisfied. Briefly and simply he told what facts regarding his past life and marriage he thought Magregor had a right to know—ordinary facts which, after to-day, would be common property.

When he had finished the factor nodded once more slowly, and, though he said nothing, gave Paul a look of complete understanding. A moment later he remarked in a different tone:

"It was good of ye to start north after us as ye did. We heard of it the minute we arrived night before last, and I needn't tell ye we're a' verra grateful."

"I think you stood the trip wonderfully!" Paul's admiration of the man's wiry endurance was unbounded.

"Aweel, we're bred to it. All three of us came through in good shape, but we've stayed abed and done nothing but eat ever since. We'll be as good as ever in a day or two."

There came a knock at the door and upon the factor's word old Maria entered to inquire hushedly if she might use the big silver candlesticks at the head and feet. Permission received, she turned to Temple.

"Others go now," she said.

Paul had already heard the voices outside the window and the jingle of sleigh-bells as the dogs got to their feet. When

Maria had gone he hooked his furs and prepared to leave.

"The men will come early in the morning," he said. "Briscoe will see to that."

"By eight o'clock or things won't be ready at two," warned Magregor.

Paul nodded and held out his hand. The other took it in a warm, friendly pressure. Thereafter Temple faced the inevitable publicity and exposure of the next twenty-four hours, strengthened and comparatively at peace.

IT was a solemn scene when, at the appointed hour next day, the crowd gathered in a semi-circle about the yellow pine coffin and the raw yellow gash in the earth. About the little grave-yard whose fence had long since disappeared, and whose crude crosses and headstones were buried too, now, the tall trees stood silent, as if wise and perhaps lonely in their years, having seen so many generations of men come and go. Above was an inscrutable, cold blue sky, and everywhere the dominant color *motif* was the white of snow.

There had been much to do. Briscoe and half a score of the Graphics had toiled all morning in the little cemetery, first having to thaw the iron earth with fire before they could dig the grave. With them had come a carpenter the sound of whose hammer and saw had echoed about the fort clearing as he labored in the storehouse.

The remaining Graphics after a desperate sharing and piecing out of black—Goldie Burke had appeared triumphant in a heretofore unsuspected creation—had walked down to the fort following the noon dinner. Events for them had been too stunning, too bomb-like, to permit of full understanding and appreciation yet; that would come later with full and generous discussion. But several of the company had known Gertrude Mackay in New York, and all of them had heard of her, and the ready tears of her profession insured her not going to her grave unwept.

Paul stood beside Briscoe in the front rank. Facing them all, leaning heavily on crutches and with the prayer-book in his hand was Magregor, risen from his bed for this event even though it killed him. Rugged-featured, gaunt and gray, he seemed to typify the granite cheerlessness of his austere Scotch faith. June hovered anxiously near him.



"By the way," inquired the lady mildly as he paused, "what do you stick around here, workin' all the time for? You're young. You ought to have some pleasure in life. Why don't you go down to the fort and spark that girl?"

It was the first time Paul had seen her, and he could note on face and figure the effects of her protracted hardships. She seemed thinner and yet still graceful, like a thoroughbred greyhound trained to the ounce for coursing. They had met for a brief moment in the house and searching her eyes, even as he felt the frank and

friendly pressure of her hand, he had found only kindness and welcome. . . .

Fleming Magregor cleared his throat and straightened, and the last murmurous whisperings ceased. Only a bright-eyed squirrel chattering his impudent curiosity from a safe tree-crotch, broke the profound hush. Magregor opened his book and found

his place. The solemn words broke upon the still, cold air.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CAMP GRAPHIC on this particular morning wore the general appearance usually noted after the passage of a Kansas cyclone. Doors and windows stood open to the falling snow, Broadway was lined with debris, and at the end of the street lay a hodge-podge of merchandise. Everywhere people hurried busily back and forth, voices were gay and there was much laughter. The sound of hammering was constant. Camp Graphic was packing up.

"I'm that excited," confessed Goldie Burke into the nearest open window, "I'm registering ev'ry emotion in the calendar. If Briscoe wants some A-1 close-ups of anticipation, this is his chance."

Mr. Gene Perkins, the melancholy camera man, who in the process of changing his clothes added a festive note to the dim interior with his red flannel underwear, roared and leaped for cover. He was the first to admit that the prospect of departure made for a certain free-masonry among all hands, but there were limits.

"If you don't move on there'll be a close-up of something besides anticipation," he bawled, reaching for a pillow.

She laughed merrily.

"Discovered! Eminent camera man as September morn! Believe me, Gene, you're some rosy sunrise!"

She hurried away laughing, followed by a grunt and the missile. As a matter of fact, Miss Burke was taking no chances today. In the course of her long and cold exile, there had spread through the camp an heretical doubt as to whether, after all, she really was or was not a blonde. This morning laid that question forever. She was a sunburst.

"Dearie," she told Miss Tanner as the latter packed, "we go day after tomorra, and if things don't move faster, I'll be eighty by then."

"Well, what's a couple of years, more or less, between friends, Goldie? This is the age of tangoing grandmas, you know."

Miss Tanner accepted the fact of the break-up serenely now, and was reacting somewhat to the all-pervasive air of gladness and holiday.

"Well, you little tabby!" gasped Miss Burke. "I didn't know you had it in you. But say, dearie, let me slip you a secret; do you know, I'm goin' back to my husband!"

"Your what?"

The other sat down aghast on the edge of her bed. With gossip still at fever heat over Temple's wife this would be too much.

"You heard me. I feel that excited and strung up and trembly! Oh, he's the *grandest* man, if he is old!"

"Who is?"

"My husband. You know him—that old guy with the square specs and the knee pants. Sure, you know. Pa Knickerbocker. Blooey-blooey, darling! Remember, you *would* have it!"

She departed, crowing over the other's disgusted chagrin. Five minutes later she almost ran into Jack Baillie on Broadway, who, bent beneath a load of belongings, was headed for the supply depot at the end of the street.

"Hullo, infant! Say, what's the scheme of this riot anyway?"

He scowled at her familiarity but swung down his heavy pack. Then as he wiped his brow he explained. The hundred miles to civilization were to be covered on foot by the entire Graphic party, a comparatively simple matter since they would merely follow the frozen Onipee River south to the point where it touched the railroad. Briscoe counted on doing the distance in less than a week. The question of transporting baggage had been solved in two ways.

One of the big river scows had been set on runners, and in this would be carried such supplies, props, costumes and clothes as the company could not spare. At the same time all the trunks would be stacked in the prop shanty until spring when Fleming Magregor would send them up the river to the railroad. By this scheme Briscoe was remedying as best he could his one error of judgment in permitting his people to bring such a quantity of personal luggage. At the time of coming north, with open water and downstream navigation, it had been an easy matter to freight it all to camp. But now there were not dogs enough to haul it back.

Miss Burke listened respectfully and asked intelligent questions. Baillie visibly expanded.

"By the way," inquired the lady mildly as he paused, "what do you stick around

here workin' all the time for? You're young. You ought to have some pleasure in life. Why don't you go down to the fort and spark that girl?"

Baillie, taken off his guard, whirled upon her. Would they never quit baiting him about that business?

"Her!" he sneered. "I'd as soon think of sparking you!"

Miss Burke simpered and gave him a kitenish push.

"Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!" she said, and ran laughing down the street.

Baillie cursed after her fervently. Why were they always raking up that affair when he cared no more than the snap of his finger for the girl? Why, he wouldn't have her as a gift, now! That nonsense was ended.

It had indeed reached a very definite ending during the three days since Gertrude Temple's funeral. No one had known of it but himself, for there had been no questions asked when, one afternoon, he opened the door of the bunkhouse stove and tossed into the flames a crumpled letter that events had rendered useless even for revenge. His only desire now was to get back to New York and be rid of this rotten crowd.

Swinging his load up again he went on. Near the sleigh-boat which some of the men were packing, he saw Goldie Burke talking to Paul Temple who was grinning broadly. All about him through the curtain of falling snow people were shouting or laughing with the joy of release, like children out of school.

"Damn it!" he growled. "If there's anything I hate, it's seeing people happy for no reason on earth!"

THROUGH all this activity of preparation one dominant figure was missing. Tom Briscoe, having seen things well under way, had disappeared. Not one in twenty of his people would have guessed him to be in the living room at Fort McLeod in solemn conclave with Fleming Magregor and June. Yet there he was, and for an hour they had been discussing the renewal of his offer to take June south with him and make her a personage.

This offer was not unknown to the factor, for the girl had told him of it during one of the long talks they had had since their return to Fort McLeod. He was in a way prepared to meet the crisis, but now the

three had reached a deadlock in the discussion.

"Of course I should like to go and it would be a wonderful opportunity," June was saying quietly to Briscoe, "but under existing conditions it's impossible. I will not leave my father." She glanced affectionately at the older man who sat fully dressed in a great chair near the fire, his leg pillowed straight before him. "We have always lived together, and now when he is almost helpless, it's out of the question to ask me to go."

The factor smiled and shook his head.

"Ah, ye're a gude lass," he said, tenderly, "but I can't agree. It would be wrong of ye to stay, and worse of me to let ye. The world's aye different with us than it was four months ago. Then ye knew nothin' but the spring fishin', and the fall huntin', the *brigades*, and the traps. But that's gone now and ye could never find happiness in it again. The world's come to ye, and ye must go to the world."

She made as if to speak, but he held up his hand. Briscoe, wise in silence, was studying the girl with the keen eyes of appraisal. He saw in her face what Paul had already seen there, the woman look, in contrast to the untroubled girlishness of their first meetings. "She's lived," thought the director.

"What would your life be if ye stayed, my dear?" insisted the factor. "Isolation, loneliness—you'd feel that now—and nothing to look forward to except marriage, perhaps, with some decent white trader." Briscoe saw June's hands close suddenly. "You're educated—which has nothing to do with colleges; and you're a lady—which has nothing to do with society. Your opportunity has come, and I want you to take it. We will both be happier if you do."

It was a long speech for Magregor, a fact which showed him to be deeply moved. For several minutes after he ceased speaking there was silence in the room except for the crackling of the birch logs and the comfortable tick of the old clock on the mantelpiece. Then June replied.

"I can't do it, father," she said, with low finality. "I could never forgive myself if I left you to spend the rest of your days here alone. And furthermore, I don't want to do it. It would spoil any happiness I might find away from you. That's my decision and you can't change me."

A slow smile broke over the factor's face as he pressed the tobacco he had been shaving from a plug into the bowl of his pipe. Briscoe, uneasy now, squirmed in his chair, restraining with an effort, an almost uncontrollable impulse to leap to his feet and ramp up and down the room, erupting arguments that would crush all opposition. But reason told him that such a course would only insure failure. He had made his plea and painted his allurements earlier. Fate must take its course.

Magregor lit his pipe, a deliberate and artistic proceeding with him.

"Since ye've said that, now I'll tell ye something," he smiled, his head surrounded by a nimbus of smoke. "I've never yet explained why the Commissioner sent for me to come to Moose Factory, have I?"

"No." She shook her head. In the confusion of events following that trip she had entirely forgotten its purpose.

"Well, he told me that after this winter the Company intended to discontinue Fort McLeod. Every winter the fur line moves farther north, and we've been out of it now for two years. I've seen this decision coming, and I suspected he would tell me what he did."

He puffed again in silence for a moment.

"Mr. Dufree was verra gude to me," he went on, "I might say flatterin'. He offered me the post at Independence." He paused to let the honor sink in. "But I refused it."

"Refused it!"

"Yes. I'm gettin' old, lassie. I've served the Company thirty-five years, and I'm tired. I've saved my pay, and Dufree has invested most of it for me every year, so I've enough to keep me the rest of my life."

The girl was silent a long while, staring at the floor.

"And you, what will you do—stay here?"

"Till spring, yes. The Indians will take care of me, and by that time this old leg will be gude as ever. That damage on the trip down wasn't really serious and will only set me back a bit. Once I've cleared up matters here and closed the post, I'll come south in the barge with Mr. Briscoe's baggage and join ye wherever ye are. Now lassie, will ye go?"

Without replying the girl sprang to her feet and ran to him, burying her face in his shoulder. His arm went round her and his

hand patted her gently. The next minute she had lifted her head and turned tear-bedewed eyes upon the director.

"I'll go," she said.

Briscoe cannoned out of his chair and strode to the centre-table tugging at a long folded paper in his inside pocket.

"Fine! Great!" he shouted, expressing thus the immensity of his relief. "Here's your contract, Miss Magregor. Sign along the dotted line, and be ready to go day after tomorrow!"

When the formalities had been concluded, Briscoe prepared to go. At the door he turned to his prospective star.

"Temple asked me to say that he'd drop down this afternoon to see you," he admitted, unwillingly, and studied her face. What he saw there during the fraction of an instant sent him away cursing "this love business" as he had never cursed it before.

AT half past two Temple gave over packing and, strapping on his snowshoes, started down the well remembered river trail. It was his first visit to the fort since Gertrude's funeral.

Now too, as then, his happiness hung upon this journey, but to-day he went without the youthful fears and palpitations of the earlier occasion. Life since then had cost him so much in feeling that he held himself under strong leash.

In response to his knock at the fort, June herself opened the door and seeing him, held out both hands in genuine glad welcome. Her soft, dark eyes were bright and a faint color glowed in her cheeks. Paul noticed that she wore a blue woolen dress, and that her hair was piled on top of her head, leaving little curly tendrils in front of her ears and at the back of her neck.

She led the way to the living room maintaining as she went a gay and ceaseless chatter. It reminded him of the child-like garrulity of earlier days, and he smiled with swift tenderness. But when she had seated herself the smile left him.

"June," he said, coming straight to the point as he stood looking down at her, "the time has come for you and me to understand each other." She met his gaze fairly. "The last time I came to see you here, I came to tell you what you know now—that I was married. Before I could do it, Jim Albert arrived with the news of your

father's injury, and I never got another chance."

"You came to tell me that day!" she said, thoughtfully. "I've often wondered if that was why you came."

"You have!" His voice was grateful. "I might have known it. It was like you to grant me that doubt."

"But why did you wait until then to tell me?"

She spoke quietly, but her eyes met his with clear and serious questioning.

"That is what I have come to tell you to-day." He took a turn up and down the room, his troubled, sensitive face bent. "When we first met," he went on, "I didn't tell you because that was something I told nobody. It was purely a matter of business with me, and with Mrs. Temple also—a common enough thing in our profession. Then, when I knew that I loved you, there was Baillie, and I didn't dare tell you."

"Didn't dare tell me!"

He sat down in a nearby chair and leaned towards her earnestly.

"No. Because I was so afraid of him. June, at that time when we had first come north, you weren't the woman you are now. You were just a girl who had dreamed of people like us and of the life we represented."

She lowered her eyes and a slow flush covered her face. She was beginning to understand now. How plain her girlish infatuation for Baillie must have been!

"I kept silent then," he went on, "because I knew I had to fight him for you."

She made no reply. A gust of wind roared through the forest and thundered in the chimney.

"If I had told you I was married," he said presently, "like any other honorable woman you would have immediately put me out of your thoughts. And what opposition would Baillie have had then? Oh, don't you see! I had to fight him with something . . . I knew he would defeat himself if he only had time enough, but I had to do something to hold him off until he did. That is the reason I told you I loved you then, though God knows it was the truth!"

Moment by moment she saw more clearly; her perplexities unravelled like a knotted string when the key strand is pulled.

"And everything happened just as you knew it would," she said slowly, "and oh, when I realized how—base—he was! . . . For awhile I didn't want to live. Not because of him, but because it seemed as if nothing was good—or true."

"I know," he replied gently, "and that's why I stayed away so long then. Because I knew what you were going through, and I was afraid of myself—afraid I wouldn't have the strength to keep control and do the thing I must if I came."

She saw it all now, how, in every step of their relationship he had sought, despite the cost, to do the honorable thing; not without struggle, for he was human, but with eventual triumph. And tears filled her eyes. She rose suddenly and turned away from him so that he could not see.

He, too, got to his feet.

"And that's all," he said, wearily. "Can you forgive me? Have you any faith in me left?"

She turned back to him swiftly, careless now of her wet eyes.

"Any faith left!" she cried, her voice thrilling as he had never heard it. "Oh, Paul! Except for one awful day—the day I first learned—I've never doubted for a moment. How could I doubt when through everything you have been the one person that stood to me for honor, and the goodness and truth of life. I felt, I *knew* that in this you couldn't have done wrong, that behind it all was some good reason. And now you've proved it true, just as I knew you would!"

She stood transfigured by the glory of her faith, and he looking deep into her eyes, down to her very soul, knew then that all he had hoped and dreamed of her love had come to pass. A little sound broke from him, a sound of awed wonder, and he caught his breath. Then he stepped towards her with outstretched arms.

"June! Oh, my beloved!" he whispered, and she with eyes like stars, came to him gladly, radiant in the proud humility of surrender.

Their lips met, and in that exquisite moment were swept aside all the doubts and fears of their long desire. The futile past became only as an evil dream, and they faced forward together, eager for the new life that opened before them so glorious and full of promise.

THE END.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

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Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Which Will it Be?

MR. PRIM at the problem photoplay: "There is one code of morals for men and another for women now; but I feel that they will have the same standard before long."

Miss Flapper, with interest: "Oh, Mrs. Prim! which one do you think they'll settle on?"

Downing Gould, East Falls Church, Va.

Not a Beach Scene

IT was a wonderful water scene and beautiful girls were shown diving from the high rocky cliffs into the swirling breakers.

"I wonder where that was taken," said the girl to the young man whose arm was draped around the back of her chair; "it must be California."

"Oh, no," positively declared the y. m., "that isn't California; the beach out there isn't as high as that."

C. B. Smith, Chicago.

No Chance for Happiness

FLORA: "Did you know that Ethel and Jack had broken their engagement?"

Dora: "Why, I thought they were perfectly devoted."

Flora: "So they were, but Jack is nearsighted and can't see the pictures from the back of the house where she has to sit because she is farsighted. They realized that they could never be happy separated most of the time."

A. M. Bunting, Wilmington, N. C.

"E" X "IT" = What?

"BUSTER," an important member of the family, was just cutting his arithmetical teeth at school. He had been to the movies but a very few times.

One evening he evinced much interest in the red-lighted sign over the door near his seat. At last he twisted over to his father.

"Papa, how can they multiply 'E' times 'It'?"

Jesse H. Lide, Jr., Corinth, Miss.

A Timely Objection

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Helen and her mother were deeply interested in the acting of the child star.

"Wouldn't you like to be an actress like that little girl?" asked the mother.

Before little Helen could reply, came the sub-title "Twenty Years Later."

Helen hesitated a moment. "No, mama," came the carefully considered reply; "I'd get old too quick."

F. Confal, New York City.

It Was a Long Roll

THEY came into the theater after the names of the cast had been flashed and there was some discussion as to who was playing the lead.

Then came a fight between the blonde hero and the moustached heavy and the latter was tumbled over a steep embankment.

"Well," sapiently remarked her escort, "it looks as though the blonde fellow is the hero, but the one with the moustache is taking the leading roll."

Chad Goldsberry, Grace, Idaho.

Father Went the Other Way

THE poor little ingenue was weeping over her father's body and the screen flashed the following sub-title: "Father has gone to meet mother in the Great Beyond."

Whereupon the village wit, inspired by father's mode of living, remarked audibly: "She doesn't care what she says about her mother, does she?"

Dorothy Smith, Ithaca, N. Y.

Shades of Stevenson!

SOPH: "Did you see that play, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'?"

Fresh: "Yes. Gee, wouldn't it make a great book?"

L. K. Paquin, Michigamme, Mich.

HINTS ON PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke



Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario editors and writers in the world. In addition to a large number of smaller film stories, many of the most interesting features are his creations.



XIII

THE *plot* is the thing. The *original plot*. Have you got one? If you have, guard it as carefully as the pupil of your eye. Be careful to whom you submit it. Do not whisper it, even to your best friend. An original plot for a photoplay means big money these days; and, like a rare postage stamp, gains in value every day—provided, of course, that some one else does not hit upon the same idea and market it before you do. There is, unfortunately, always that danger to be reckoned with.

I do not believe there is much danger in having an original plot pirated by the members of any reputable scenario department, because if a staff-writer should be once caught and denounced as a literary pirate, he would be blacklisted from New York to the Pacific Coast. And, nowadays, "readers" are being employed by the foremost film producing companies, and the staff-writers do not have the handling of scripts submitted by free-lance writers until they have passed through the readers' hands, so the purloining of a submitted plot would surely be detected, if any staff-writer felt inclined to be dishonest; which I very much doubt, because (with one exception) I have always found them to be as honorable a set of ladies and gentlemen as one might meet in a year's march.

But if you submit an original plot to some of the fake concerns which claim to be able to find a market for photoplays—*look out!* You may as well take off your hat to your original plot, and say, "Good-bye"—or, perhaps, "Au revoir" would be the more sensible parting, because you will probably meet it on the screen, but *not* with your own name

attached to it as the **author** of the play.

Now, as regards the **current** or future market for photoplays, in which all writers are interested, it is becoming more difficult to give bona fide advice to free-lance writers, because the producing companies are so continually changing the subjects and the lengths of their productions.

Some of the old reliable companies are abandoning the one and two reel pictures altogether, and are going in solely for five reel Features, while others, having found the so-called "Features" a losing game, are reverting back to the short subjects. They are like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. They don't know what to do, and for advice they are relying largely on a fickle public; so it is on that same fickle jade the writers have to depend, and, believe me, she keeps us all guessing!

A number of writers are submitting and marketing their synopses only, leaving it to scenario departments to work their plots into proper scenario form. Perhaps they are wise in doing this; some scenario editors prefer it. But the reason they prefer it is because so few free-lance writers give thought and care to the working out of a script, nor do they give the little touches of originality to scenes that go so far to make a pleasurable photoplay.

Merely doping out your story, scene by scene, and only bearing in mind its logical continuity, does not constitute a worth-while photoplay. We see many such produced on the screen, and they, somehow, fall flat. There is something missing. They are eggs without salt. They are homes without children. They may be good stories; they may

please us, and all that—but they lack something badly, and that something is the Master Touch.

Now, you can give your story that Touch if you will only give the thought and care that is necessary when evolving your scenario. Remember that there may be as much expression depicted by a "close-up" of a hand or a foot, deftly inserted in a dramatic scene, as there may be in a semi-distant view of a whole human body. And, above all, *create suspense*.

In the January issue of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE I endeavored to give a practical exposition of what I mean by the "Creating of Suspense," so I will not bore you with a repetition. You do not always require a strong dramatic situation or climax to create suspense, as I tried to demonstrate in that article; but you should keep it up right throughout your whole scenario, if you can. It's the little deft touches that count. Put salt upon your egg—bring in the little touches of Nature that strike the human chord in every country in the universe.

A "Close-Up" of an infant's tiny foot, with the weeny toes wiggling, will entice a lump to every woman's throat—if her heart is not a stone. A man may smile at the flashed scene, but if he's a father, and away from home, it won't seem altogether a ridiculous thing to him. It has struck a chord within. It's that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin!

If you decide to sell the plot, or synopsis, of your story, without going to the trouble of working out the full scenario, you must bear in mind that you must not expect to receive one-fourth the price that you otherwise might demand. Thirty-five dollars is the most you may expect for a bare synopsis, for a one reel production, whereas one hundred and fifty dollars is by no means an unusual price for a well worked out original scenario. Think it over.

I cannot too strongly advise magazine story writers to reserve the film rights to any stories that contain plots original and strong enough to be made into film productions. Sell the serial rights only to the magazines. Very often the film rights will net you thrice

the amount you may receive for the serial rights, and surely the author is the one who should be entitled to all that may accrue from the efforts of his or her brain.

I, myself, adapted a magazine story for a five reel feature not long ago, for which the film producing company paid one hundred dollars to the publishers of the magazine. I know the author of the story, and he told me that he sold *all rights* to the publishers for thirty-five dollars, and he felt, naturally, aggrieved. However, he will be wiser in the future.

On the other hand, if you can write fiction, which every photoplay writer should endeavor to do, you should reserve all fiction rights to the plot embodied in your scenario. You are entitled to reap all the benefits, and no fair-minded scenario editor will refuse you if you demand the reservation when submitting your script.

On every hand we hear the wail from the producers, "What are we going to do when all the stage plays and books have been filmed? From where are we going to get our stories?" Simpletons. They are like men who have just partaken of a full Christmas dinner and who suddenly find another substantial meal placed before them. They can't see the excellence of the food, because they cannot relish a sirloin steak after a fill-up of turkey. But the steaks are the mainstay of these same men. They must fall back on the steaks—and that is on you free-lance writers and your original photoplays especially written for the screen. It is from the real, live, original photoplays that they have made their money, and not from adaptations from stage plays and books. That is why I sincerely urge scenario writers not to feel discouraged if their efforts have not borne fruit the past year or so; there is a big change coming in the policy of all the film producing companies, and more attention is going to be paid to the merits of the stories themselves, and not to the source from whence they came.

The average magazine story contains as much "plot" as the average long book or stage play, and the average scenario which

If you submit an original plot to some of the fake concerns which claim to find markets for photoplays, LOOK OUT! You may as well take off your hat to your original plot and say "Good-bye," or perhaps "Au Revoir" . . . because you will probably meet it on the screen.

is evolved by the writers who have made it their business to study the screen and its possibilities, contains more originality than either of them, nine cases out of ten. Here is one case which will go to prove what I claim, and which may be of interest to mention.

A short time ago the general manager of the Equitable Motion Picture Corporation handed me a number of synopses of the plots of stage plays and books for which the company had contracted to purchase and which they intend to have adapted in scenario form, and he asked me to select one of them to start to work on, for a five reel production. Well, I read them all conscientiously, and did not find a really original plot in any of them, except one—and that one I had left until the last, because it had no title attached to it, nor was the author's name mentioned, and it was crudely and, evidently, very hurriedly written.

The synopsis was short, but I had not read beyond a few lines when I realized that I had struck a "picture story," and a great plot, with a wonderfully original and vital "punch"—I threw the other junk aside, and joyfully announced that I had really found a story at last that any scenario writer would gladly bend his best energies to, with the knowledge that it would be a sure-fire hit. What was my surprise when I was informed that the synopsis had been written the night before by Mr. Milton C. Work, the vice president and director general of the company, who had had the plot in his head for some time and, fearing to divulge his name lest the theme might be considered not strong enough, had written it hurriedly in a couple of hours, and had slipped it in among the bundle of synopses of the stage plays and books which were to be handed to me, to make my selection. Mr. Work could hardly believe that he had really written a wonderful film story, and I was equally surprised when he informed me that it was his first effort in that line.

Well, the result could not be otherwise. Here was a gentleman who is continually and closely watching pictures on the screen, and here was a child of his brain that had

been long fomenting—waiting to be displayed to the light of day. He had evolved a story especially intended for film production, and not one for fiction publication or stage exploitation, and it, naturally, carried far more value in the field for which it was intended.

And so it must be with you, brother and sister scenario writers, who have original plots that will lend themselves to photoplay production. They are bound to find their proper niche in the proper time. They may have been rejected many times, but you may eventually be glad of that, because every day they are becoming more valuable, as original plots are growing scarcer and scarcer, and those that were scornfully rejected a year ago will probably be eagerly scrambled for in a few months by the hungry producers.

I am endeavoring, as far as in my power and as conscientiously as I can, to make these "Hints" useful alike to the seasoned scenario writers and to the novices who are entering into the photoplay field, or contemplating doing so. To the staff-writers in salaried positions these articles can, naturally, be of little value, but to those who are living at considerable distances from the centers of film operations any reliable information that may assist towards marketing their efforts must be (I am hoping) of interest. These articles are written, naturally, some weeks before going to press,

and the photoplay market is changing so rapidly these days that announcements I may make at this present moment regarding the requirements of various scenario departments may be contra to their policy by the time the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appears on the news-stands. That is why I am chary of giving information on this point, and if I am some-

times in error in matters of this kind I must ask our readers not to blame me—I am only trying to give useful information as I know it to be at the moment of writing the article. It is impossible to portend what a month, or even a week, may bring forth in the way of changes in the photoplay market.

Major Jasper Brady, scenario editor of the Vitagraph Company (who is the brother of Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the famous

They may have been rejected many times, but you may eventually be glad of that, because every day they are becoming more valuable, as original plots are growing scarcer and scarcer and those scornfully rejected a year ago will probably be eagerly scrambled for in a few months.

author), recently announced that the Vitagraph Company is now paying better prices for well worked out scenarios and comprehensive synopses. He favors the free-lance writers, and last month the Vitagraph Company paid out over \$2,000 for scripts from parties who are free-lancing. Major J. Brady has a keen eye for an original plot and delights in a story full of stirring action, with an element of suspense throughout.

Mr. George Dubois Proctor, editor of the Gaumont Company, also announced recently that this company is now paying better prices than ever before, and that he is anxious to secure good, carefully worked out five reel photoplays that can safely be produced in Florida, where their main companies are at present working.

Mr. C. B. (Pop) Hoadley is now sce-

nario editor of the American Film Company, situated at Santa Barbara, California, and good "Western" dramas in either scenario or synopsis form will receive careful consideration at his hands. They must be unusually strong, however, because our old friend "Pop" is a mighty good and critical judge of a photoplay.

The Universal Company (eastern branch, 1600 Broadway, New York City) is hungry for strong one and two reel dramas and comedies—no slap-sticks—and Mr. Shephard, the scenario editor, gives prompt decisions on scripts submitted. He is particularly anxious to secure some good, strong two reel subjects suitable for King Baggot, so writers should miss no opportunity of watching Mr. Baggot's work on the screen so as to get a line on the subjects most likely to appeal for his productions.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*With this issue, Captain Peacocke concludes a year of remarkable articles on photoplaywriting. He has given, in these columns, the most complete and practical primer of film drama ever set forth in any publication or between covers.*

Now comes actual demonstration. Watch these pages, not only next month, but every month, for novel material of extraordinary interest and practical value to every writer, illustrious or unknown, who ever penned a tale of human life and its interests. The big dramas of today are being light-written on the screen, and the screen will be the endless magic page of the future novel. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will open the gates to creative talent.

A Model Scenario

(From which a photoplay success has already been made)

WILL BE REPRODUCED ENTIRE in the next (June) Issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

It will present an actual example of constructive craftsmanship and the technique of scene-building. It has been carefully chosen from thousands of scripts by the editor-in-chief of a great producing company—a company which has never before shared the secrets of its work-rooms in this manner. Here you will see, in blue-print terms of working reality, a concrete expression of this department's suggestions.

For the man or woman who hopes to become a real photodramatist, June PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be a priceless document.

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman sitting in a large, ornate wicker wheel-chair on a paved path. The man, Elliott Dexter, is on the right, wearing a dark suit and a white flower in his lapel. The woman, Marie Doro, is on the left, wearing a light-colored dress. A third person, a man in a uniform, is seated behind them. The path is lined with tall palm trees, and the scene is brightly lit, casting shadows on the ground. A decorative frame with a small eye-like motif is positioned above the couple.

This might be called a Diplomatic Honeymoon, for Elliott Dexter and his bride, Marie Doro, were not only in Palm Beach for wheel-chairing, but upon serious business for The Famous Players. They were enacting principal roles in the Zukor screening of "Diplomacy."

Plays and Players

SHORT STUDIO STORIES ABOUT FILM
FOLK—THEIR WORK AND PLAY AND
THE NEWS FROM COAST TO COAST

By Cal York

A ROMANTIC drama with Anita Stewart, a comedy with Lillian Walker and a drama with Edith Storey. This is the tentative schedule for E. H. Sothern, one of the screen's most notable 1916 acquisitions from the legitimate stage. Mr. Sothern signed a contract for three photoplays with Vitagraph, soon after his announced retirement from the stage. According to early announcement he was to appear in film versions of "If I Were King," "The Proud Prince," and "Captain Letterblair," but a more recent statement by the company had it that the scenarios had not been selected. Vitagraph states that Sothern is to receive \$150,000 for his screen appearances. May 1 has been fixed as the starting date.



Here is a new team of Vitagraph leads—Lucille Stewart and Richard Turner, who now head the company directed by Ralph Ince.



OTHER important defections from the spoken drama during the month were those of Otis Skinner and William Gillette, who for years have been pillars of the dramatic stage. Thus is the last trench of prejudice captured by the new histrionic art. Skinner is to reenact the role of Hajj in a picturization of "Kismet," his most noted play of recent years, for the California Motion Picture company. It will be a ten-reel production and the scenario will be worked out by Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, scenario expert for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, who has already begun his duties at the California studio, San Rafael, Cal. Mr. Gillette will perpetuate "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes" at Essanay's Chicago studio.

THERE are some things even worse than being slammed in the face with a pumpkin pie, one of which is getting hit in the back with a man size pumpkin which has not reached the required ripeness for conversion into pie. Joe Jackson, the tramp comedian, now Keystoneing, was the victim of such a disaster during the frolicsome filming of "Gypsy Joe," and as a consequence, Joe was laid up in bed and "Gypsy Joe's" release will be considerably later than originally planned.

WHICH recalls the fact that William Collier has concluded his engagement with the frolicsome Sennett-ors without sustaining any injuries of a permanent nature, either to face, figure or disposition. Why, the Keystone publicists even sent broadcast the word that Willie was tickled to death with a bathtub dive and just begged for a custard pie stunt. At any rate, he distributed presents to the members of the company, and even the director, upon leaving Keystone to rejoin Kay-Bee.

LUCILLE STEWART has succeeded her sister, Anita Stewart, as leading lady of Ralph Ince's Vitagraph company, the latter young woman to be seen hereafter in plays directed by S. Rankin Drew. Miss Lucille Stewart has appeared in many Vitagraph photoplays, but never as a featured player. She should be thoroughly at home in Mr. Ince's company, inasmuch as in private life she is Mrs. Ralph Ince.

CHARLES MANLEY, who was known wherever moving pictures are shown as the oldest active player in the world, died recently in Los Angeles, a short time after celebrating

his eighty-sixth birthday. "Daddy" Manley, as he was familiarly known, was a circus rider in the early fifties and later he became an actor, playing in the support of Booth, Barrett and other notables of previous generations. Five years ago he joined Universal and played continuously with that company.

FRANKLIN RITCHIE has been doing some quick changes on the Coast. He left Biograph for Ince. Then he forsook the ranks of the bachelors, and now he is with American at Santa Barbara, playing opposite Winnifred Greenwood.

IT is beginning to look like a bumper crop of serials. A company is engaged at Ithaca, N. Y., the home of Cornell *kul-tur*, filming "The Mystery of Mona," with Howard Estabrook and Jean Sothorn leading in the mysterious activities.

HAVING concluded "Diplomacy" for Famous Players, Marie Doro has made good her promise to return to California. She will make her debut with Lasky in "The Heart of Nora Flinn," written for her by Hector Turnbull and Jeanie MacPherson. Director General Cecil B. DeMille is personally directing the picture.

GERTRUDE McCOY, who was with Edison for a long time, has joined Gaumont's Jacksonville, Fla., colony. She is to be starred by that company in five reel photographs.

BUT in Hollywood, they are already getting ready to welcome Geraldine Farrar back to the movie colony and the sunlight stage. Lasky photodramatists are looking up new celluloid vehicles for the noted diva and "Pete Props" has been ordered to move the baby grand back to the vine covered dressing room. Miss Farrar is expected in June.

APRIL 25 should be a memorable date in the court and screen annals of Los Angeles. On that date, in separate divisions of the superior court will be heard the Foy-Keystone and Balboa-Walthall legal controversies. Foy's is the famous custard pie litigation for alleged unpaid salary and Balboa is suing Henry Walthall for \$20,000 for alleged breach of contract.

LOUISE LOVELY is the pulchritudinous Lalliteration recently adopted by the young Universal personage who was successively known as Louise Carbasse and Louise Welch. Carbasse, we are informed, was too difficult of correct pronunciation and Welch probably was lacking in saccharinity.

ZOO NEWS: Fannie Ward has a pet squirrel which answers to the name of Frisbee, and we are informed that the animal recently bit Miss Ward's finger, inflicting a painful wound. Or, so says the Lasky press agent, who through some miracle escaped the squirrel's notice.

WHEN the British Army charged the Arabs in the Pathe version of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," Antonio Carlo, one of the army, was struck in the eye by the wad of a blank cartridge. He has brought suit against Pathe for \$3,200, the first suit under the Connecticut compensation law ever filed by an actor.

INTERESTING story, that about Dorothy Bernard in Los Angeles sending a message by carrier pigeon to William Fox in New York. A perfectly credible tale, too, except for the fact that no carrier pigeon has ever flown half that far. For the benefit of the author, it might be stated that carrier pigeons do not make intermediate stops en route; this bird is alleged to have rested a few days in Milwaukee before proceeding on the last lap of the journey.

BERTHA KALICH, notable exponent of Emotional histrionism, is to emote for the screen in Fox productions. Miss Kalich hails from Lemberg, the most captured city on the eastern front. She starred on the stage in "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Marta of the Lowlands."

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON and Irene Hunt, long time stars of Reliance and Majestic before they were merged into Fine Arts, have become Universa-lights. The fair Francelia, we are told, is to be starred in a "semi-detective serial." Criminologists and censors will be interested in the announcement that "throughout the series, the robberies that



A new and dazzling light at the studio of Metro—Dorothy Green, who is to be starred all by herself.

are committed are only those wherein society will be benefited." In other words, the criminal will be a cross between a denatured Jesse James and a reincarnated Robin Hood.

CARMEN PHILLIPS, who has been indulging in Spanish types, light and heavy, for several years at Universal City, has been recruited by Vitagraph, Western, for the lead in a new serial, "The Hearts of Three." The other two hearts are owned by William Duncan and George Holt. A novel feature of the production is the fact that Miss Phillips will be the only woman on the screen in the first nine episodes.

KEYSTONE must come through with an accounting to Marie Dressler, the heavy-weight comedienne, according to a ruling by the New York supreme court. It is all over Miss Dressler's emoluments from "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which, according to her contract were to be fifty per cent of the profits. And to think that Charlie Chaplin only got a paltry \$75 a week for his work in that picture!

ANOTHER professional pugilist has been vanquished by a screen boxer—shadow boxer probably would be the better term. The winner was William Russell of America and second money went to Al Kauffman, the San Francisco heavyweight, who once came within an ace, and several other cards, of being a champion. Graphic accounts of the battle and knockout were sent out from Santa Barbara, just as though the action hadn't been diagramed and blue-printed by William Parker, the author of "The Bruiser," which is the title of the thriller.

ROSEMARY THEBY and Harry Myers, respectively leading woman and director-leading man of Universal, Eastern, during the last year, have announced the severance of their affiliation with that company.

GEORGE McMANUS, who has been bringing up father for Mr. Hearst's newspapers for many years, and George Herriman, creator of "Ignatz Mouse and Crazy Kat," are now in the movies. Not personally, of course, but via

the pen and the vivid cartoons they evolve.

THOUGH no formal announcement has been made at this writing, it is understood that Gilbert M. Anderson plans to hold a forty-reel "Broncho Billy" revival, production to be made in Florida. Mr. Anderson, who recently disposed of his interest in Essanay, of which he was one of the founders, is said to have received \$80,000 for his stock.



A recent Universal capture, Francelia Billington, who starred in many Majestic-Reliance photoplays.

MABEL VAN BUREN is back with Lasky and her reappearance on the screen for that company will be in the next Blanche Sweet photoplay, an adaptation from "The Sowers," Henry Seaton Merriman's novel. Miss Van Buren played an important role in "Ramona," recently produced in Los Angeles. She was the "Ramona" in the prologue, while Miss Adda Gleason, a former Lubinite, played the title role in the story proper.

DORIS PAWN has become a queen on the Fox chess board. The former Universal personality is to be seen in photoplays directed by Raoul Walsh in the Edendale studio.



E. H. Sothorn, a commanding spire on the dramatic skyline who has turned to the permanent stage.

POLITICAL bees are buzzing around the Los Angeles studios. Producer David Horsley is running for congress and the film folk feel the need of having a representative in the city council to represent the many property owning screen stars. Dustin Farnum, Tyrone Power, Bill Hart, Charley Murray, Colin Campbell and Ernest Joy are among those who have reached the "mentioned" stage in the race for a seat in the council.

IT is just barely possible that we have all been mistaken in our oft-repeated platitude about the camera as a relentless truth-teller.

Anna Held declares that the camera makes her look old; hence is doubtful about a return to the screen.

ENGLAND, apparently, doesn't care whether the island kingdom is torn by revolution or not. The government is considering a plan to bar out all imported films, as a "war economy."

JUST when we were about to give up hope of a new romance of the films to chronicle this month, along comes word of the marriage of Eugene Palette and Miss Ann Slater of the Griffith Hollywood studio. Bobby Haron was the best man at the wedding and there were three bridesmaids, to-wit: Mae Marsh, Dorothy Gish and Lillian Gish. The bridegroom has appeared in dozens of Reliance, Majestic and Fine Arts photoplays and is now a member of the DeWolf Hopper company at the Fine Arts studio.

"LOST—Ten dollar gold piece. Finder please return and receive five dollars." This notice appeared recently on the bulletin board at the Lasky studio. Under it was written: "I offer \$7.50. Victor Moore."

NORMA Nichols, who was Chiquita in Selig's "Ne'er-Do-Well," has gone in for comedy. She is now playing leads with "Ham" and "Bud" for Kalem.

GEORGE BEBAN is back in California as a new star at the Morosco studio after a filming sojourn on the Atlantic side. He will make his next screen appearance in a story of modern Italian life written by himself, and in which Myrtle Stedman will provide the contrast.

VITAGRAPH is to turn out a new serial, "The Secret Kingdom," by Louis Joseph Vance. It will be 31 reels over all and will bear the Texas brand. A company headed by Director Theodore Marston and Charles Richman of "Battle Cry" fame is at San Antonio, where most of the episodes, or chapters or installments, or whatever they will be called, are to be made. Other members of the cast are Arline Pretty, Dorothy Kelly and Joseph Kilgour.

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS" will be the next celluloid vehicle for Mae Murray of Follies fame, who made her screen debut in Lasky's "To Have and To Hold." James Young, once of the World and now of California, is the director. The play is an adaptation of a Belasco stage success.

H. COOPER CLIFFE, the English actor, who has been getting his name in big type on the lurid lithographs of the Fox company, has returned to Metro. His most notable work for Fox was in "A Parisian Romance." He will be seen next in support of Ethel Barrymore.



Screendom's latest bridegroom, Gene Palette, man-of-all-roles at the Griffith Studios.

NED REARDON, a well known Eastern film actor, died in New York the latter part of February after a long battle with pneumonia. He was with Universal for two years, playing in King Baggot's company and had also been with Edison. He was unmarried.

MARGUERITE SNOW has resumed her activities with Metro after an enforced retirement of several weeks, due to an accident which occurred near Savannah, Ga. She was making a wild dash for a train in an old fashioned buckboard, when there was a blowout or something. Anyhow, a wheel came off and Miss Snow was precipitated to the ground—some precipitation, although not a very heavy Snow. A summary of the results showed

three fractured ribs and severe bruises and scratches about the body and face.



Louise Bates looks much too pretty here, for a villainess, but she specializes in heavy leads for Thanhouser.

"THE GALLEY SLAVE," once released by William Fox, has been deprived of liberty by court order. The owner of the old stage melodrama got an injunction because the film company delayed the release beyond the date stipulated in the contract with him. So "The Galley Slave" has joined "The Soul of Broadway" which was also imprisoned, temporarily at least, because of litigation with the Lasky company.

A FILM EXPOSITION is to be held in New York early in May. It will be staged at Madison Square Garden, and, if we are correctly informed, the manufacturers will have all of their film favorites "on display," as well as new contrivances for the theater and studio.

PATHE has annexed Tom Moore of the famous Moore family for the lead in a new serial. Tom has been with Lubin for a long time but his contract recently expired.

FLORA FINCH, who became famous through her work with the late John Bunny, has forsaken Vitagraph. She is now with the Mirror Films as a member of the company headed by Nat Goodwin, which recently invaded Jacksonville, Fla.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has a Super Club, composed of students who are earning their way through school by extra work in the New York film studios. The Club recently conferred the honor of most popular moving picture star on Geraldine Farrar.

IDA SCHNALL made "personal appearances" in connection with the showing of "Undine," in which she was starred, according to New York papers. Yet, we will venture that her appearance was no more personal than it was on the screen.

STEALING scripts has long been regarded by aspiring writers as the favorite indoor sport of scenario editors, but Sidney Drew recently reported to the New York police the theft of a big batch of scenarios from his automobile, while the machine was standing in front of a Broadway cafe. The only funny thing about it was that they were comedies. Having digested that without ill effects, we might inflict the comment that eastern scenario editors are now creating alibis instead of suspense.

LOS ANGELES provides the announcement that Constance Collier is to join Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a speaking Shakespearean revival after the two notable English thespians conclude their film activities on the West Coast. However, Miss Collier's name does not appear in the cast announced for Sir Herbert's New York opening.

RHODE ISLAND penitentiary inmates recently indulged in a scenario contest for prizes given by a film concern. First prize went to a forger, second to a safe-cracker and third to a burglar. "Honorable mention" was won by a highwayman accused of murder. No holler yet against convict labor from the various scenario writers' unions.

ALAN FORREST, the dark eyed screen lover of many early Universals, is engaged in similar activities at the Lubin studio at Coronado Beach, Cal.



And this is dainty Doris Paven, who is now to be seen in California-made Fox photoplays.

BEAUTY hint: Virginia Pearson bathes in liquid clay and indulges in peacock oil massages. Duly subscribed and sworn to by the William Fox publicity artists. This wins first prize this month.

MORE Fox trots: Alma Hanlon's hobby is saving pennies and she saves something like 200 each week. Alma should be transferred to the Los Angeles studio. There are more cafeterias in Los Angeles than in New York.

Photo by Witzel

GYPSY ABBOTT, who ingenued through "Vengeance is Mine" with Crane Wilbur for David Horsley, and then went to Inceville to appear in a Bessie Barriscale photoplay, is back at Balboa. By the way, did you notice that silk-braided suit which Crane wore as the governor in "Vengeance," etc.? And yet it—the play—was advertised as a powerful argument against capital punishment!



© Underwood & Underwood

He doesn't look much like "The Italian" here, but it really is George Beban, who has enlisted with Morosco.

WILMUTH MERKYL, who was once addicted to grand opera and other stage diversions, is a late Metro acquisition. He appears with Olga Petrova in "The Soul Market," which sounds like censor fodder.

SELIG'S Chicago studio went back in commission early last month when Colin Campbell brought his company from Los Angeles to start filming Winston Churchill's "The Crisis." The company is headed by Bessie Eyton, Tom Santschi and Eugenie Besserer. Only the interiors will be made in Chicago and the exteriors in St. Louis.

THE epidemic of name changing is still prevalent at Universal City. Gretchen Lederer henceforth will be known as Blanche Sedear; or does she mean Blanche 'S a dear?

LOUISE GLAUM, head vampire of Inceville, has adopted a chameleon. A very economical pet, zoologists tell us, as one can live many days without eating. In which the

species differs greatly from portrayers of feminine chameleonic characters.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG came back from Cuba in time to lead the grand march at the annual Screen Club ball in New York but she was forced to divide newspaper space with Gail Kane whose diamonds attracted almost as much attention as her body guard of press agents.

A NITA KING, well known autoist, has quit presiding at theater openings for the nonce, and has temporarily deserted the McGaffey Chautauqua circuit. While resting, Miss King is playing the lead in "The Race," a new Lasky offering in which she will be co-starred with Victor Moore, alias Chimie Fadden.

BECAUSE the lady's name had been pre-empted by Essanay, Universal has changed "The Disappearance of Mary Page" to "The Disappearance of Mary Hale." Myrtle Gonzalez is Mary.

IT is not difficult to understand why Valeska Suratt took heaps of cigarets and candy to France for distribution to the convalescent soldiers, but if she is a sure enough pro-ally, why in the world did she take "The Soul of Broadway" along to show them?

FRANK KEENAN is back in harness at Inceville after a six weeks' vacation, most of which was spent in Chicago. The round trip was made by auto with Mrs. Keenan.

TALKING about Inceville, its grand vizier, the redoubtable Thomas H., has burst into song again. This time he is credited with having written the words of "The No-Good Guy," as a tribute to the initial Triangle effort of that name starring William Collier. Victor Schertzinger, Mr. Ince's musical accomplice is accused of collusion.

GLADYS HANSON is now "out west"—Chicago. Essanay recently annexed her for the lead in "The Havoc" in which she is supported by Bryant Washburn and Charles Dalton.

JOHN D. SPRECKLES, millionaire member of the famous sugar family, has purchased the Laemmle interests in Universal, according to "inside" gossip. Mr. Laemmle is said to retain his heavy exchange interests.

NAOMI CHILDERS, Vitagraph's Grecian girl, admits that she is engaged to wed a wealthy candy manufacturer, but she denies that she has any intention of abandoning the sliding reflections.

ETHEL TEARE no longer adds luster to the "Ham and Bud" comedies. The Western Kalem company has promoted Ethel to individual starship and she now heads her own comedy company.

REX BEACH, author of "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-do-Well" and other best sellers which have been converted into photoplays, has joined forces with Lubin. All film rights to his unscreened stories go to Lubin by the terms of the contract. They will probably be filmed at the Western studio.

CLIFFORD BRUCE, we learn from the Metro mimeographs, "started his professional career in Canada, playing opposite Topsy in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show;" but the mean press feller left us completely up in the air by not telling us what the role was.

FROM the same erudite source, we are informed that Little Mary Miles Minter (having successfully encountered her latest fourteenth birthday) is a direct descendant of Governor Isaac Shelby, the first executive of Kentucky.

SIGN of spring: Theda Bara's Chihuahua dog was seen at the studio without his overcoat. No dear, it is not an Airedale; it has no Aire.

AN archery contest among the Sioux Indians, at Inceville, we learn, was won by Charley Thunder-Bull. No, Charley is not a member of the publicity staff; nor even a director in the Ince Corps.

MABEL NORMAND'S contract with Keystone has expired and it is said she will not sign another with that company.



Photo by Moffett
Here is Billie Burke's new leading man Henry Kolker, in the Kleine serial.



Photo by Moffett
Jane Grey, who made good the first time in Fine Arts' "Let Katy Do It," and now with Equitable.



Grace Valentine, of Metro, has junked her snapshot outfit, and now everywhere she goes is a location. This take-me-with-you-to-the-picnic equipment is light in weight and carries a 200-foot spool of standard sized film. Miss Valentine has a large number of prints of her friends which she has made from time to time.

THIS is an account of the man who has written nearly all of Tom Ince's big plays. The Sullivan dramas for condensation and sheer, concentrated force have never been equalled on the screen. His five-act plays are huge novels of actual life. For more than two years this torrent of imagination has been flowing like a runaway California river, pouring forth story after story, unrivalled in situation, unparalleled in human depiction among original photoplay plots. Sullivan's creative quenchlessness, his versatility in invention and his opulent emotion are comparable only to the powers of two great Frenchmen, father and son. Hence the title.

A Sunlight Dumas

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, THE
SPEED-AND-POWER KING
OF AUTHORIAL INCEVILLE

By Alfred A. Cohn

ENDOWED with the corporeal frame of a Bob Fitzsimmons and the virile Celtic patronymic of that notable's predecessor, C. Gardner Sullivan was well equipped, in the beginning, for a forceful career. Lacking imagination, he might have followed in their shifty footsteps, but that mental attribute is the greatest foe of the physical battler. It is the utter lack of imagination that makes the successful ring champion. So because that quality predominated, Sullivan modified the aggressiveness of his surname by featuring the latter half of his baptismal prenomens, and went to work as a reporter.

Contrary to the common belief existing among the uninitiated, a too-vivid imagination is a mental defect in an aspiring news writer, rather than a valuable attribute. This is due largely to the stringency of the various libel laws of our respective commonwealths. So it is related that our hero was not an unqualified success in reportorial fields either in St. Paul, where he spent his cub days or in the various cities of the East. The shackles of fact chafed him and his imaginative faculties were threatened with atrophy.

Then the epidemic of *Americanus Scenarioitis* broke out and he was saved.

It was while trying to inject a "punch" into the headline over a punchless news story, that the big idea was conceived and immediately given



birth by the sight of a check received by a fellow worker for a scenario. Since that time Sullivan has been placing his punches on the screen.

His first photoplay was "Her Polished Family," which was bought by Edison. "The Invisible Power" came next, and Kalem produced it. Then he sold a script to Ince—and kept on selling them to Ince until sixty-one had been accepted by that producer. They had the dramatic high-explosive and Ince at that time was specializing in high-explosive plays. He is yet.

Ince sent for Sullivan in the summer of 1913. He didn't want some other producer to grab this prolific creator of wallop, so it is not remarkable that Sullivan is getting more out of his weekly pay envelope than many of the high priced planets of the screen.

Sullivan is by no means a specialist. Big, virile stories replete with tremendous incidents and fraught with extraordinary situations are his forte; but his is a

versatile typewriter, which can just as readily weave on paper a comedy, over night, if one is required, as a dramatic theme crammed with action.

"The No-Good Guy," William Collier's first Ince vehicle, was done between sunset and sunrise, because the comedian came to Inceville unexpectedly. Ince asked Sullivan if he could have "something" by morning for Collier. Sullivan said he could. He did.

Billie Burke's "Peggy" was also a child of the Sullivan brain. The same mentality gave birth to "The Iron Strain," "The Edge of the Abyss," "The Beckoning Flame," "Hell's Hinges" and a veritable library of other vigorous stories. His plays that have to do with foreign climes and other days are, generally speaking, as regardful of historical verities as those which call for modern locations.

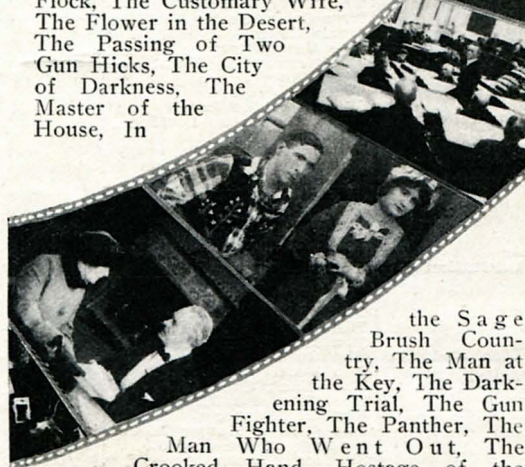
By actual count, this young veteran of twenty-nine has written 154 screen plays, nearly all of which have been produced. Ninety-one of these have been written since he permanently affiliated with Producer Ince. Here are the ninety-one; you probably have seen many of them:

The Substitute, The Italian, The Test of Flame, Parson Larkin's

Big virile stories replete with tremendous incidents and fraught with extraordinary situations are his forte.



Wife, A Tragedy of the North Woods, The Long Feud, The End of the Gallery, The Thunderbolt, The Death Mask, The Robbery at Pine Ridge, The Mill by the Zuyder Zee, Shorty and the Fortune Teller, The Spark Eternal, One of the Discard, The Right to Die, The Sheriff of Muscatine, The Worth of a Life, The Man Who Died, On the Night Stage, The Friend, The Scrub, The Hateful God, The Last of His Line, The Valley of Hate, In the Land of the Otter, The High Card, Shorty and Sherlock Holmes, Destiny's Night, Not of the Flock, The Customary Wife, The Flower in the Desert, The Passing of Two Gun Hicks, The City of Darkness, The Master of the House, In



the Sage Brush Country, The Man at the Key, The Darkening Trial, The Gun Fighter, The Panther, The Man Who Went Out, The Crooked Hand, Hostage of the North, The Face on the Ceiling, The Blackened Cross, the Riddle of the Wooden Leg, Through the Murk, The Toast of Death, The Cup of Life, On the High Seas, The Girl Who Might Have Been, The Midas of the Desert, Satan McAllister's Heir, The Grudge, The City of the Dead, The Rough-Neck, The Shoal Light, Scales of Justice, The Sea Ghost, The Reward, In the Switch Tower, The Man from Oregon, The Kite, The Painted Soul, The Floating Death, The Mating, The Man from Nowhere, Shorty's Troubled Sleep, Between Men, The Conqueror, The Corner, Tools of Providence, The Beckoning Flame, The Phantom Extra, The Iron Strain, Matrimony, The Winged Idol, Honor's Altar, The Stepping Stone, The Golden Claw, Civilization's Child, Peggy, The Edge of the Abyss, The Green Swamp, Hell's Hinges, The Moral Fabric, The Aryan, The Beggar of Cawnpore, The No-Good Guy, The Intruder, Home.

Mr. Sullivan attributes his success to his experiences while a newspaperman, his powers of observation and—hard work. The latter is the chief essential, with close study of human nature an indispensable adjunct. He is also a believer in the potency of the sub-title as the link which perfects the illusion of the photoplay.

"We can never break entirely away

from the spoken drama" he says, "for while the fundamental difference between the two classes of dramatic construction lays in their manner of presentation, the photoplay can never be strictly pantomime, because the sub-title must substitute for the spoken word."

Sullivan declares that he is far from "written out" and that his big photoplay achievements are to come. "The future of this great art" he says, "will not be dependent on astounding locations, awe-inspiring spectacles, or vast armies of players in a single picture. The future of the photoplay lies in its march toward perfection as a delineator of human life—and here it will some day, equal, if it does not surpass, the novel. I want to be in this 'march.'"

All of which will help the old home town, Stillwater, Minn., to forget that its chief claim to fame in the past has been the fact that it contains within its bounds, the state penal institution.

It was in Stillwater that Sullivan got his start in life, the official records of that city showing that he was born in the year 1886. He attended public school in that city and later went to the State University, but he did not remain to graduate.

His first grapple with real life was in a brokerage office in St. Paul and although he did not become enamored of the stock ticker game, his brief career as a "handy man" in the broker's office gave him an insight into the intimacies of the speculation process and taught him how to ruin the ingenue's father in a way that was complete as well as technically accurate, as has been demonstrated on numerous occasions in his plays which deal with Wall Street.

From the brokerage office he plunged into the intricacies of newspaper cubship and after becoming a journeyman reporter, he started journeying as many another reporter has done. Where it led him has already been told.

For those who may be curious about the "C," which precedes the "Gardner" it stands for good old-fashioned "Charles."

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number IV—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

THE Unwilling Bride	A Sultana of the Desert	The Spartacus
Under Oath	The Storm	The Stolen Jewels
Turning the Tables	The Spender	Such a Cook
The Tollers	The Silent W.	Tale of a Tire
Those Goodall Days	The Scapegoat	Targets of Fate
The Play of the Season	The Sands of Dee	The Blank Page
The Living Wage	A Rude Awakening	The Diamond of Disaster
The Haunting Memory	Rip Van Winkle	The Gusher
The Duel in the Dark	The Revenge of Steeple Jack	The Little Girl of the Attic
The Bride of the Sea	The Ruby of Destiny	The Worth of Life
The Telltale Star	Sampson	The Pathway from the Past
Tangled Paths	Scarecrow	The Tiger Slayer
Suburban	The Silent Tongue	True Irish Hearts
Stout Heart but Weak Knees	Spell of the Poppy	Uncle John
The Spider and Her Web	Stop Thief	The Unmasking
The Silver Candlestick	The Suicide Pact	Vampires of the Night
The Scrub Woman	Tale of Two Cities	Victorine
The Sands of Time	The Taunt	The Wanderer
Rule Sixty-Three	The Bondsman	Wealth of the Poor
Riddle of the Silk Stockings	The Doorway of Destruction	When the House Divided
The Working of a Miracle	The Ham Actors	William Tell
The Wolf-Man	The Little Prospector	Within the Law
Winning a Debt from Dad	The Pet of the Petticoats	The Woman Next Door
When the Spirits Moved	They Ran for Mayor	With Father's Help
The Wedding of Prudence	The Tigress	Willful Ambrose
The Warning Cry	The Trust	When the Fleet Sailed
The Village 'Neath the Sea	The Undercurrent	Victorious Jockey
The Vanishing Vases	An Unseen Enemy	The Vampire
Won in the Night	The Vanderhof Affair	An Unlucky Suitor
The Wives of Men	Viewing Sherman Institution for	Uncle Heck, by Heck
Wine	Indians	Trilby
When the Spider Tore Loose	Wandering Bill	The Tiger Cub
Wedding Bells Shall Ring	Wearry Walker's Woes	The Wolf of Debt
The Warmers	Willie Stayed Single	The Parson Who Fled West
Unsparring Sword	The Witness	The Little Cupids
Under Her Wing	The Woman, the Lion and the	The Guiding Light
Tish's Spy	Man	The Devil
Those Country Kids	The Return of Gentleman Joe	The Black Sheep
The Physical Culture Bug	The Rounders	The Tale of a Chicken
The Little Soldier Man	Sally in Our Alley	Such a Business
The Harvest of Regrets	Scarlet Sin	The Still on Sunset Mountain
The Dream Child	Silent Sandy	Sparrow of the Circus
The Bowling Match	The Spartan Girl	Sid Nee's Finish
The Tear on the Page	The Stolen Oil	The Schemers
Taming of Mary	The Suffragette Sheriff	Safety First
The Sunken Treasure	Tale of Twenty Stories	A Round Up in the Hills
The Story of a Story	The Tatooed Arm	The Resurrection
The Spendthrift	The Blotted Page	Witch of Salem Town
The Silent Witness	The Divine Appeal	Spark and the Flame
The Scrub	The Guy Upstairs	Shorty Gets into Trouble
The Sands of Fate	The Little Matchmaker	Scandal
The Ruin of Manley	The Pathway from the Past	The Sacrifice
The Riddle of the Rings	The Wrong Address	Romany Spy
Wives	The Tightwad	Reprisal
Will Minds the Dog	The Truth of Fiction	The Wild Girl
When the Mind Sleeps	Uncle's New Blazer	When Schultz Led the Orchestra
The Web of Crime	The Unnecessary Sex	The Wild, Woolly West
The Wardrobe Woman	The Vanderbilt Cup Race	When the Fire Bell Rang
Wanted a Chaperon	Victors at Seven	The Way Out
The Unseen Vengeance	The Wanderer's Pledge	Waking Father
Under False Colors	Wearry Goes a Wooling	Victims of Speed
The Turning of the Road	When Their Dads Fell Out	The Valley of the Shadow
This is the Life	The Witness to the Will	Unlike Other Girls
The Phantom Extra	A Woman's Mistake	Uncle Dudley's Farm
The Little Runaways	Retribution	Trickery
The Handicap of Beauty	The "Round-Up"	The Tie That Binds
The Double Debt	The Sale of a Heart	The Willy Chaperon
The Bottomless Pit	The Scarlet Lady	The Panther
The Tavern of Tragedy	The Silent Command	The Little Country Mouse

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE MARCH WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 2

First Prize, \$10.00, Mrs. C. Kortey, 4240 N.

Kostner Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize, \$5.00, Miss E. Hirsh, 6703

Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Third Prize, \$3.00, Wm. J. Gately, 1727 E.

Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

Fourth Prize, \$2.00, Grace J. Degen, 128 E.

Grand Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ten \$1.00 Prizes to—Dulcea Garnes, Clendenin, W. Va.; R. Homersham, 376 Ellice Ave.,

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Donald Feen-

naughty, 485 E. 45th St. North, Portland, Ore.;

Evelyn Parsons, 210 6th Ave. N. W., Mandon,

N. D.; Mrs. J. E. Kellett, 711 Crockett St.,

Shreveport, La.; T. N. Chappell, Gunnison, Colo.; Miss Muriel Durkee, Box 1289, Tonopah, Nev.; Mary Detson, Tyron, New Mexico; Hazel D. Carpenter, 1829 N. St. Lincoln, Neb.; Miss Mary Cummings, 17 Williams St., Haverhill, Mass.

THE CORRECT MARCH TITLES

1. "The Arab."
2. "The Haunting Fear."
3. "Little Women."
4. "The Stay-at-Homes."
5. "Her Vocation."
6. "A Foolish Agreement."
7. "Between Men."
8. "For Cash."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the fourth of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



2



3



4

THE PRIZES

1st Prize, \$10.00.

2nd Prize, \$5.00.

3rd Prize, \$3.00.

4th Prize, \$2.00.

Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



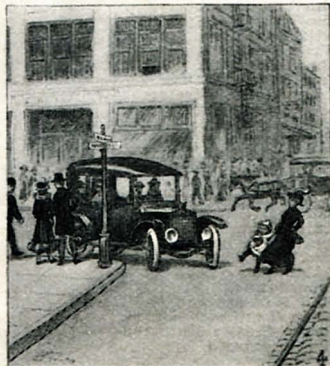
5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before May first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

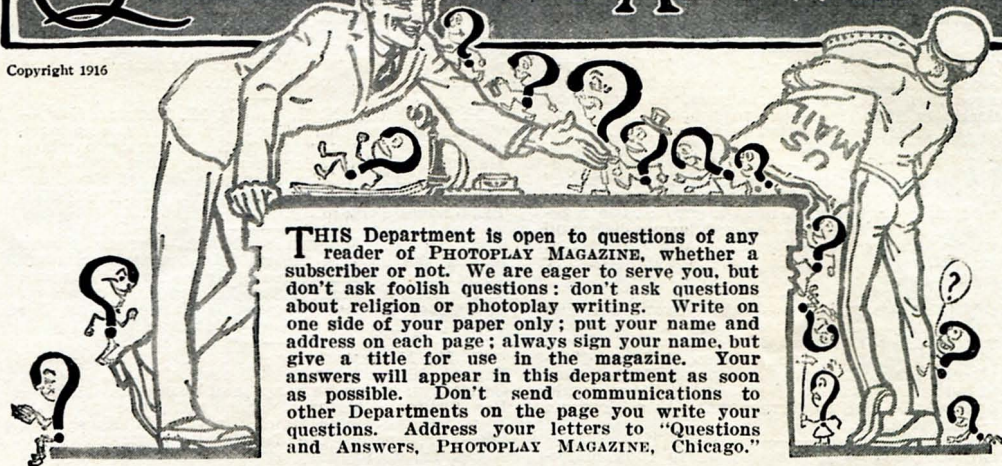
(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| T HE Grudge | Bella Donna | An Hour of Freedom |
| The Desperado | The Woman Who Lied | An Idyll of the Hills |
| The Black Hand | The Secret Sin | An Independent Woman |
| The Substituted Jewel | The Great Vacuum Robbery | An Infant Heartstranger |
| The Stigma | The Lily and the Rose | An Inside Tip |
| The Sparrow | Chimmie Fadden Out West | A Night's Adventure |
| The Showdown | Father and the Boys | A One Night Stand |
| The Scar | The Battle Cry of Peace | A Romance of Old California |
| The Safeguard for Bachelors | A Woman's Past | As in Days of Old |
| Rose of Surrey | The Glory of Youth | At Dawn |
| Rescued by Wireless | The Inner Chamber | Willie Goes to Sea |
| Wild West Lore | Barbara Frietchie | At the Edge of Things |
| When the Call Came | Love Among the Roses | The Atonement |
| The Way of the Transgressor | Madame Butterfly | A Will and a Way |
| Wait and See | The Case of Becky | The Lily and the Rose |
| The Victim | Pro Patria | At the Hour of Eleven |
| Valley of the Moon | The Village Scandal | Doctor Jim |
| Trey of Hearts | The Beloved Vagabond | Where Happiness Dwells |
| Tides That Meet | The Gray Mask | A Bear Escape |
| The Widow | The Reckoning Day | A Woman of Nerve |
| The Other Man | The Luring Lights | A Romance of Hawaii |
| The Little Catamount | The Blindness of Virtue | Around the Corner |
| The Grim Messenger | The Explorer | The Better Way |
| The Third Degree | The Cheat | Between Dances |
| The Better Way | Aloha Oe | The Call of the City |
| The Substitute Widow | The Cave Man | Breaking Even |
| St. Elmo | 'Twas Ever Thus | At 12 O'clock |
| The Spark Eternal | The Broken Law | Business Rivals |
| Scandal in the Family | The Mummy and the Humming- | By the Two Oaks |
| The Safe Investment | bird | At the Phone |
| Roses and Thorns | Peer Gynt | By Whose Hand? |
| The Rescue | The Closing Net | The Chasm |
| Shot in the Excitement | An Image of the Past | A Chip of the Old Block |
| The Valley of Silent Men | Damaged Goods | Dad and the Girls |
| The Tides of Time | Her Stepchild | Where Love Dwells |
| The Orang-Outang | The Reform Candidate | Comrades Three |
| The Defaulter | Let Katy Do It | The White Rose |
| Spark from the Embers | And Then It Happened | Courage |
| Sadder but Wiser | At the Foot of the Hill | The Letter She Wrote |
| The Reprobate | The Baby Benefactor | False Worship |
| A Wild Ride | Baseball and Trouble | A Deed of Daring |
| When Souls are Tried | By the Sea | Dick and Daisy |
| Way of a Woman's Heart | The Cliff Girl | The Ebb Tide |
| The Way He Won the Widow | Baseball Stars | The Elder Brother |
| Way Down East | A Close Call | The Double Shadow |
| The Waif | The Downward Path | An Equal Chance |
| Vicar of Wakefield | The Face in the Crowd | The Comer |
| Valley of Regeneration | Farewell to Thee | When the Tide Came In |
| The Treasure Box | The Fifth Man | A Relic of Old Japan |
| The Thunderbolt | The Getaway | A Daughter of Earth |
| The Wells of Paradise | The Girl at His Side | Manlike |
| The Only Way | The Girl in the Case | The Gap |
| The Light in the Window | Putting One Over | Her Record |
| The Green Idol | Hidden Letters | Framed |
| The Decision | His Jungle Sweetheart | Hearts and Swords |
| The Better Man | His Kid Sister | The Idlers |
| The Substitute Fireman | Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa | His Twin |
| The Way Back | If I Were Young Again | His Two Patients |
| The Wagon of Death | In a Japanese Garden | His Image |
| Wild Irish Rose | Just a Note | Old Man |
| When Reuben Came to Town | Just Like a Woman | The Little Gray Lady |
| The Veteran's Sword | Little Dick's First Case | The Old Tutor |
| Vain Justice | The Little He and She | Playing the Game |
| Trapped by Wireless | Maid and a Man | Just Kids |
| The Thumb Print | Nearly a Lady | One of Our Girls |
| The Only Child | The Old Letter | The Port of Missing Men |
| The Weird Nemesis | One Traveler Returns | The Social Law |
| The Legend of the Black Rock | The Little Mother | Some Romance |
| The Greater Strength | Old vs. the New | Steady Company |
| The Deceivers | The Place, the Time and the Man | The Pretenders |
| The Beauty Bunglers | Playmate | The Stranger |
| Stung | Roping a Bride | The Crucible of Love |
| Station Content | Rose Leaves | The Old Doctor |
| Spades are Trump | Second Childhood | The Leading Lady |
| Should A Woman Tell? | She Gave Him a Rose | Love and Salt Water |
| A Romance of Old Holland | The Up-Hill Climb | Making Good |
| Repentance | Little Sister | Man's Prerogative |
| Wild Flowers and the Rose | The Man, the Mission and the | Merely Players |
| When Quality Meets | Maid | The Message |
| Versus Sledge Hammer | When His Ship Comes In | Mildred's Doll |
| The Vagabond | When We Were Twenty-One | Little Mr. Fixer |
| Trapped | Across the Way | Love's Oblivion |
| A Rival Pitcher | A Day That Is Dead | The Man from the Desert |
| The Substitute | A Girl of Grit | A Man's Shadow |
| The Game | A Hasty Exit | More Than Friends |
| The Idol Worshiper | A Little Teacher | The Mysterious Way |
| The Modern Child | A Lucky Girl | On the Ledge |
| Tiny Hands | A Maid and a Man | One Who Serves |
| The Turning Point | A Man and His Work | Only Five Years Old |
| The Usual Way | A Man's Way | Other Half of the Note |
| When Love Leads | A Mother's Choice | The Range Girl and the Cowboy |
| Victory or Virtue | And He Never Knew | Just Like Kids |
| The Yellow Streak | | |
| Double Trouble | | |

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

A. R., CAMPBELL, MO., and Y. B. S., SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Robert Harron is unmarried and was recently seen in "The Missing Links," with Norma Talmadge. In "The Butterfly on the Wheel," a World film, Holbrook Blinn and Vivian Martin were the husband and wife who became estranged, the husband's friend Collingwood was George Ralph and Lady Atticill was June Elvidge.

W. Y., LEAD, S. DAK.—Marie Doro was born in Duncannon, Pa., May 25th, 1882, the daughter of E. H. Stuart, an attorney. Later Kansas City became her home and St. Paul the city of her stage debut, where she played as Katherine in "Aristocracy," in 1901. She played the part of Dora in the stage production of "Diplomacy," and also in the film version.

J. B., WATERBURY, CONN.—The recent Vitagraph film, "Green Stockings," in which Lillian Walker was seen in the role of Celia, was the screen version of the play by A. E. W. Mason, which was first presented in New York City at the 39th Street Theatre in 1911. Margaret Anglin played the role of Celia. Mr. Mason's address is 17 Stratton Street, W., London, England, and he was at one time a member of Parliament.

M. R. S., GALESBURG, ILL.—DeWolf Hopper was born March 30th, 1862, in New York City. Marguerite Clark played in "Wang," and "Happyland," from 1904-1907, with DeWolf Hopper, and had played in his company in 1902 for a limited engagement. Miss Clark is unmarried. We are glad you received a letter and photograph from Mary Pickford, but we can not say whether the other players will send you pictures or not. Write to them, but do not consider it a calamity if they do not; your letter may reach them as they are in the midst of filming a big play and perhaps be laid aside for the time.

J. S. and D. D., MEMPHIS.—Letters addressed to Mary Pickford in care of the Famous Players' New York office reach her without delay. Edwin Arden's permanent address is 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. He is both an actor and playwright, born in St. Louis in 1864, educated in the schools of that city and first seen upon the stage in support of Tom Keene in 1882 at Chicago. He has played notable roles throughout his career, and of late years has frequently appeared on the screen with the World and with Pathe, taking an important part in "The Exploits of Elaine."

C. C., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—"N. B. I don't want to be a movie actress; you said you thought every girl did!" The exception again comes to the rescue of the rule! Yes, Wheeler Oakman is playing with Selig and you will see him in "The Ne'er Do Well."

B., COLUMBUS, O.—"I read M. M. M.'s remarks about Pauline Frederick in February PHOTOPLAY. Three cheers for M. M. M. for, say what you will, there is no one on the screen to compare with 'Polly' Frederick. If I were an actor I should consider it the greatest honor possible to play opposite her. In 'Lydia Gilmore' she was ideal." Next!

V. M. B., DALLAS and E. K., WINNIPEG.—Your discovery that Edwin August and James Young are one and the same person is rather startling, as the former is in New York with World, whereas the latter is in Hollywood with Lasky. Mary Pickford's birthday is April 8; Marguerite Clark's, February 22. "Tess of the Storm Country" was filmed in and around Los Angeles, "Madame Butterfly" in New Jersey.

H. B., SEATTLE, WASH., and W. B. I., ALTOONA, PA.—Conway Tearle has returned to the stage and has been leading man for Grace George. His home is in London. Gladys Brockwell is with Fine Arts and played in "The Price of Power," as the wife who was deserted when wealth and power came to her husband. She played the part of Vivian Gray in "His Guiding Angel," and Alarie Neal, the bad-man, was Charles Clary. Helen Fulton was Mercy in Thanhouser's "Mercy on a Crutch"; Helen Badgely, the youngster. Creighton Hale was Reuben Whitcomb and Louise Huff, Ruth Stratton in "The Old Homestead."

S. C., HARRISBURG, PA.—Don't ask us to speculate on what players may possibly do in the future; we have enough trouble keeping up with the vagaries of the present. Therefore we do not care to guess whether Marguerite Snow and Jimmie Cruze and Julie Cruze will ever play together, or whether Mary Pickford and Owen Moore will be seen "opposite" again. You are just as good at guessing as we are. "Has Sarah Bernhardt got a wooden leg?" Not so loud? There are a million people listening. Perhaps that is what the press agents mean by "the supporting cast."

P. B. S., GRANVILLE, O., and C. W. B., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Norma Talmadge is with Fine Arts. As we understood the recent Fox film "The Serpent," Theda Bara's life in London, as an actress and as a Red Cross nurse, was a dream and that part of it wherein she imagined the Grand Duke was choking her after his son's death, awakened her.

J. E. M., PRINCETON, IND.—Henry Kolker played in stock in Indianapolis in 1902 though he was engaged there only part of the year. He was born in Berlin in 1874, but came to America when five years old and was educated in Quincy, Ill.

R. J., RICHMOND, VA.—Cleo Madison was interviewed under the title "Cleo, the Craftswoman," in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we will gladly supply you with a copy at the regular price. Miss Madison has red brown hair and gray eyes and she is five feet four inches in height. There will undoubtedly be more pictures of her later on.

T. S., KALISPELL, MONT.—Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are with Universal and may be reached at Universal City; Raymond McKee is with Edison. Charles Ray is at the Ince studios at Santa Monica. Ruth Roland is with Balboa and Mabel Normand with Triangle in New York. They would undoubtedly be glad to correspond with a Montana girl—who wouldn't!

D., BALTIMORE.—It is not wise to send manuscripts to players themselves, as they have very little to do with the selection of plays in which they appear, and they are usually too busy to give them much attention. Address Francis X. Bushman in care of Metro; Robert Warwick, World. Read the "Shadow Stage," for April regarding the play you mention.

L. B. Q., BROOKLYN.—Phillipa Ford, in "The Flash of an Emerald," was June Elvidge. She is a Pittsburgh girl; played on the stage with the Winter Garden company and is also seen in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," and "The Sins of Society." The three are World films. *Mattie*, nicknamed "Red," in "Red Wins," a Selig, was Elsie Greason and the *chorus girl* was Irene Wallace.

A. R., BISBEE, ARIZ.—Yes, Mina Cunard is a sister of Grace Cunard. Billie Rhodes is at Universal City and appears in "The Lion's Breath," a recent Universal comedy in which Ray Gallagher and Neal Burns also play. Flora Parker DeHaven is the wife of Carter DeHaven, the two having played for several years as a vaudeville team.

F. R., WOLLASTON, MASS., and C. R., MEDFORD, MASS.—Fay Wallace is the girl who plays the part of *Madeline Mischief* opposite Robert Edson in "The Caveman," a film produced by Vitagraph. This was her first film appearance but she has played on the stage for a number of years. She created the role of *Dorothy Wells* in the original presentation of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," in 1910, in New York City, following which she played with Edmund Breese in "A Man of Honor," and with William Courtenay in "Ready Money," in 1912. Miss Wallace also played in "Brewster's Millions," and "Polly of the Circus." She was born in Los Angeles and is five feet two inches in height.

L. M. C., BROOKLYN.—Paul Capellani, who plays the part of *Armand* in "Camille," opposite Clara Kimball Young, is a brother of Albert Capellani, one of the leading directors of World. Paul is much younger than his brother, and only recently came to America after a number of years upon the Parisian stage. However, he is not new to films as he appeared in many of the French Pathe films. The "Director Capellani," referred to in the picture on page 29 of the October issue is Albert, whereas Paul is not in the group.

M. K., NYACK, N. Y., and R. M., TOPEKA, KAN.—"David Harum," was filmed by the Famous Players in New Jersey, while "Still Waters," in which Marguerite Clark is featured, was taken at Easton, Penna. Address Miss Young in care of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, 126 West 46th St., New York City.

E. M. M., WALLKILL, N. Y.—Tyrone Power played the lead in Selig's "Agony of Fear," but he is now with Universal. Jack Standing is one of the sons of Herbert Standing and has been seen in Pathe, Famous Players, ("Fanchon and the Cricket"), Lubin and Ince-Triangle films.

C. H., MILWAUKEE, and H. W., CHICAGO.—William S. Hart's address is Inceville, Santa Monica, California, where he plays and directs in the Kay-Bee Triangle pictures. You will have to write Matt Moore (in care of Universal's New York office) regarding the legitimate engagement referred to, as it is impossible to keep track of all of a player's various small town appearances during his early career.

H. H., NEW YORK CITY.—Creighton Hale is his name in private life as well as on the screen and stage. He and Pearl White are at the Pathe studio in the east. Miss White has red hair and green eyes and is not related to Creighton Hale. He was born in Ireland and she in Missouri. Creighton Hale, Pearl White and Sheldon Lewis are the featured players in Pathe's "Iron Claw" serial, now on the screens.

M. R., SANTA CRUZ, CALIF., and M. E. M., REGINA, SASK.—Winifred Kingston is playing at the Morosco studio. Wheeler Oakman who appears in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," from the Selig studios, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1890, and was on the stage before joining Lubin, from which he went to Selig. He is five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is one of the chief characters in the "Ne'er-Do-Well."

C. E. C., HARTVILLE, O.—Here they are: Edna Mayo, Essanay, Chicago studio; five feet five inches in height, light hair, blue eyes, born in Philadelphia in 1893; Dorothy Gish, Fine Arts studio, a little over five feet in height, light hair, blue eyes, born in Dayton, Ohio, 1898; Vivian Martin, Fox eastern studio, a little over five feet in height, light hair and blue eyes, born near Grand Rapids, Michigan, about twenty years ago; Juanita Hanson, Keystone studio, very blonde hair, portrait in this month's Art Section. Edna Mayo was "The Girl on the Cover," of the April issue of PHOTOPLAY and we shall be pleased to send you a copy on receipt of 15c.

(Continued on page 166)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1916.

Editor—Julian Johnson, Chicago.

Business Manager—James R. Quirk, Chicago.

Publisher—Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

Owners: Edwin M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; Robert M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; G. E. Still, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 3rd day of March, 1916.

[SEAL.]

JAMES R. QUIRK.

ROBERT HARVEY GILLMORE,
Notary Public in and for Cook County, Ill.
(My commission expires June 2, 1919)



Polish and Protection for the Finest Finishes

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Fine finishes require proper care—whether on furniture, woodwork, floors or automobiles. A thin, glasslike coat of transparent wax, rubbed to a polish, preserves and protects the finish from dust, grime and dampness, adding years to its life. Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry polish to which dust and dirt cannot adhere. It never softens in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body—consequently does not finger mark.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is just as necessary around the house as soap—keep a can always on hand for polishing your piano, furniture,

woodwork, floors, linoleum and all leather goods. It is just the thing for automobile bodies, golf clubs, gun stocks, etc.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

will remove spots and stains that other cleaners won't touch—unequalled for use on badly stained floors, woodwork, furniture, bath-tubs, sinks—and in fact all wood, metal and enamel surfaces. Particularly good for ink spots. Just the thing for white enamel of all kinds—woodwork, iron beds, etc.

Johnson's Cleaner contains no grit or acid—it will not scratch or injure the finest finish.

We shall be glad to send you gratis a copy of our beautiful new 25c color book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." It is chock full of valuable ideas on home beautifying.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

PP5

I enclose 10c for a trial can each of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—also book on home beautifying.

Name

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MAVIS



The Symphony of its floral fragrance typifies not the crash of cymbals, nor yet the grandeur of stringed pieces—but rather the simplicity of a sweet voice singing—

*"O! Mavis, Mavis, Mavis,
The birds are calling you sweet."*

At the better stores
Mavis Toilet Water, 75c
Extract . . . \$1.00
Face Powder 50c
Talcum . . . 25c

Vivaudon, (Dept.
16, Times Building,
N. Y. C.) will
send you a generous
sample of Mavis
Extract for 15c.



Vivaudon
Paris

The Heart of Paula

(Continued from page 51)

"I'll keep the wires hot," he said, "but I'm afraid nothing will be accomplished in time. It's because they count on that, that the Mexicans dare do these things."

The news of the American's sentence spread swiftly through the town, and Paula heard of it through the chatter of the streets. For a moment her heart failed her, but at the thought of Pachmann's perfidy, it hardened again.

That afternoon on the plaza she encountered the American woman known to her as Pachmann's wife, and, with a sudden fierce impulse, confronted her.

"So you are the Americano's wife!" she said through set teeth. "Well," and her eyes glittered, "he may have loved you first, but he loved me last!" And she burst into wild laughter.

The other shrank back from her, a pitiful look of amazement on her tortured face.

"Bruce!" she said. "He is not my husband. He is my brother, Bruce McLean. My husband was to have come, but Bruce would not let him because of these very things that have happened. Oh—"

"Your brother! Not your husband!" It was an agonized whisper. The girl stood like one turned to stone, her eyes dilating. "Your brother!"

"Yes, it was because he was not married that he came down here. He overtook John in Nogales, Arizona, and made him stay behind. The papers were all made out in John Pachmann's name, so Bruce had to use that name until he got out of Mexico." She stopped. "And are you Paula?" she asked, after a pause. "Bruce has told me."

In that anguished moment the girl prayed to die. The realization of what she had done closed like a hand about her throat, choking her.

"Yes, and I have betrayed him," she said, dully. "And now Pacheco will kill him. Listen!"

That long night of horror passed for Paula in intervals of frenzied prayer and of waiting for word of relief from Briggs. But when none came, at the first gleam of day, she arranged her dishevelled clothing and hurried to the consulate. There she found Claire Pachmann and Briggs, both exhausted by sleepless hours beside the telegraph instrument. At Paula's appearance, the consul looked at his watch, and shook his head hopelessly.

(Continued on page 158)

Improves your skin while cleansing it

Almost any soap will *clean* the skin and hair. Many toilet soaps are pure enough to do so without injuring these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses but actually *helps* the complexion and hair are wise to choose Resinol Soap.

The soothing, healing properties of Resinol help it to *protect* the skin and scalp from annoying eruptions, keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous. This, soaps which are *merely* pure and cleansing cannot be expected to do.

When the skin is in bad condition, through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, spread on just a little Resinol Ointment for ten or fifteen minutes before using Resinol Soap. Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists.



Resinol Soap

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a rich, creamy lather that *soothes* the face.

He turned into the next room but stopped before the flag that framed the arch, the flag he had loved so well and served so long. His wrinkled hand touched it tenderly and reverently, but again he shook his head. And Paula herself wondered what, after all, it stood for.

Then, leaving Claire weeping hysterically, she rushed out into the street and straight to the barracks.

"Colonel Pacheco's quarters," she gasped to the sentry.

Paula's knock on his door was answered by a snarl, and she entered to find him sitting on the edge of a table drinking a cup of coffee.

"Ah," he said, slowly, and rose to his feet.

"The Americano!" pleaded the girl, white and trembling. "Save him! By all the saints I implore you!"

A spasm of fury convulsed the man's cruel face.

"Never! The American pig! I wish I could make him suffer the torments of hell!"

"Colonel Pacheco,—oh, God, help me now—he must not die! I will pay anything, do anything—!"

He regarded her with a sudden significant look that bared his yellow teeth.

"Anything?" he repeated, slowly. "Then there is a price. Give yourself to me and the gringo shall go free."

For a long minute she stood there. It was as if she were some Galatea from whom the warmth and flush of life were slowly departing, to leave her cold, numb, responseless marble. Feeling and sensation seemed to go together.

"I will come to you," she said, dully, at last. And then, as with a little cry he leaped towards her, she raised her hand. "No. Tonight, when I have positive proof that the Americanos are across the border."

Doubt flickered in his eyes a moment, but her proud head lifted.

"You have the word of a Figueroa!" she said.

Pacheco acted at once, snapping quick orders at a staff captain who came to his shout. Then the captain, with Paula, ran breathless and almost despairing across town to the little unkempt cactus-filled cemetery where the execution was to take place. The firing squad had their rifles at the "Ready" when the word came.

(Continued on page 160)



Mary Fuller wears

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

because they are shaped to fit the foot, ankle and calf, without a single seam anywhere. Knitting—in the shape by a patented process gives a stylish, snug fit with unbroken smoothness. Doing away with seams gives genuine comfort. Burson Hose are reinforced at all points of wear with double toes, soles, double high spliced heels, and strong elastic garter tops.

Made in Regular, Outsize, Rib Top, Trunk Top and White Sole Styles in Art Silk, Mercerized, Lisle and Cotton Yarns.

Prices, 75c, 50c, 35c and 25c.

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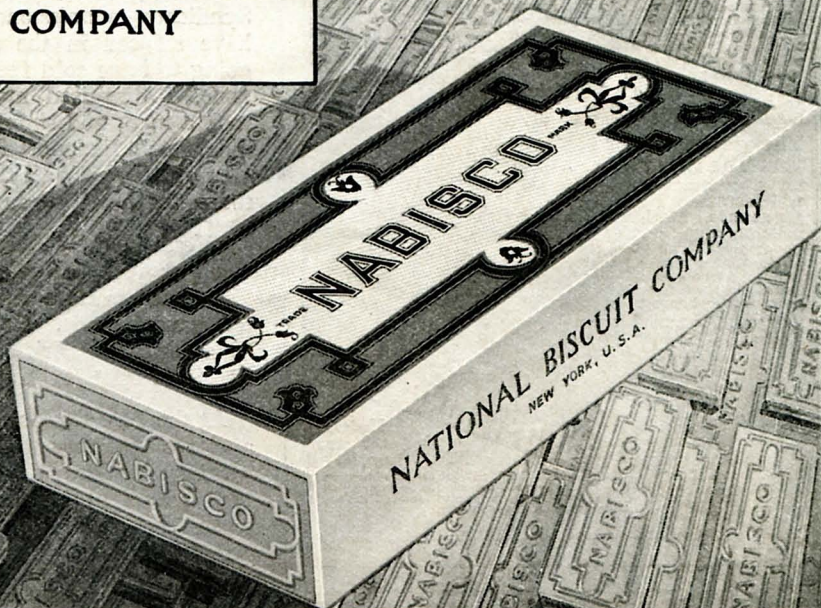
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NABISCO

HERE are sugar wafer confections to entrance the eye, to delight the palate and to bring pleasure to all. These sweets are desirable for serving with ices or sherbets, frozen puddings or fruits as well as with beverages of any kind—or as a dessert. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—Almond-shaped dessert confections of surpassing goodness. Filled with a creamy almond-flavored sweet.

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Marinello graduates earn \$15 to \$25 weekly, while others who open Shops enjoy incomes of from \$3000 to \$6000 yearly. Can you ignore such possibilities? Then mail the coupon!

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—master the famous Marinello Beauty System—get your share of the millions spent yearly by women everywhere for beauty treatments. Beauty Culture is today your opportunity for prosperity, independence and happiness. It is woman's natural calling, and the only profession that affords steady employment and large salaries. Don't waste your life as an underpaid stenographer, clerk, nurse, dressmaker, etc. Such jobs are unsteady—unimportant—pay small wages. Mail coupon!

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Do not confuse us with ordinary resident or correspondence schools. Bear in mind this is the world's largest and foremost institution of its kind—operating and teaching on entirely different and advanced principles.

Marinello students attend our big college in Chicago—enjoy actual daily practice and study under eminent authorities. Don't waste your time and money trying to learn Beauty Culture by mail. Mail Coupon!

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The openings await you! The requests for our graduates will increase. Begin at once. Marinello graduates never fail! The hundreds of women of all ages who have come to us are today prosperous and happy. Send the free coupon now. Success awaits you. Mail it NOW!

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Send, without cost or obligation to me, Marinello Catalog telling all about graduates' success, low tuition fees and opportunities open to me.

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IV

It was four o'clock that afternoon when Bruce McLean and his sister crossed the border into Nogales, Arizona. McLean, unaware what miracle had saved his life, despite a tender parting with Paula, breathed with relief when Claire set foot on American soil.

They went at once to the hotel and were signing the register when a slim, dark-haired young man suddenly rose from a chair and hurried towards them.

"Bruce! Claire!" he cried, in glad amazement.

They turned and the girl rushed sobbing to her husband's arms.

"Have you been here all the time since I left?" asked McLean, when the greetings and explanations were over.

"No," said Pachmann. "I've been to the Escondido mines and back, and on my report the Syndicate have closed the option they held."

"But—but—I don't understand," gasped McLean. "You've been to the mines? How?—when?—"

"Simply this way," explained his brother-in-law. "After you had followed me down from New York and made me give up this trip, I knew pretty quick that I'd done the wrong thing. After all, the Syndicate commissioned me, and I should have refused in the first place if I was going to have cold feet. So after you had gone, I disguised myself as a Mexican, took a map, and simply started for Escondido. And like most fools, I came through all right. That's all there was to it. Now, thank the Lord, we can go home."

"Yes," said McLean, slowly, "but first I've got just one other little job to do." He turned towards the door. "Claire will tell you about it. Either I'll be ready to start for New York tomorrow morning, or I'll never start for it at all." He went out.

At the Last Chance saloon he found half a dozen cowboys rolling cigarettes, and waiting for Providence to send a drink. McLean accepted the role temporarily, and when the dust had been laid, put his proposition.

(Continued on page 162)



Goodness, man! I hardly recognized you —I never saw you looking so well—been away?

"No sirree! I've been as hard at it as ever, but I take what I call my concentrated vacation, golf, rest cure and exercise with every meal and before I go to bed." "Give me the recipe—or is it a prescription?" "No—it's a liquid-food- tonic. As you know, my Doctor ordered a complete rest—when I showed him *that* was impossible he said

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An aid to digestion—a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Taken before retiring, an aid to sound sleep. Recommended for the overworked, the anaemic and the under-nourished."

Don't let anyone tell you there's something as good. There are some cheaper preparations—calling themselves malt preparations—they are *beverages*, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what makes it cost more than imitations and what gives it its value to you. Insist.

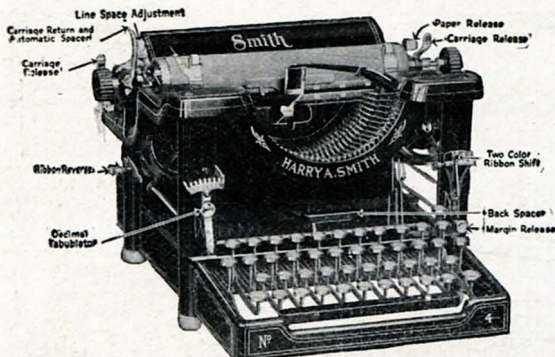
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Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

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Standard **SMITH** Model Visible **No. 4**

Perfect machines, Standard Size, Keyboard of Standard Universal arrangement, 42 keys writing 84 characters—universally used in teaching the touch system. The entire line of writing completely visible at all times, has the Decimal tabulator, the two-color ribbon, with automatic reverse, the back spacer, ball bearing carriage action, in fact every late style feature and modern operating convenience. Comes to you with everything complete, tools, cover, operating book and instructions, ribbon, practice paper—nothing extra to buy. You cannot imagine the perfection of this beautiful typewriter until you have seen it. I have a thousand of these perfect late style Model No. 4 typewriters at this bargain price, and each purchaser fortunate enough to secure one of these beautiful machines must try it out in home or office before deciding to buy. I will send it to you F. O. B. Chicago for five days' free trial. It will sell itself, but if you are not satisfied that this is the greatest typewriter bargain you ever saw, you can return it at my expense. You won't want to return it after you try it—you cannot equal this wonderful value anywhere.

You Take No Risk— Put In Your Order Now

When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent \$6.15 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw keep it and send me \$2.00 a month until my bargain price of \$34.15 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your \$6.15 and return the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid \$100.00 for it. It is standard. Thousands and thousands of people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured.

The supply at this price is very limited, the price will probably be raised when my next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—mail to me—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. I employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full \$34.15 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. Do not send me one cent. Get this coupon in the mails today—sure.

HARRY A. SMITH, 851-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago

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H. A. SMITH, Room 851-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Ship me your Model No. 4 typewriter F. O. B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you the \$28.00 balance of the SPECIAL \$34.15 purchase price, at the rate of \$2.00 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee.

Name.....

Address.....

"Boys, I've been everything but killed by Pacheco and his gang down in Piedro Blanco," he said. "I got out this morning to bring my sister across the line, but I left a girl down there that I'm going back to get. Now I'd like to hire a little company, if anybody feels like a greaser hunt."

"We always like to oblige," said a lank youth, drily, settling his revolver belt. "How soon do you-all start that a-way?"

Slowly at first, then swiftly, the certainty of Paula's sacrifice grew on McLean, as that night he stole through the dark streets of Piedro Blanco. He had been to the Figueroa house to find the duenna distracted, the girl's room empty, and the garden deserted.

Now, like iron to a magnet, he flew towards Pacheco's quarters. At the corner of the long adobe building he saw the sentry leaning half asleep on his gun, and motioned to the cowboy who was with him. A moment later the sentry passed entirely into dreamland, and the two eased him and his weapon silently to the pavement.

Then McLean looked in the window. By the light of a single candle he saw Paula erect, white, and motionless in the centre of the room, Pacheco's hungry arms closing about her. . . .

After that McLean scarcely knew what happened. He was dimly conscious of bursting open a door, of rushing upon them, of Paula crouched with terror-wide eyes in a corner, and then of a brutal surging joy as his fists crashed home again and again upon his victim.

At last, when the other lay a silent, bleeding mass on the floor, his brain cleared, and he turned to the girl. For a moment they clung to one another. Then together they ran out, and sped to the spot where the horses were waiting. . . .

There have been many wonderful days in Bruce McLean's life, but none ever equaled that exquisite dawn upon the desert wastes when, with his beloved riding beside him, he realized for the first time the wonder and glory of the heart of Paula. And that wonder and glory, he has learned, were only the first precepts of an infinite lesson.



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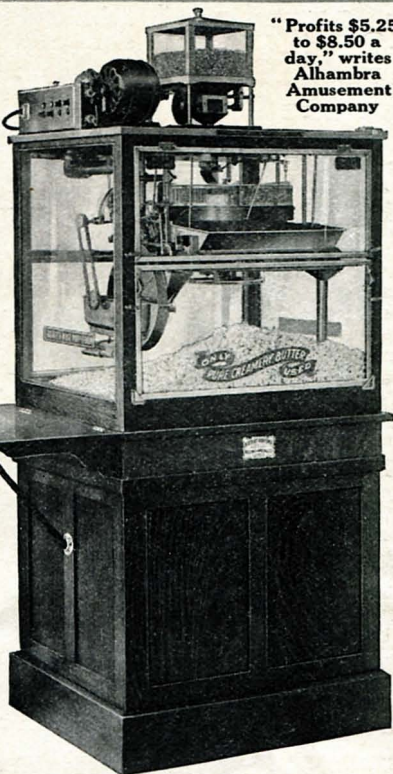
The Crackling White Pop Corn with the Toasty Flavor And the Only Machine That Makes It

People wonder how we can spend fortunes to advertise pop corn. The reason is this:

Butter-Kist Pop Corn is unlike any you ever tasted. That's because it's *all* popped and *evenly* buttered with *pure creamery butter*, then super-heated to a *tantalizing crisp*! Folks can't resist its *coaxing fragrance*. The matchless *toasty flavor* makes thousands *walk blocks to buy Butter-Kist*.

Do you wonder the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is winning new trade and record sales for **large and small** stores, theatres, etc., all over America?

Folks who try a 5-cent bag of Butter-Kist will take home a big 10-cent carton and let the whole family enjoy its *toasty flavor*!



"Profits \$5.25 to \$8.50 a day," writes Alhambra Amusement Company

Business Men! Write for Sales Records and Terms

Motion put the money in the motion picture business, and the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine acts the same way in making people *stop, look and buy*! It will win in *your* business, *whether large or small*. Get the signed evidence from men in *your own line* who are making from \$300 to \$3000 extra *profits* yearly, according to location.

A Small Payment

starts this machine winning you sales and

new customers. Balance soon paid out of Butter-Kist earnings.

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Only move a chair and you have room. Occupies but 26x32 inches of floor space — *yields five times as much profit per square foot as anything known to trade*. Earning capacity 70c to \$4.00 per hour. Fitted for the finest surroundings.

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Our handsome photo-book, "The Little Gold Mine," gives full details and **proof of profits**. It's FREE. Send the coupon at once. *You lose cold cash every day you delay.*

Manager Sharding, of Georgia Motion Picture Theatre, writes: "Net profits are \$63 to \$70 a week."

"Sales \$360.45 for one month from Butter-Kist machine in our lobby," writes Lerner & Rhodes.

Druggist Frank H. Wingate, Nashua, N. H., writes: "Took in \$107 the first week. Profit \$70."

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This machine is for men *already* in business, who want to make large, extra profits with very small expense.

In Picture Play Houses

it brings big extra receipts and increased attendance. It is piling up earnings for

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"The Little Gold Mine" that tells all about the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine, easy terms, figures that prove profits.

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My Beauty Exercises will make you look Younger and more Beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery — **nothing artificial—Just Nature's Way.**

Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as fresh as in girlhood, firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, removing the wrinkles they cause. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. **No one too old or too young to benefit.**

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No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your complexion and give it a most exquisite coloring for a whole evening.

Write today for my new FREE booklet "Facial Beauty Culture." If you will tell me what improvements you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

KATHRYN MURRAY

Suite S5 Garland Building, Chicago
The first woman to teach Scientific Facial Exercise.



The Beggar of Cawnpore

(Continued from page 83.)

In the struggle there was a shot, and Douglas fell to the ground. As Lowndes stood over the body the tent flap was drawn back and a sergeant entered quickly. Lowndes stiffened himself for another fight, and then relaxed. It was Mulhar Rao, who owed his life to the man who had just killed his Captain. Quickly Lowndes explained everything, and between them they arranged their plan. The troop had been with Douglas only that day, and did not know him well. Lowndes shaved off his beard, and his appearance was not unlike that of the dead man. He arrayed himself in Douglas' uniform, and together they buried the Captain out in the desert.

In the morning Lowndes took full command, impersonating Captain Douglas, and no one questioned him. And thus the march toward Delhi, slow, painful, but with the utmost care for the sufferers, was begun.

By the time they had reached their destination, Betty was well on the road toward recovery, and that same evening, sitting beside her bed, Lowndes told her father all that had occurred, while Betty corroborated his story with praises for himself which he omitted.

"Lieutenant Lowndes," the Colonel said finally, "we will simply forget your story. Tomorrow morning, if you feel fit, I want you to start out with a flying squadron toward Lucknow. They may need help."

But before he went away, Betty had renewed her promise of a year before, and in a few months, when the rebellion had been completely subdued, there was another wedding at Delhi.

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direct from Kalamazoo factory. Unlike any other kitchen cabinet—sanitary, easy to keep clean as a china bowl; sweet smelling; cannot warp; easy sliding doors; good for lifetime use.

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Now is the time—save work when housecleaning. We pay freight—ship within 24 hours—30 days' trial, 360 days' approval test, \$100,000 guaranty.

FREE 8-piece crystal set, white glass rolling pin, patented bread board with each cabinet. Write today for prices and beautiful art catalog No. 24.

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We also make gas ranges, furnaces and 500 styles of stoves and ranges. We have four catalogs—state which you want.



Stop!



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You've reached your limit. You can't expect to step into a job that pays a big salary until you've prepared yourself for it.

It's a serious question, this problem of getting ahead. There is only one solution—you must have *training*; you must be able to do work that others *can't* do, or your pay will stay on a level with theirs.

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Right now over one hundred thousand ambitious men are preparing themselves through I. C. S. courses for the bigger jobs ahead. Last year nearly five thousand reported increased pay as the result of I. C. S. training. These men got their training in spare time and in their own homes. What the I. C. S. have done for others they surely can do for you. But you must make a start—the same start that they made—and the way has been made easy for you. Mark and mail this coupon.

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Reports on 27,000 typical I. C. S. students show 14,990 now receiving \$1500 a year or more; 2451 receiving \$2500 or more; 413 receiving \$5000 or more; 20 receiving \$10,000 or more; and 8 with annual incomes of \$25,000 or more.

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Box 6456, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ DESIGNER |
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| ☐ Gas Engineer | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
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| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Railway Accountant |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER | ☐ Teacher |
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(Continued from page 154)

J. M., OCEAN PARK, CALIF.—"Pennington's Choice," a comparatively recent Bushman-Bayne picture, was filmed at Los Angeles, and up in Bear Valley not far from there. Bear Valley has furnished a great deal of the best photoplay scenery that has been flashed upon the screens in the last few years.

M. J., SIOUX CITY, IA.—Lou-Tellegen has recently been permitted by the American courts to assume that name as his legal cognomen. It is pronounced with the accent on "Tell" and the "g" is pronounced the same as in "again." He is married to Geraldine Farrar.

S. B., MCKEAN, PA.—The "Doubles Contest," is not connected in any way with the "Beauty and Brains Contest." Clara Kimball Young played the lead in "Hearts in Exile," a World film.

P. H., PAOLI, PA., and E. L., ST. LOUIS.—No, Broncho Billy is not dead but he no longer plays in Essanay films. Any theatre can show Mary Pickford films if they have contracted to use the service which supplies them.

M. T., SCRANTON, PA., and E. D., PHILADELPHIA.—The cast of "Her Great Hour," (Equitable) is as follows: Nan Perrine, Molly McIntyre; Violet Kirby, Gerda Holmes; Robert Kirby, Richard Lynn; James Irvin, Martin Alsop; and Ralph Barrett, P. J. LeMae. Julian L'Estrange may be addressed in care of the Famous Players.

B. F., WASHINGTON, D. C.—The three persons in the picture at the bottom of page 87 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, from left to right are: Robert Warwick, Mildred Harris and Director Eagle of the World Films.

E. R., BROOKLYN.—The press is termed the "Fourth Estate," and the World film of that name, is so entitled because the story deals with a newspaper and its fight to defeat a corrupt ring of politicians. This is the film version of the play of the same name by Joseph Medill Patterson.

G. G., and H. S., KANSAS CITY.—In the cast of "A Million Bid," as produced by Vitagraph, were Charles Kent, Julia Swayne Gordon, Anita Stewart, E. K. Lincoln, Harry Morey, and Gladden James. Ralph Ince was the director. Your theatreman is unable to supply you with any of the advertising photographs which are displayed in front of this house for the reason that they come in sets and are the property of the film exchange.

N. F., JOPLIN, MO.—Mary Pickford may be addressed in care of the Famous Players' office in New York City. She has very light golden hair. Charlie Chaplin is unmarried.

P. K. C., CINCINNATI.—At present Edna Mayo is playing opposite Henry Walthall but there is no reason to suppose that she may not be seen again in plays with Bryant Washburn. Edna Mayo was born in Philadelphia in 1893 and had acquired considerable legitimate experience prior to her film work with Pathe, Famous Players and Essanay. Miss Mayo is five feet five inches in height; Bryant Washburn six feet tall.

D. L., RED WING, MINN., and H. R., NEW YORK.—Address Hazel Dawn and Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players' New York office. Syd Chaplin is with Mutual, having joined them under the recent contract made by Charles Chaplin and himself covering their services for the coming year. He made only one film for Triangle, "The Submarine Pirate," which you quite likely have seen. Essanay's burlesque on "Carmen," one of the last pictures Chaplin made for them, has not been released, although several times announced. Universal is releasing Mary Fuller films regularly, one of the most recent being "Madame Cubist," a two reeler. Red Feather and Blue Bird are merely trade names for Universal features. Yale Boss is not playing as he has returned to school and may be addressed at his home, 2675 Decatur Ave., New York.

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E. P. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Whether "The Million Dollar Mystery," or "Zudora," or any of the other serials will ever be re-issued is a matter on which it is difficult to offer an opinion. Doubtless they scarcely will ever be seen again in the extended form of the original presentation, but if the summarized version of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," proves successful it is quite likely that other companies may follow suit. "Kathlyn" is now being presented in eight reels which tell the story more concisely, omitting nothing of interest.

M. W. H., MERIDIAN, MISS., and B. R. WINNIEG.—Billie Burke should be addressed at the Kleine studio in New York City. Betty Compson is *the girl* with Eddie Lyons in "Mingling Spirits," a Universal, and Lee Moran and Stella Adams were the other two players in the film.

M. O., NYACK, N. Y.—Yes, Charles Ray, who played the part of the son in "The Coward," and who was interviewed in January PHOTOPLAY under the title "Tom Ince's New Wonder-Boy," is still with the Ince-Triangle forces and is seen as *Colin Cameron* in "Peggy," with Billie Burke. The Inceville, Santa Monica, Calif., address will reach him.

J. D., NEW KENSINGTON, PA., and E. D. CHICAGO.—Mary Anderson is at the western Vitagraph studio and should be addressed there. She was married recently in California. No, Hazel Dawn did not play in "The White Pearl," as this was a Marie Doro film, made by Famous Players.

A. L., EAGLE GROVE, IA.—Hobart Henley was born in Louisville, Ky., November 23, 1887, completed his education at the University of Cincinnati and played on the legitimate stage for several years prior to joining the eastern Universal in 1913. Later he was transferred to the western studios and plays an important role in many of the instalments of "Graft." He is six feet tall and has dark brown eyes and hair. He is again in the east.

E. J. K., WINDSOR, MO.—Ella Hall and Robert Leonard are still appearing in Universal films. Julie Cruze, the daughter of Marguerite Snow and Jimmie Cruze was born October 24th, 1913, at New Rochelle, N. Y. She "played" in "The Million Dollar Mystery," but is hardly ready to be starred as yet.

W. P. R., COMFORT, TEX.—Billie Burke is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., to whom she was married a year or more ago. Mr. Ziegfeld was formerly married to Miss Anna Held. Arnold Daly was born in Brooklyn October 4th, 1875.

M. O. M. writes: "We have just gotten back from 'Betty of Graystone,' and have lost our hearts to Owen Moore." Dorthy Gish was *Betty*; Kate Bruce, her mother; George Fawcett, *Jim Weed*, the laziest man in the county; Norman Selby (Kid McCoy), *Bud Weed*; and Leonore Harris and Eugene Ormonde were *Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood*, to whose home *Betty* was taken by *Chandler* (Owen Moore.) This film was made by the Fine Arts-Triangle in the east, and not in Hollywood.

S. S., VALER, PA.—The mechanical processes by which one actor is enabled to play two parts in a film at the same time are actually quite simple. It is merely a matter of synchronizing the action of the two parts, as each role is photographed separately on the same film, and it is a question of securing the right actions and positions at the right time. Leaps from tall buildings, cliffs, and embankments are staged in several ways; the beginning and end of a fall may be shown, there being two quite harmless actions to make the illusion; a dummy may be used, or when it is possible to drop into water, professional acrobats or divers may be substituted during the fall. In rough and tumble work players like Roscoe Arbuckle do their falling personally as they know how to do it. Did you see *Fatty* fall down the stairs in "He Did and He Didn't?" The jungle pictures, as a rule, are made with special sets and trained animals—scenery is always easy to get!

(Continued on page 171)

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With This New Machine****No Guess-Work About It**

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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PROD. Co., Long Beach, Calif. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City, (*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s); players east June to December.

BOSWORTH, INC., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA M. P. Co., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s). THOS. A. EDISON, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (*) (s).

EQUITABLE MOTION PICTURES CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City. (*) Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 128 West 56th St., New York City (s) (*).

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 E. 175th St., N. Y. City (*) (s).

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

LUBIN MFG. Co., 20th and Indiana, Philadelphia (*) (s); Broad and Glenwood, Philadelphia (s); Coronado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1465 Broadway, New York City (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.) Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office.

OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 West 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

PATHE FRERES, Jersey City, N. J. (*) (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City (*) (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) (s); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles (s).

SIGNAL FILM CORP., Los Angeles, Calif. (*) (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Fine Arts Studio (Griffith) 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Keystone Studio (Sennett) 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles (*) (s); Inceville Studio (Ince), Santa Monica, Calif. (*) (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City (*) (s); Universal City, Calif. (*) (s); Coytsville, N. J. (s).

VITAPHONE COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (*) (s); Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y. (s).

V-L-S-E, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (*) (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG FILM CORP., 126 W. 46th St., New York (*) (s).

Casts of Stories from Photoplays in this Issue

THE SALESLADY

(By Willard Mack)

Famous Players.

Helen	Hazel Dawn
Bruce	Irving Cummings
Lizzie	Dorothy Rogers
Bruce's Father	Clarence Handysides
Officer Burke	Arthur Morrison

THE BEGGAR OF CAWNPORE

(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince-Triangle

Dr. Robert Louwens	H. B. Warner
Betty Archer	Lola May
Capt. Guy Douglas	Wyndham Standing
Col. Archer	H. E. Entwistle
Mulhar Rao	A. F. Hollingsworth
Werner, the engineer	Wedgwood Nowell

THE CHAIN INVISIBLE

(By Richard Le Gallienne. Scenario by Frank Powell)

Equitable.

Anne Dalton	Gerda Holmes
James Wadsworth	Bruce McRae
Sir Richard Towne	Alfred Hickman
Robert Dalton	Tom McGrath
Paul Dalton	Victor Benoit
Mrs. Margaret Dalton	Lillian Paige
Elizabeth King	Margaret Livingston

THE HEART OF PAULA

Pallas

Paula Figueroa	Lenore Ulrich
Bruce McLean	Forrest Stanley
Claire Pachmann	Velma Lefler
Stephen Pachmann	Jack Livingstone
Emiliano Pacheco	Howard Davies
Mr. Adams, banker	Herbert Standing

(Continued from page 168)

C. S., MARQUETTE, MICH., and M. D., BRADFORD, MASS.—Webster Campbell is at the western Vitagraph studio. No, those were not real volcanic eruptions in "Aloha Oe," for you must remember it is usually impossible to get a volcano to do its erupting when and where one wants it to. They are very hard to manage. Mary Fuller and Cleo Madison answered your letters? Glad to hear it.

E. F., MARIETTA, GA.—In "The Soul of a Woman," Mary Gaudman was Emily Stevens; the boy was George LeGuere; the husband was Theodore Babcock and Father Anthony was Howard Truesdell. No, Charlie Chaplin is not a Frenchman, but an Englishman who was born in France while his parents were touring in vaudeville. "First run pictures" is an indefinite term but broadly it refers to films which have just been released, though first run films in Chicago and New York are not over a week old, counting from the release date, while a month or more may pass before they cease to be so classed in the smaller cities. Yes, King Stephen in "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players) was Carlyle Blackwell, the Queen was Mary Pickford and Robert Trainor was Harold Lockwood.

B. J. E., GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.—Mary Pickford's baptismal name was Gladys Smith but she adopted the name Pickford, her mother's family name, when she went on the stage. Miss Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore in private life.

J. W., MONTGOMERY, ALA., and E. B., DECKERVILLE, ALA.—You should address Billie Burke in care of the Kleine studio in New York City. There are numerous studios in Florida, as you will note from the list in the Directory, but there are no permanent studios in any of the other southern states, though many of the companies travel to various points in the south for special scenes. Jimmy Valentine in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was Robert Warwick and Rose Fay was Ruth Shepley.



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a Perfect Figure."**

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Alice
Brady**

whose face, form and charms have won her thousands of admirers, tells of the results she has obtained through my methods, in the following note:



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I am glad to recommend your course to any of my sex whose health is below par or who desire to improve their appearance.

Yours very truly,

Alice Brady.

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W. L., TORONTO.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may conduct a contest for men similar to the "Beauty and Brains Contest," but it will be some time before anything of the sort can be attempted. We are so busy with the thousands of entries in the "Beauty and Brains Contest" that we have no desire to start anything else until this is completely finished. Do you think men would be interested in it?

H. M. L., PARKVILLE, Mo.—"After Dark" (World) was a five-reeler in which Alec B. Francis and Kathryn Adams played leading roles. Thanhouser does not name any of the players in "The Burglar's Picnic," except the Fairbanks twins, and we do not recall any of them, though we saw the films very recently. George Fisher and Violet MacMillan took the principal parts in "The Artist's Model" (Kay-Bee); Mack Swain (*Am-brose*) was the *Chief Spy* in "Saved by Wireless" (Keystone); Chester Conklin (*Wabrus*) his *Trusty Aide*; Ora Carew, the daughter of the *Minister of War*; and Harry McCoy, her *Lover*. Jack Holt played opposite Grace Cunard in "Her Better Self."

G. A. K., DULUTH.—William L. Hinckley played the part of *Ted Lamb* in "The Lily and the Rose," a Fine Arts film. He was with the Majestic-Reliance studios prior to the formation of the Fine Arts and remained with the new company. He was born September 11, 1894, attended high school in Chicago, and later was a student at Northwestern University for a short time. In Denver, during the summers of 1909 and 1910 he began theatrical work.

G. L. M., SEATTLE.—Hobart Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1867, and during his early life he was a sailor, boxer, wrestler and finally an actor. His legitimate career was long and very successful, including several Augustin Daly seasons in America and England, and in 1909 he joined the original Selig company in Los Angeles continuing with them for four years. Bosworth, Inc. was then organized and he played the leads and produced the Jack London series of plays, after which he went to Universal, where he plays leads and directs as well. He is over six feet tall, weighs two hundred and ten pounds, and has blue eyes, fair complexion and light hair. His wife is Adele Farrington.

E. H., ANN ARBOR.—The book of 100 photographs of players may be obtained from PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or from your newsdealer for 50c. No, Albert Roscoe played the part of *Harry Anguish* in "Graustark," Bryant Washburn playing *Prince Lorken*. In "Are You a Mason," Frank Mason, Helen Mason, and their father and mother were John Barrymore, Helen Freeman, Charles Dickson and Ida Waterman. Harold Lockwood was not of the cast. There will be a Frances Nelson picture in one of the coming issues of PHOTOPLAY.

B. O. B., NEWMAN, ILL.—Irene Howley is with the Metro, but she has played with several companies, including Reliance, Famous Players and Biograph. She played in vaudeville for several years, where she was known as "The Manhattan Girl." Florence Turner is with the Hepworth-Turner pictures, which are made in Great Britain, but was recently seen on the Universal programme in "My Old Dutch," which Universal purchased for exhibition in America.

L. C. S. G.—Write to Charles Waldron in care of the Famous Players' New York office, as that is the surest way of reaching him. He plays the role of *Mark Embury* in "Mice and Men," with Marguerite Clark, the scientist who adopted *Peggy*.

H. J., NEW YORK CITY.—*Bije Stork*, in "Emmy of Stork's Nest" (Metro), was Charles Prince, Mary Miles Minter playing the title role. Among the "legitimate" plays in which he has been seen he took the role of *Caliko* in "The Pearl Maiden," a three-act musical play, the musical score of which was written by Harry Auracher of Chicago. The first performance of this play was at the New York Theatre in New York in January of 1912, and the cast included, among others, Charles J. Stine, Jeff De Angelis, Henry Bergman and Flora Zabelle, the wife of Raymond Hitchcock.

H. E. ANNISTON, ALA.—Billie Burke is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., widely known as the producer of the "Ziegfeld Follies," and the daughter of Billie Burke, an actor of the "legitimate." When Miss Burke began her professional career she adopted her father's name and has always used it. She was born in Washington, D. C., and her name as a youngster was Ethel.

A. S. ATLANTA, GA.—Portraits of Carlyle Blackwell and Francis Bushman appeared in the Art Section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for November, 1915, and we can supply this issue at 15 cents per copy. Yes, Marguerite Clark will be seen in "Molly Make-Believe" as soon as that film is ready for presentation; you remember she was playing in this picture when interviewed for the March issue of PHOTOPLAY.

LOS ANGELES is in and the game can now proceed. "Purchase a picture frame 4½x6 inches, slip behind the glass the picture of Dustin Farnum's smile, from February PHOTOPLAY, and hang it in your room. Result—a sure cure for the blues!" Very good, Eddie.

C. B., VENICE, CAL.—There will undoubtedly be something about Bob Vernon, who played the son in "His Father's Footsteps," with Ford Sterling, in one of the coming numbers of PHOTOPLAY. There was an interview with Wallie Reid in the March issue. Blanche Sweet and Wallie Reid used to play opposite in some of the Mutual films when they were both with the Griffith organization.

J. R. M., DALLAS.—We suppose the reason the Lubin company decided to refilm "The Great Divide," because they believed that it would not make a hit with the public, nor do them credit as a producing company. There is no other reason that we know of. The version that was finally exhibited was made in the mountains of Pennsylvania, or at least such parts of it as it became necessary to retake.

H. E. A., KETCHIKAN, ALASKA, and C. B. W., HOBOKEN, N. J.—"Du Barry" has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and we are therefore unable to supply you with a copy of the story. In "The Master Key," John Dore was Robert Leonard; Ruth was Ella Hall; James Gallon, her father, Wilbur Higby; Harry Wilkerson, Harry Carter; and Tom Kane, Charles Manley. Mina Cunard was born in 1895.

J. G. B., TORONTO, ONT.—In Famous Players' "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird," the film version of the play by Isaac Henderson, Lady Lumley was Lillian Tucker, Emma (Guiseppe's wife) was Claire Zabelle and Ruth, Nina Lindsey. Charles Cherry played the mummy-role, and Arthur Hoops one of his usual deep dyed roles as Signor D'Orelli. In "The Gentleman From Indiana," the first Pallas offering, Winifred Kingston was Helen Sherwood and Elsie Cort, Skillet's girl. Lasky produced two plays bearing very nearly the same names, "The Secret Sin," and "The Secret Orchard," in the former being Blanche Sweet, Thomas Meighan and Sessue Hayakawa, and in the latter Cleo Ridgely, Blanche Sweet, Edward Mackaye, Theodore Roberts and Carlyle Blackwell. No. Mignon Anderson is not related to Mary Anderson—to neither of the Mary Andersons in fact. Richard Travers was born in the Canadian Northwest, Lillian Walker in Brooklyn, Marguerite Clark near Cincinnati and Cleo Ridgely in New York City.

M. E. W., NEW SHARON, PA.—William S. Hart, of the Ince-Triangle films, was born in Newburg, N. Y., December 6, 1870, but his family moved west very shortly thereafter and he was raised in North Dakota. He is a big man, six feet tall, weighing over 190 pounds, and his blue eyes and very dark brown hair seem fitting characteristics in a person of his temperament. He is well known in the films, but he had done notable work on the stage prior to joining the Kay-Bee forces, as he created the roles of *Cash Hawkins* in "The Squaw Man," and *Judd Tolliver* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," at the revival of the former in 1911 and the premier of the latter in 1912, both in New York City.

(Continued on page 181)



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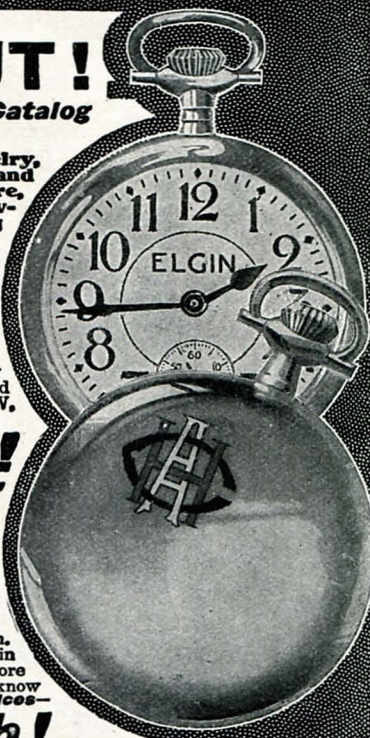
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 114)

midst of unreality. Oh, what dreadful nighties she wears! Sans grace, sans romance—we cease.

THE first dozen scenes of "The Island of Surprise," a Vitagraph melodrama of the highest type, are ideal photoplay-writing. Here is exposition, character introduction, plot development, the rousing of interest, the dawn of suspense, speed—all bound in a band of masterful adroitness and super-craftsmanship. I believe the congratulatory slap on the back in this instance goes to Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, Vitagraph's boss playwright. See this piece, would-be shadow dramatists, and do likewise—if you can!

MARGUERITE COURTOT is not well suited by her first Gaumont picture, "The Dead Alive," written and directed by Henry Vernot. The notion is not impossible—a villainous hypnotist who preys upon a forlorn husband's credulity through a twin sister of his lost wife—but there are halts and hitches in the carrying out of the idea.

"MADAME LA PRESIDENT," a Morosco filming of Anna Held, is a jocose French farce proclaiming the age of Anna Held, which should not be printed upon the screen. Crow's dancing pumps are inapropos about eyes which one cannot make behave.

FAMOUS PLAYERS should not turn out a dull, commonplace, hopelessly uninteresting picture like "Diplomacy." Here were Marie Doro and a manufacturing concern which certainly knows how things should be done.

CRANE WILBUR has been a law unto himself, and an entirely original one, at that, in his recent features. As long as producers will waste money taking these things Mr. Wilbur is scarcely alone in his artistic errors.

(Continued on page 179)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

354 NORTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AN exquisite picture of Brittany is contained in "The Pawn of Fate," a World photoplay starring George Beban, directed by Maurice Tourneur. It is incredible that such absolute colorless Corots of country France could have been taken in America. The story itself is human and convincing; at once tragic and laughable, swift and well acted—surpassingly acted by Mr. Beban.

IN "Kennedy Square," a cleanly told, artistically staged photoplay starring Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph company strikes a note of real novelty in still pictures of location: the drawings of the artist-author, F. Hopkinson Smith.

"SILAS MARNER," with Frederick Warde, is a Thanhouser picture doing the veteran name honor. This cannot be said of most of the recent Thanhouser output.

DID you see the mighty fighting in "Fighting Blood," the newest Fox-Farnum? Here is glorious combat, and Big Bill so natural that most of his male audiences forget surroundings and whoop encouragement.

PETROVA, in "The Soul Market," assuredly shines as emotionality's foremost self-pityer. It was quite within this writhing dame's power to make this poor play a little better; instead, she made it a lot worse.

Hard on the Heart

MAE MARSH was commanded by her physician, for a while after her recent attack of pneumonia, not to dance, as it was rather hard on her heart. One day the clever little girl grew tired of her isolation from dancing society, and was angling for an invitation to a private dancing party. "But you don't dance, on account of your heart, do you?" the young man asked in astonishment. "No, but in spite of my heart I still flirt!" answered quick-witted Mae. She got the invitation.

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President Wilson's Message on Advertising

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October 11, 1915.

My dear Mr. Houston:

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The country is to be congratulated on the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs to establish and enforce a code of ethics based upon did truth that shall govern advertising methods, and the effect of its work should be of the greatest benefit to the country. It augurs permanence and stability in industrial and distributive methods, because it means good business judgment, and more than that, it indicates a fine conception of public obligation on the part of men in business, a conception which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of national development.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

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Introducing the series of copy to Advertise Advertising, by the
Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (Headquarters, Indianapolis)

(Continued from page 173)

E. V. N., CHATTANOOGA.—What makes you think Creighton Hale has a glass eye? It isn't being done, you know, and it's not at all the thing. Besides he is unmarried.

J. G. L., LONDON, O.—Yes, the Keystone comedies are being released solely through the Triangle programme, though, of course, the Mutual has older reels which may be reissued from time to time. Douglas Fairbanks has gone west again to play in more Fine Arts' films, having finished two or three while in the east, and inasmuch as he is under a year's contract, you will probably see him frequently.

B. E., PITTSBURGH, and A. G. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—Wallie Reid was born in St. Louis in 1890 and is playing at the Lasky studio. E. H. Calvert is one of the directors, as well as one of the players, at the Chicago Essanay studio. You will find the studio addresses in the Directory.

C. P., HARRISON, ARK.—Dulcie was Hazel Dawn, in "The Masqueraders" (Famous Players), and in the bidding at the inn she was won by *Sir Brice Skene* (Frank Losee). Later, after many matrimonial storms, *Sir Brice* becomes bankrupt and Dulcie's former lover, *David Remon* (Elliot Dexter), stakes his fortune against Dulcie and in the game *Sir Brice* loses. Charles Bryant was the half-witted boy and Russell Bassett took the part of the *Innkeeper*. Beverly Bayne is with Metro at the eastern studios.

K. J. D., CHICAGO.—Fatty's mother-in-law in "Fickle Fatty's Fall," was Phyllis Allen, Fatty was Roscoe Arbuckle, his wife was Minta Durfee, the *butcher boy* was Al St. John, and the cause of Fickle Fatty's fall was Ivy Crosthwaite. *Mark Embury*, in "Mice and Men," was Charles Waldron; the wife in "The Disciple" was Dorothy Dalton, and Wm. S. Hart was the minister. "The name of the man who ate the beans," in "The Village Scandal," was Al St. John, Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabell and Roscoe Arbuckle being the other three important players. St. John is Arbuckle's nephew.

J. E. H., MITCHELL, S. DAK.—Universal released "Dad's Awful Crime" about the end of last November. Max Asher playing the father; Lillian Peacock, the daughter; Victor LeRoy, Tom; and Wm. Franey, Mr. Binks. The husband and wife in "Matrimony" (Ince-Triangle), were Howard Hickman and Julia Dean, their child was Thelma Salter, the other woman was Louise Glaum, and Antoinette was Elizabeth Burbridge.

M. C., FREEPORT, N. Y., and E. W., MEMPHIS.—Robert Harron and Mae Marsh are both at the Fine Arts Studio in Hollywood and may be addressed there. They are not related. Mahlon Hamilton is with Equitable and you should use the New York City address. With Gail Kane he takes the lead in "Her God," the story of which is to be found in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY.

A. S. A., GRANGER, TEX., and S. A. B., NORWICH, CONN.—Jack Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Ky., and Robert Leonard in Chicago, both in 1889. This department does not make a practice of publishing private addresses, and in no case does so when a player's studio is known. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart are with Vitagraph in Brooklyn. Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams took the leads in Vitagraph's "Love's Sunset."

D. A. W., NORWALK, CONN.—In "Hearts Adrift," Nina was Mary Pickford and Graham was Harold Lockwood; in the play "In the Bishop's Carriage," Nance Olden was Mary Pickford, Tom Dorgan was David Wall and Fred Obermuller was House Peters; in "The Foundling," Mary Pickford and Edward Martindell took the leads. In "Gretna Green," Dolly Erskine was Marguerite Clark and the Earl of Basset, Wilmoth Merkyl; in "The Crucible," Jean was Marguerite Clark and Craig was Harold Lockwood; in "The Pretty Sister of Jose," Pepita was Marguerite Clark and Sebastiano, Rupert Julian; in "Mice and Men," Peggy was Marguerite Clark and Capt. Lovell, Marshall Neilan.

(Continued on page 187)



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The Chain Invisible

(Continued from page 122)

bounded to the deck, calling "Mother! Mother!"

"Hush," cautioned Dalton. "Come softly or you may unnerve her," and he led the way to a stateroom, opened the door, and Anne rushed in. She looked about amazedly. The room had not been used. "Why—" she began, when the door banged, the key turned, and her father called, "Your mother's in England, where you'll soon be. So go down on your knees and thank God for your deliverance from that devilish brute."

SEVERAL years later Anne and her little son were living quietly at the Dalton country house in Surrey. Wadsworth had long been given up as dead. Anne's sorrow had persuaded her mother, and together they had gone back to the island to search for him. But no trace of him could be found. And since, she had mourned and hoped alternately till at last she had succumbed to the pressure of her family and had promised to marry Sir Richard.

One afternoon at tea he was at her elbow beside the table where she presided, when neighbors, with their guest Bruce Hamilton, were announced. There was a stir of interest, because Hamilton was a writer of note, blind and a recluse.

Anne turned at their entrance. She waved a gay little welcome before she caught a view of Hamilton's face. Then there was a crash. The tea things were a wreck. And Anne was swaying against the fragile table.

"Mrs. Anne Dalton Wadsworth." Vaguely she heard the words of introduction but she could not manage one. She felt the man start, however, and the tremble of his hand. Somehow that steadied her.

"Oh, do tell us the plot of your new novel," broke in the gushing voice of a young girl above the greetings. "It would simply be wonderful to hear. I know it would." A chorus of entreaties followed her request. And before he realized just what he was doing the man had begun.

"It's a story of the sea, a bit of land, a cruel woman and the man she abandoned when help came, to sun blindness and, for all she knew, eternal loneliness," he said in the deep voice Anne knew so well. Her hands pressed against her heart. She rose



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quickly to her feet and stood, a wonderful figure of white fury. The English veneer was fallen away. The dread of a scene was beyond her. She was again the girl of the island, dauntless, with her blood pounding high.

"The woman was *not* cruel!" she cried. "She did *not* abandon the man. She was—she was—"

Sir Richard bent to her quickly and encircled her with his arm. "Our dear Anne is not well," he said strainedly, and tried to lead her away.

But the blind writer had risen too. With his hands spread before him he walked haltingly toward the sound of Anne's voice, while a tense hush fell over the room.

"Come," begged Sir Richard softly of Anne. But she did not answer or move. She was watching the coming of the blind man as if her life hung on each step.

Mrs. Dalton could no longer endure her daughter's distress. "Sir Richard," she interposed distinctly, "will you kindly take us to that Egyptian tree that's just been planted? I promised that it should be on exhibition to-day. Come, my dear," and she linked her arm through that of her neighbor and started toward the garden. The others followed hesitatingly.

Left alone with the writer, whom she had known from the first minute to be Wadsworth, Anne stood waiting for his approach, while the blood surged back to her cheeks. At last those groping hands touched her, enfolded her, and both sobbed out their stories.

"Mother finally came over to my side, and when we sailed back and found you were not there I wanted to die," finished Anne. "Oh, your poor eyes, your poor, poor eyes, and only natives to find and tend you!"

Just then there was a joyous shout and a scurrying. In ran little James. He came close but did not show the least surprise that this strange man should be holding his mother in his arms.

"Darling, it's your father," beamed Anne.

"I know it," answered the boy sturdily and leaped into the strong arms now opened to him.

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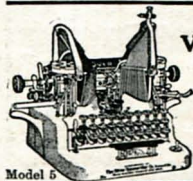
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(Continued from page 181)

A. B. R., BOULDER, COLO.—Yes, indeed, Wallie Reid played *Don Jose* in the Lasky "Carmen," with Farrar, and also *Prince Karl* in Griffith's "Old Heidelberg." Dorothy Gish playing *Kathie*, David, in "The Eternal City," and *Donald Bryant*, in "Sold," were both roles played by Thomas Holding; Pauline Frederick being the star in each of these Famous Players' films.

C. W., PADUCAH, KY.—Mae Busch is the girl in the Weber and Fields Keystone "The Best of Enemies." She is an Australian by birth, but her parents brought her to America when she was a baby twinkler, and when the time came she went to school in New Jersey. She is about twenty years old and played in vaudeville for several years.

M. K. T., ST. LOUIS.—We assumed that you were more interested in receiving the information you asked for than seeing your name in print. When a question is answered under one person's initials we do not as a rule take up that point again in the same issue. Your question was answered under the initials "C. W. B. Newark, N. J." at the top of page 156 of the April issue and furthermore your letter indicates that you read it. Send in questions whenever you have any to ask, but consider any reply that covers your question as an answer to yourself even though your initials do not happen to be those used. We aim to give our readers as much information as possible, not merely an extended list of initials, and needless repetitions.

Z. X. M., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia, August 15, 1879, the daughter of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew-Barrymore. She is a niece of John Drew. Miss Barrymore made her first appearance on the stage at the Empire Theatre in New York City, January 25, 1894. In private life she is Mrs. Russell Griswold Colt. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland.

C. C. C., ASHTABULA HARBOR, O.—Betty Gray, who appeared in "A Blood Heritage," for Universal, was born in Passaic, N. J. She entered the limelight glare over the vaudeville route, and was also an artists' model. She has played in Pathe, Biograph, Vitagraph and Universal films. Her height is five feet four inches and she has brown hair and hazel eyes. Address her at the Universal office in New York City.

H. C. J., KINGSTON, ONT., and C. C. S., PASADENA.—Marguerite Clayton of Essanay, is unmarried. The *rent collector* in "The Golden Chance," a Lasky film featuring Wally Reid as the young millionaire and Cleo Ridgely as the I-haven't-always-been-poor-sir girl, is Billy Elmer, who is also seen in "The Fighting Hope," and "The Chorus Lady," as the detective. (Do not confuse his part with Wally Reid's, as Wally was the male lead, whose business but not his role, was that of a detective.) In "To Have and to Hold," (Lasky) Florence Dagmar is Lady Jocelyn Leigh's maid who is seen during the early part of the picture.

M. M., TUSCUMBIN, ALA.—When "Everywoman," by Walter Browne, was first presented on the stage in New York in 1911, *Modesty* was played by Juliette Day, but this role was later taken by Lois Meredith. M. M. says, "Why doesn't somebody call a halt on curls? I'm not here to knock, but really it is tiresome to see even the women who are supposed to be married in the plays, sail forth with curls galore. I'll be tempted to wish somebody would curl up and die! And I'm not a desperate character either." But you must consider the hair dresser, of course. We refuse to be inveigled into answering your fifth question; there are too many prospective controversies in it.

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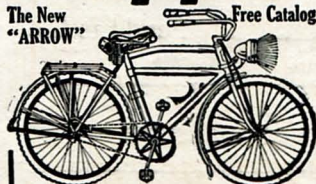
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L. W., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.—"The Reward," is the title of a one-reel Vitagraph, a three-reel Universal and an Ince film, but you probably refer to the latter in which Bessie Barriscale and Arthur Maude play the leading roles. *The mother with the baby* was Clara Williams.

E. L., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—"Could you tell me of any way in which I might possibly obtain a small piece of waste film of Mary Pickford?" Sorry, but we cannot, as her company does not consider any film of her as "waste." When old films become useless they are destroyed to avoid difficulties such as have arisen over unauthorized, patch-work films of Chaplin.

M. M., MEMPHIS.—Nothing would please us more than to tell you some sure way of becoming a player. The trouble of it is that the film companies are in business to make money and those people have a way of looking at an applicant rather quizzically and asking, "Who let you in?" They do not care to spend their time training green hopefuls, but rather prefer to engage someone who will be able to give them efficient service. We know of no "school of photoplay acting" that we would recommend to anyone, but there are many of the older schools of dramatic art which are well worth the time and money.

M. M. G., DENVER.—Julia Swayne Gordon and Lillian Walker are both playing, as has been their custom, for Vitagraph. Miss Gordon takes the part of *Marie Antoinette* in "My Lady's Slipper," and Miss Walker is *Celia* in "Green Stockings," both recent Vitagraph productions.

H. G., ADA, OKLA.—We do not know when Mary Pickford intends to return to California. Kempton Greene is with Lubin at the Philadelphia studio, and there should be a picture of him in the Art Section in one of the forthcoming numbers of PHOTOPLAY. He was born in Shreveport, La., June 28, 1890, and played on the stage before entering film work. His height is five feet nine inches and he is a blonde.

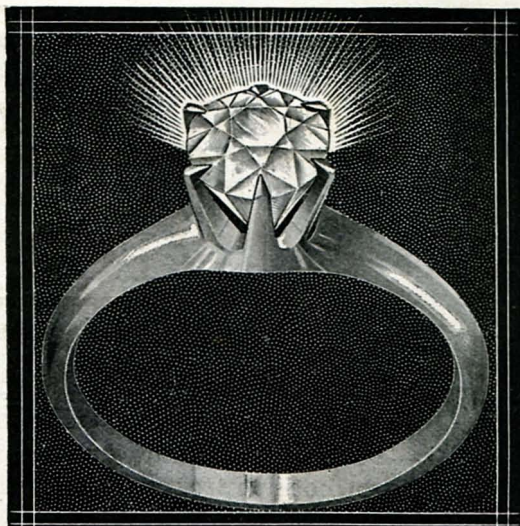
J. C. S., DETROIT.—We do not have the cast of "Tonight's the Night," a "legitimate" production, and for that reason we are unable to give you the information you desire. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is able to supply a great deal of "legitimate" information, but does not specialize in it to the extent it does in the photoplay field.

H. B., STAMFORD, CONN.—Charles Ray, who was interviewed in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, under the title, "Ince's New Wonder-Boy," was born at Jacksonville, Ill., instead of Florida, March 15, 1891, but went West and finished his education at Los Angeles. He was married late last fall to a non-professional. He had four years of dramatic and musical comedy experience ("all small time stuff," as he candidly expresses it) before joining the New York Motion Picture studios in 1912, with which organization he has continued, now under the Triangle banner. He is of Scotch-Irish and French descent, over six feet tall and has very dark brown hair and brown eyes.

P. W., SAVANNAH.—"The House of Scandal" was produced at the American studio at Santa Barbara and at points nearby. Harold Lockwood is twenty-eight, goin' on twenty-nine. "Is Marguerite Clark married? I saw her when she was in this city filming 'Mice and Men.'" No, Miss Clark is not married, and you found the interviews with her and Wallie Reid in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, so you should be a friend of ours for life. Mary Miles Minter is about fifteen and her portrait you found in the March number. There were three *Cameron* boys in "The Birth of a Nation," but only two *Stonemans*: *Phil* and *Tod*, played by Elmer Clifton and Robert Harron, respectively. *Newbold*, in "The Chalice of Courage," was William Duncan. Mary Pickford had been on the stage during many seasons before playing *Juliet* in the "legitimate" production of "A Good Little Devil," as this play followed both a long and successful appearance in "The Warrens of Virginia," and also a filming engagement. "A Good Little Devil" was her last stage appearance.

(Continued on page 192)

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Captainess Kiddie

(Continued from page 94.)

at this disclosure. Jabez is a baby elephant, one of the pachyderms used in the Annette Kellerman picture that was being filmed in Jamaica.

"Jabez weighs a lot and Mamma's afraid he'll step on me. He's a little large for a house pet and kinda unhandy.

"I have another pet, too, the cutest little baby swan you ever saw and when he sticks out his throat, he's taller'n me. Miss Kellerman gave him to me. Lulu is jealous of him too and she cries when I play with him, so I don't much. I don't like crying."

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And Jane told me lots of other confidential things about herself, which are not for the public, however. An actress is entitled to some privacy, isn't she?

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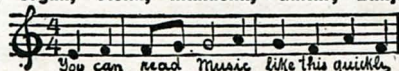
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(Continued from page 189)

B. K., BROOKLYN.—The same reply that we made to another inquirer fits your question about visiting the Vitagraph studio. We do not think that you will be able to arrange a trip through this plant, as visitors greatly interfere with work.

J. H. A., PHILADELPHIA.—We are unable to furnish any information regarding the scenario market, except as news is published in Captain Peacock's department or mentioned specifically in these columns.

D. M. A., ST. LOUIS, and P. M., LOS ANGELES.—Creighton Hale's address is the Pathe Exchange, New York. The Fairbanks (Thanouser) Twins were born November 15, 1900, and are just five feet tall. Cleo Madison is five feet four inches tall and has red brown hair.

M. M., CONNECTICUT.—Dustin Farnum is with Morosco, Mary Miles Minter with Metro; Muriel Ostriche with Equitable, and Clara Kimball Young with her own company. You may address Ruth Stonehouse through this office.

J. H., SYDNEY, N. S. W., and H. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Many thanks for the information regarding Australian magazines and for the kind wishes contained in your letter. We hope to hear from you again.

M. F. M., PONTIAC, MICH., and A. C. H., SAN FRANCISCO.—Marion Leonard was with Knickerbocker Star Features some time ago and you might address her there, in care of the General Film Company, New York City. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887 and is five feet two inches in height.

J. C. A., HINCKLEY, MINN.—The cameraman is the director's most important lieutenant, as the entire photographic excellence of a film depends upon his judgment of lighting effects, and the results that sets, locations and make-up, etc., will give when filmed. Some of the cameramen draw salaries which would startle many of the directors.

E. V. C., SHARON, PA.—Betty Nansen was briefly interviewed in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but the August issue which contained her picture in the Art Section is entirely sold out. She is among the one hundred players, however.

V. N., JOLIET, MONT.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. The story of her life began in the November issue and continued through December, January and February. All of these issues we will gladly send you at the usual rate of 15c per copy—20c to Canada.

M. G. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Pauline Frederick, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Hazel Dawn may all be addressed in care of Famous Players' New York office. Thomas Meighan is with Lasky in Hollywood, having joined that company with much theatrical experience to his credit. He played in "The Dictator," "The Two Orphans," "The College Widow," and "The Return of Peter Grimm," on the stage and was filmed in "Kindling," "The Fighting Hope," "Blackbirds," "The Secret Sin," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and other Lasky productions. Height, five feet ten inches, dark hair and brown eyes.

V. L., OAKLAND, CALIF., and N. A. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—Yes, address Theda Bara at the Fox studio in New York. Beatriz Michelena is still with the California M. P. Corp., her most recent film being "The Unwritten Law," prepared for the screen by Captain Peacocke from the play by Edward M. Royle. Yes, she appeared in "Salome Jane," "Salvation Nell," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "The Lily of Poverty Flat," all for the same company. "The Battle Cry of Peace" was produced and handled entirely by the Vitagraph company.

M. K. F., BOISE, IDA., and A. S., MINNEAPOLIS.—It is an entirely different Anita Stewart who married Prince Miguel of Braganza, as the screen Anita is entirely too busy to bother with speculative Portuguese titles, which at the present time, are considerably below par. Dorothy Davenport was born in Boston, the daughter of Harry and Alice Davenport. Mae Marsh is unmarried.



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THE "PLIO," a stylish shoe embodying Red Cross comfort features. Low Shoes, \$3 and \$3.50. High Shoes, \$3.50, \$4 and up.

Write for this unique Style Book

It illustrates the correct new models for every occasion and every purpose. Arranged with blank pages for shopping notes, this dainty little booklet will be a helpful companion on your shopping trips. With it we will send you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

The Krohn-Fechheimer Co.
511-555 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, O.



Look for this
trade mark
on the sole.

Red Cross Shoe

"Bends with your foot"
Trade Mark





Tubes 25c; jars 35c and 75c
At the Stores



Only jars; 50c, 75c and \$1
At the Stores

Protect Complexion & Hair Especially in Spring

Whipping winds dry out the skin. Wouldn't you delight in having the face and hands soothed and softened by a wonderfully white, smooth cream while you sleep? And then wake up to find them so velvety, and the tense, dry skin so relaxed and attractive?

Pompeian NIGHT Cream will thus improve your skin as it has for thousands of other women. *Pompeian Night Cream brings beauty while you sleep.* Try it tonight.

Near the end of winter your low vitality gives you a sallow, "lifeless" complexion, and makes you look older than you are.

Then why not try **Pompeian Massage Cream**? For 15 years this pink massage cream has been found especially helpful in Spring.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream youth-i-fies sallow, "lifeless" skins as it rubs in and rolls out in its own peculiar, invigorating way. "Don't envy a youthful complexion; use **Pompeian Massage Cream** and have one."

New Beauty Treatment

Women write us that they have found a new beauty treatment by first cleansing and youth-i-fying the face with a massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream and then finishing off with **Pompeian Night Cream**, which is left on the face to soothe and soften the skin while you sleep.

Falling Hair in Spring

is increased by one's low vitality, and dried-out scalp. The better the condition of the scalp the less hair you will lose. Remember, hair seldom returns. *Don't wait until too late.* Use **Pompeian HAIR Massage**. It is a clear, amber liquid, and has 6 finely combined ingredients that increase and preserve the attractive appearance of the hair by keeping the scalp healthy.

Pompeian HAIR Massage has been successfully used for years in allaying Dandruff and stopping Itching Scalp. Such scalp troubles are dangerous, often causing partial or complete baldness. For many years **Pompeian HAIR Massage** has been sold as **Hyki**. We bought the business and changed the name. It cannot discolor the hair. Not oily. Delightful to use as a hair dressing. At the stores in 25c, 50c and \$1 bottles.

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Gentlemen:—I enclose stamps or coin for goods I have marked with (X) in the little squares.

Pompeian **MASSAGE Cream**, Trial Size 4c ☐

Pompeian **NIGHT Cream**, Trial Size 4c ☐

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